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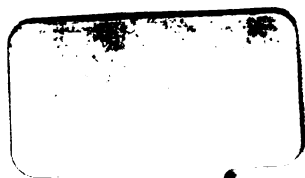
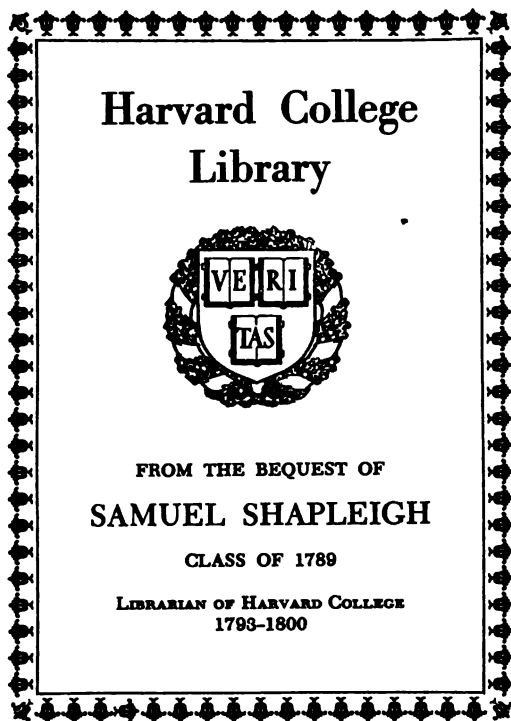
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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington.* By G. R. Gleig, M.A., F.R.G.S., &c. &c., Chaplain-General of the Forces and Prebendary of St. Paul's. The People's Edition. 1864.

A GOOD *personal* life of Wellington, 'painting the Duke himself exactly as he was,' appearing as 'the People's edition,' and from the pen of the Chaplain-General of the Forces, ought to be as attractive a volume as could be placed in the hands of a British subject. With ample materials already published, with sources of observation and information superior to those enjoyed by the majority of the Duke's biographers,—the author of those charming military pictures, 'The Subaltern' and 'Washington and New Orleans,' and of many other valuable works—himself a soldier, as well as a scholar and a divine—Mr. Gleig might be expected to produce a model work, worthy of imitation by all future chroniclers. And his heart was surely in his task: for had he not previously written, 'There was a time when the thought of becoming, sooner or later, the biographer of the Great Duke "haunted me like a passion." I even went so far as to open the subject to his Grace during his lifetime; but the proposal was met with so much of wisdom, mixed with great kindness, that I could not do otherwise than abandon the idea on the instant?' But though deterred for the time, Mr. Gleig's passion had its way in the end; for when the work of M. Brialmont, a Belgian officer, appeared to him (after the Duke's death) to steer between the 'wild' criticisms of French, and the 'not less wild praise' of 'most of the English writers'—Mr. Gleig translated it from the French, added considerably to the text, and wrote a translator's preface to it, from which we have taken the above quotation. He tells us in that preface that the book of M. Brialmont 'is executed in more than its military details with singular ability,' and that 'M. Brialmont writes of the Duke of Wellington as if the public and private character of that illustrious man had been with him a life study.' Mr. Gleig next wrote a large volume, partly from Brialmont, partly from other sources,

and he afterwards (in 1864) realised his original idea by bringing out a smaller revised edition, in which the name of M. Brialmont disappears altogether. We regret that this should have been thought necessary; for although fuller information has enabled Mr. Gleig to enrich his biography with a great deal of matter which is not to be found in Brialmont, yet it is to be remembered that his works grew out of his translation of Brialmont, and the name of an accomplished and judicious foreign writer seemed to afford an additional guarantee for the fairness and impartiality of the *Life*. Indeed there appeared to be a special propriety in the concurrence of a continental with a British pen in recording the career of one who was in truth the friend and benefactor of all Europe, and not least of France, whose interests, and even whose feelings, found in him a wise and fearless champion in the hour of her deepest humiliation. Nor do we think that in dealing with the difficulties which are presented by the history of a life so varied, so mixed up with public events in different countries through a long series of years, even the People's Edition can be said to have yet attained that high degree of accuracy which we hope Mr. Gleig will ultimately succeed in imparting to the work. It is with a view to contribute in some degree to this end that we shall employ ourselves rather in pointing out matters for correction than in noticing the passages in which Mr. Gleig has been most happy. His work contains more abundant personal details than any other writer has attempted to bring together, and we propose at the same time to avail ourselves of it, in combination with 'other sources,' to study more particularly *the character* of the Great Duke throughout his career. This subject has not yet, amidst the blaze of his deeds, received all the attention that it deserves. In the mean time we must tender our cordial thanks to the present Duke of Wellington for the costly and noble contribution which, by the publication of his father's 'Supplementary Despatches,' he is making to the historical literature of Europe.

The Duke's life naturally divides itself into three periods: the first, from his birth to his obtaining command of the 33rd Regiment; the second, from the commencement of his active service to the battle of Waterloo; and the third, from Waterloo to his death.

When a mother and a monthly nurse differ, not only in regard to the date but also as to the place of a child's birth, and when no evidence is given on behalf of the father, it is difficult for outsiders to come to a right judgment. Dangan Castle, in Westmeath, and Dublin are a long way apart; and from the 6th of

March to the 1st of May is too long a period for the pangs of motherhood to have, or have been, endured. An 'old Dublin newspaper,' of which neither name nor date are given, is not a satisfactory authority for the 3rd of April in Dublin. The entry in the register-book of the parish of St. Peter's, in Dublin, which records that Arthur, son of the Right Honourable Earl and Countess of Mornington, was christened there by 'Isaac Mann, Archdeacon,' on the 30th of April, 1769, can certainly not have been intended to apply to a baby born on the 1st of May of the same year at Dangan. Nevertheless, the Duke showed perhaps a right feeling in accepting the 'persistent' assertions of his mother and keeping his own anniversary on the latter day, which was also adopted in Gurwood's *précis*; and there seems at all events to be no reason to disbelieve that Arthur Wesley's birth occurred in one of the three months referred to of the year which also ushered Napoleon Buonaparte into the world—1769. It hardly matters which, as between March, April, and May, but it is worth while to recapitulate these discrepancies, which have been often enough repeated, and sometimes made worse, in order that we may be once more reminded—with a special view to the remainder of our narrative—of the difficulty of ascertaining past events with accuracy, and of the caution with which we should receive and found conjectures upon accounts that are handed down on authority of far less value.

The Duke was not appreciated by his mother in childhood, and he naturally felt no great pleasure in looking back upon that period. Mr Gleig says 'she seems to have taken it into her head that he was the dunce of the family, and to have treated him harshly, if not with marked neglect.' He 'was sent, being very young,' though we are not told at what age, to a preparatory school—'not an expensive establishment'—in Chelsea, 'where he learned little,' and 'to which the only references which he was ever known to make were the reverse of flattering.' He was transferred to Eton, where he only remained long enough to make his way into the remove. Having been ill-prepared he never took a good place there, and his habits, 'in school and out of school,' are stated to have been those of a 'dreamy, idle, and shy lad.' He achieved no success as a scholar, contracted few special intimacies, and laid the foundation of no lasting friendships. He lived, indeed, a life of contemplative solitude. He walked alone, bathed alone, and seldom took part in cricket-matches or boat-races. In proof of a 'somewhat combative disposition,' two fights are recorded: the one with 'Bobus Smith,' at whom, whilst swimming, he had—according to the old and questionable story—thrown a stone or (*only*) a clod, and the other

with a young blacksmith near Brynkinalt, in North Wales, where he spent some of his holidays with his mother's father, Lord Dungannon. But if these were his only two fights as a school-boy he must, we should think, have been the reverse of quarrelsome.

Lady Mornington found it difficult, on a small jointure, to maintain him at Eton after the death of her husband, which occurred in 1781, and she took him to Brussels\* with her in 1784. They were accompanied, as a mutual advantage, by John Armytage, a youth of about the same age, the second son of a Yorkshire baronet, an old friend of Lord Mornington. And Armytage's diary is to the effect, that Wesley was extremely fond of music and played well upon the fiddle, though he never gave indication of (or, in other words, Armytage was not aware of his possessing) any other species of talent. There was no intention at that time of sending him into the army, and his own wishes, if he had any, were in favour of civil life. They studied in a desultory manner under M. Goubert, in whose house they lodged, until Lady Mornington's return to England in 1785, when Wesley was sent to the Military School at Angers. He remained there a year and a half or two years under Pignerol, an engineer of eminence; but there are no records of his mode of life there, though he made, it would appear, better use of his time than at Eton or Chelsea, and learnt to speak French well, not only from his schoolfellows but also from people whose acquaintance he made in the neighbourhood. He was appointed in his eighteenth year to an Ensigncy—not, as Mr. Gleig says, in the 41st, but in the 73rd Regiment, on the 7th March, 1787, not long after his return home. In the same year he was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the 76th, and he was transferred from that regiment, first to the 41st Foot, and afterwards to the 12th Light Dragoons, all within eighteen months.† In June, 1791, he obtained a company in the 58th Foot; and in October, 1792, he exchanged into the 18th Light Dragoons—which Mr. Gleig omits to mention. He was promoted on the 30th April, 1793, to a Majority in the 33rd, and he remained in that regiment, as is well known, for many years. In the early part of 1790, when a Lieutenant in the 12th Light Dragoons, he was returned to the Irish Parliament as member for the family borough of Trim. He could hardly have had much experience either in infantry or cavalry until he joined the 33rd Regiment, though the success of his subsequent career has been partly attributed to the advantage which he derived from

\* Other authors represent him to have gone from Eton to a tutor in Brighton.

† According to some writers by the interest of Lord Westmorland, on whose staff he served in Dublin.



serving in both; because he appears to have joined the staff of Lord Westmorland, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, soon after he received his commission, and to have remained at the Vice-regal Court till April, 1793.

Having been unable to obtain, for want of pecuniary means, the hand of the Lady Catherine Pakenham, he volunteered on the earliest opportunity, as young officers are accustomed to do under such circumstances, for active service. With that view he applied to his brother, Lord Mornington, to procure for him a majority in a battalion of Guards about to proceed to Holland. It was on the refusal of this application that he was appointed, as above described, to the 33rd Regiment. He gained the command of it by purchase, his brother advancing the necessary funds, on the 30th September, 1793.

To prove that he was, as a young officer, 'a shy and awkward lad, in whom the fair sex in particular saw nothing to admire,' Mr. Gleig relates, at page 8 of 'the People's Edition,' an anecdote, without date or place, on the authority of the late Lady Aldborough, in the following words:—

'He was at a ball one night, and as usual could not find a partner. Inheriting his father's taste for music, he consoled himself by sitting down near the band, which happened to be a remarkably good one. By and by the party broke up, when the other officers present were taken home by their lady friends, while young *Wesley* was by common consent left to travel with the fiddlers. Old Lady Aldborough on one occasion put the Duke in mind of the circumstance, after he had become a great man, at which he laughed heartily, while she added with *naïveté*, "we should not leave you to go home with the fiddlers now."'

But Gleig and Brialmont give a different account of the young officer at page 9 of their work, when they state that Lord *Camden's* court was particularly gay, and that 'young *Wellesley*, whose good humour and devotion to the service of the ladies was remarkable, plunged headlong into the vortex, and as he had little to depend upon except his military pay, he soon found that the game was as costly as it was agreeable.'

The change of name from *Wesley* to *Wellesley*, which will be observed in this extract, but which is afterwards stated by Mr. Gleig, at page 16 of 'the People's Edition,' to have occurred in India,\* can certainly not have produced so great a change of character. Could the 'young officer' have emerged from hobble-

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\* We find in a note by the present Duke, at p. 52 of the 'Supplementary Despatches,' that Lord Mornington's family adopted the ancient spelling of their name 'about this time,' 19th May, 1798. The first despatch in which the change of signature occurs bears that date.

de-hoyhood to manhood in the interval between the two accounts? Having been, as we have already discovered, extremely fond of music, and a good performer withal, was he so ungallant as to prefer the company of brother fiddlers, and the enjoyment of listening to a good band, to the charms of Lady Aldborough's voice and society, and those of the other gay ladies present? Or may the anecdote of her Ladyship, who then as a blushing maiden bore a different name, have been made too much of? The later statement must, of course, be taken to represent Mr. Gleig's mature judgment in the matter; but one naturally looks for some explanation of the discrepancy between these two statements. And it would be well to clear up at the same time the further disagreement between the note at page 9 of Gleig, which says, 'Lord Westmoreland's court was remarkable for the low state of its morality and the excess of its extravagance. That of Lord Camden, which came next, offered to it in both respects a striking contrast'—and the statement above referred to in regard to the gaiety of Lord Camden's court, from Gleig and Brialmont.

The latter part of the paragraph cited from Gleig and Brialmont refers to another point which has generally been considered as settled, namely, that young Wesley (or Wellesley), who had very little besides his pay, got into debt in Dublin; that he borrowed money from the boot-maker he lodged with; and that he left Mr. Dillon, a draper, to settle his affairs, giving up, most creditably, a great part of his income for the purpose. But Mr. Gleig 'must be permitted to doubt the truth of those stories, which are contradicted, not only by the habits of well-ordered economy, which distinguished him in after life, but by the whole tone and tenor of his conversation.' And he adds:—

'I have repeatedly heard him discuss the subject of debt, which he denounced as discreditable in the extreme. His expression was, "it makes a slave of a man: I have often known what it was to be in want of money, but I never got into debt." It is not, therefore, very probable, had the Dublin stories been authentic, that the Duke with his tenacious memory could have forgotten them. It is impossible to conceive that one so rigidly adherent to the truth, in small matters as well as in great, would, in this solitary instance, have stepped aside from it.'

We are, however, more inclined to think that there must have been some misapprehension on Mr. Gleig's part as to time, place, or circumstance—in short, as to what the Duke really did say and mean—than that the circumstantial and uncontradicted statements of former years should have been untrue. He continually refers in his published letters and despatches, up to the time when he received the Seringapatam prize-money,

to the excess of his expenditure over his income, and he frequently expresses much distress on this head.

The various versions of the Duke's life differ from one another, and cannot, therefore, all be correct; but that which we have given above is as faithful a summary as we can offer of that which is known of his early youth. Dissenting materially in some points from Mr. Gleig, we think the following are the conclusions which may be derived from it:—In spite of his high connections, he had evidently the advantage of being trained to some extent in the best of schools—the school of adversity. The natural independence of his disposition—for it is impossible that he could have been a dunce—may have both caused and been strengthened by the neglect of his mother in boyhood. A cheap school in Chelsea was certainly a bad preparation for Eton, and want of money, combined with qualities which prevented him from ever becoming generally popular amongst his immediate companions, was likely enough to disincline him to mix with his fellows as he otherwise might have done, while the habits of reserve and solitude in which he indulged, must have contributed still further to the formation of his character. His mother's comparative poverty took her fortunately to Brussels, where he had the great advantage of learning, what was essential to him during the greater part of his active service, the French language. At the school at Angers he perfected himself in it, and had time, not only to pick up all that was known of the art of war, but also to learn the principles, maxims, and ideas of French military science. He experienced, first under the patronage of Lord Westmorland and afterwards with Lord Camden, all the advantages as well as the disadvantages of society and staff-duty in the Irish capital, though he saw little of life as a subaltern, either in the cavalry or the infantry. He found out in practice how debt makes 'a slave of a man,' and he afterwards partly corrected the defects of his early education by reading in a desultory way. He acquired indeed, Mr. Gleig tells us, 'a habit from the outset, which remained with him to the last, of acquainting himself in all manner of odd ways with everything worthy of notice that passed around him.' In other words, he educated himself, in his own way, for the battle of life, as all must do who are to achieve greatness, whatever their previous attainments.\* As a member of the Irish Parliament,

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\* 'In one of the numerous visits which the Duke of Wellington necessarily paid to Calais, on his way from France to England, during the continuance of the Army of Occupation in France, while walking from the Hotel Dessin to the pier to embark, he said to me that he had always made it a rule to study by himself for

ment, he voted for his party, spoke little, and attended but slightly to business. His feelings of affection, damped from the first, received a further check in regard to the lady of his choice, and he was left to throw his whole energies, when the proper time arrived, into his professional duties, at the same time that he was encouraged and incited to exertion by obtaining with borrowed money the command of his regiment.

He commenced the second stage of his existence, that of active service, by drawing up a code of standing orders, and placing his regiment in the highest state of efficiency. And in May, 1794, he embarked at Cork, at the commencement of his twenty-sixth year, for the Low Countries. He there received, again, as it were, in adversity, the most valuable lessons that could be afforded to a young soldier of an observant mind, for he saw everything that was vicious in an army. His first military operation (unnoticed by Mr. Gleig) was the evacuation of Ostend in the presence of the enemy, and he showed himself intrepid and intelligent in the rear-guard during a subsequent retreat. He was promoted (by seniority) in January, 1795, from his regimental command to a brigade of three weak battalions. He 'fought for existence' with the rear-guard of the army, in a winter of dreadful suffering, until the remains of the British troops were embarked at Bremen, in the spring of 1795. The evils of a divided command and state jealousies, the necessity for forethought and system, the advantages of conciliation and fair dealing with the inhabitants of a theatre of war, the importance of efficient departments and equipments, of prompt action, and of attention to time, were thus deeply impressed upon him in the rugged lessons of his first campaign; and the results may be plainly traced throughout his subsequent conduct and correspondence:—

'You can't conceive such a state of things,' the Duke used to say long years afterwards. 'If we happened to be at dinner and the wine was going round, it was considered wrong to interrupt us. I have seen a packet handed in from the Austrian head-quarters, and thrown aside unopened, with a remark, That will keep till to-morrow morning. It has always been a marvel to me how any one of us escaped.'

On his return to England, early in 1795, Colonel Wesley was depressed in spirits, and disgusted with his profession.

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for some hours every day; and alluded to his having commenced acting upon this rule before he went to India, and to his having continued to act upon it. This is a fact that, I apprehend, is unknown as to the Duke of Wellington, and it is a very important one.'—*Notes on the Battle of Waterloo*, by the late General Sir James Shaw Kennedy, K.C.B., &c. London, 1865.

Unable

Unable to marry, or even to live upon his income, he applied, under the advice of Lord Mornington, to Lord Camden, who was still Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to find him a situation either in the Board of Revenue or in the Treasury. Failing, fortunately, in this attempt to quit the army, he embarked in the autumn at Southampton with his regiment for the West Indies, but was driven back to Spithead. When the regiment embarked for India, in April, 1796, he was unable, from illness, to accompany it. He overtook it, however, at the Cape of Good Hope, and taking passage with Sir Pulteney (then Captain) Malcolm in the 'Fox,' landed with it at Calcutta in February, 1797. We have heard on the best authority, and from different sources, of an interesting letter which was written home by Captain Malcolm after that voyage, to the effect that he found young Wesley a dull companion enough at first, but that he formed a very high opinion of him on better acquaintance, during the latter part of the voyage, and believed they would hear great things of him afterwards. We have made inquiries of the family, but have not yet ascertained what became of this letter.

Mr. Gleig quotes Mr. Canning's remark, that India was 'a country fertile in heroes and statesmen,' and points out truly the opportunity which it afforded for the development of Colonel Wellesley's high qualities. But he is 'far from supposing that wherever he served his mind would not have awakened sooner or later from the *half-lethargic* state in which throughout his earlier years it may be said to have lain.' And he states that 'from the day of his arrival at Calcutta a complete change took place in the moral and intellectual nature of the man.' We think these expressions much too strong. No man can be known until he is tried; or appreciated, especially when characterised by much natural reserve, until opportunities arise for the display of his powers. Colonel Wellesley had, according to Mr. Gleig's own account, while still very young, 'devoted all the time that could be spared from his duties in the Irish Parliament to improving the discipline of his battalion.' He 'had drawn up a code of standing orders for it,' and brought it to such a state of efficiency that 'the 33rd was pronounced to be the best drilled and most efficient regiment within the limit of the Irish command.' He had been taking pains to acquaint himself in all sorts of odd ways with everything worthy of notice which passed around him. His forte was 'the power of rapid and correct calculation.' He had shown 'exceeding promptitude,' as well as 'judgment and coolness,' and 'greatly distinguished himself' in the disheartening campaign of the Low Countries. And surely such a man cannot properly be said to have lain in a 'half-lethargic' state, or to have changed his whole

whole nature as further opportunities and responsibilities called forth his latent talents and energies. The truth is, as Mr. Gleig says further on, that 'the experience of war and its requirements which he had accumulated in the Netherlands' bore fruit, as might be expected, in due course. Coming from a recent campaign in Europe, he was naturally consulted by the Government in Calcutta as to the equipment and administration of the army. He set to work *again* as soon as he reached India, to acquire information, not only as to the military situation, but also in regard to the political relations of the Company. Having learnt all he could in Bengal, he visited his old friend Lord Hobart, the Governor of Madras, and made himself master of the affairs of that Presidency, and, as Gurwood says, of 'other parts of the Carnatic' also. His published memoranda, reports, and despatches show how hard he laboured for his advancement, by studying all matters connected directly or indirectly with his profession,—geographical, financial, and even agricultural,—as well as all the details of military management and equipment. He lost no opportunity of acquiring general popularity, by entertainment or otherwise, in spite of his continually straightened means; of obtaining credit for his ability, integrity, and sound judgment; or of employing interest in high quarters. He persuaded his brother to accept, to their mutual advantage, the post of Governor-General, which had been offered to him. He writes to him, according to Mr. Gleig,\* '*I strongly advise you to come out. I am convinced that you will retain your health, nay, it is possible that its general state may be improved, and you will have the fairest opportunity of rendering material services to the public, and of doing yourself credit.*' And Lord Mornington arrived, accordingly, at Calcutta, on the 17th of May, 1797.

This was a critical period in the history of British India. 'Citizen' Tippoo Sahib, in communication with the French Republicans, was preparing, with 50,000 men trained by French officers, to attack Madras. Colonel Wellesley was sent there

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\* The letter containing these sentiments occurs at vol. i. p. 17 'Supplementary Despatches.' 'In a letter which I wrote to you, I believe in the month of March, I pressed you to look to the government of this country, and you may easily conceive that I am glad to find that there is so near a prospect of my wishes on that subject being accomplished. I am convinced that you will retain your health; nay, it is possible that its general state may be *mended*; and you will have the fairest opportunities of rendering material services to the public, and of doing yourself credit, which, exclusive of other personal considerations, should induce you to come out. I acknowledge I am a bad judge of the pain a man feels upon parting from his family. . . . I shall be happy to be of service to you in your government; but such are the rules respecting the disposal of all patronage in this country, that I can't expect to derive any advantage from it, which I should not obtain if any other person were Governor-General.'

with his regiment without any special appointment. As the Governor-General's brother, he no doubt possessed considerable influence, though it is, perhaps, too much to say that 'he became in a few days, the moving spirit of the Government in which he had no legal voice.' He 'continued to impress upon his brother the wisdom of avoiding a rupture if it were possible to do so,' while every preparation was being made for war. He obtained command of a division on the Mysore frontier on the death of a senior officer, and the 'general superintendence remained,' as Gurwood says, p. 12, vol. i., 'with him, until Feb. 1799,' when General Harris arrived to assume the personal command of the army, which had proceeded to Vellore.

Three letters here quoted by Mr. Gleig, without date, are of great interest. Conceiving that his exertions had not been properly appreciated,\* he wrote to his brother as follows:—

'The General † expressed his approbation of what I had done, and adopted as his own all the orders and regulations I had made, and then said that he should mention his approbation publicly, only that he was afraid others would be displeased and jealous. . . . As in fact there is *nothing to be got in the army but credit*, and as it is not always that the best intentions and endeavours to serve the public succeed, it is hard that when they do succeed they should not receive the approbation which it is acknowledged by all they deserve. I was much hurt about it at the time, but I don't care now, and shall certainly continue to do everything to serve General Harris, and to support his name and authority.'

When Lord Mornington repaired in person to the Madras Presidency, in accordance with his advice, and proposed further a wish to join the camp, he afterwards wrote again plainly to him, ‡—

'Your presence in the camp, instead of giving confidence to the General, would, in fact, deprive him of the command of the army.'

\* Colonel Gurwood says, on the other hand, at vol. i. pp. 12, 13.—'When General Harris joined the army to take command, after receiving the reports of the heads of corps and departments, he was so pleased with all Colonel Wellesley's arrangements that he conceived it to be an imperative duty to publish a General Order conveying commendation of the merits of Colonel Wellesley during his temporary command.' While Mr. Gleig says, at p. 21—'Such exertions had never before been heard of on that side of India, and General Harris wrote of them *privately* to the Governor-General in terms of high commendation. But there the matter ended.'

† 27th February, 1799, 'Supplementary Despatches,' vol. i. p. 199. We have made our quotations from the Despatches themselves, as Mr. Gleig is not always perfectly accurate.

‡ 29th January, 1799, Camp near Vellore, 'Supplementary Despatches,' vol. i. p. 187.

.... If I were in General Harris's situation, and you joined the army, I should quit it. In my opinion he is at present awkwardly situated, and he will require all the powers which can be given him to keep in order the officers who will be in his army. Your presence will diminish his powers, at the same time that as it is impossible you can know anything of military matters, your powers will not answer the purpose which even those which he has at present may if you or Lord Clive are not in the army.'

Remonstrating against the interference of the Military Board at Madras, in dispensing patronage to the field force under General Harris, he wrote,—

'I told Lord Clive \* all this long ago, and particularly stated to him the necessity of giving the General credit, at least, for the appointments of the different Commissaries, if he did not allow him to make them. It was impossible to make him too respectable, or to hold him too high, if he was to be placed at the head of the army in the field. This want of respectability, which is to be attributed in a great measure to the General himself, is what I am most afraid of. However, I have lectured him well on the subject, and I have urged publicly to the army (in which I flatter myself I have some influence), the necessity of supporting him, whether he be right or wrong.'

This is the only instance on record of a young Colonel in the British service, scarcely thirty years of age, so interfering with the affairs of his superiors and of all about him. He lectures the Governor-General on the necessity of non-interference in military matters, and appoints to him the bounds which he shall not pass. He tells Lord Clive, the Governor of the great presidency of Madras (the second Lord Clive), and the Military Board at Madras, what are their particular duties and how patronage should be administered. He complains, on the one hand, of the General under whom he is serving for appropriating the credit which he claims for himself; and he expresses apprehensions, on the other hand, in regard to the same General's 'want of respectability,' while he engages at the same time to use his influence with the army for his support, whether he is right or wrong.

Mr. Gleig remarks on the first of these letters, 'From this generous resolution Colonel Wellesley never departed;' after the second, 'Nor did his loyalty to the officer under whom he served end there;' and after the third, 'It is impossible to over-estimate the generosity of conduct like this.' But it will be seen that he leans in doing so—as generally throughout his work—to one side

\* 4th February, 1799, 'Supplementary Despatches,' vol. i. p. 192.



of the story. General Harris had written\* to the Governor-General of Colonel Wellesley's exertions 'in terms of high commendation.' In his excessive annoyance at not receiving credit † for them publicly on the spot—where all that he had done must have been well known—did not Colonel Wellesley display the natural ambition which Mr. Gleig, as we shall hereafter show, utterly denies to him? If he had obtained the whole of the credit for what had been done, or which he conceived himself to deserve, would that have been the most effective mode of influencing the army to support General Harris? Could any officer not the Governor-General's brother have so written and spoken to and of his superiors? Some such reflections must occur to almost any reader of these pages; and exaggerations of disinterestedness in a great man's memoirs have an effect contrary to that which they are intended to produce, especially when they are at variance with the immediate context. Mr. Gleig, also, while making too much of the sayings and doings of his hero, either represents the other actors in the scenes which he describes as inactive, or places them in situations little short of ridiculous. He writes the Duke's biography, in short, too exclusively from portions of his own letters, without paying sufficient attention to contemporary evidence or observing entire impartiality in regard to the merits of others. The expressions in the above letters, showing what Colonel Wellesley *anticipated*, might, without further explanations, injuriously affect the reputation of General Harris, whose unassuming but fearless and honest character has been most unjustly assailed. We would quote, as an antidote, the result of his subsequent *experience*: 'It is "a fact ‡ not sufficiently known that General Harris himself conducted the details of the victorious army which he commanded" in Mysore.' This sentence is placed in the title-page of Mr. Lushington's Life of Lord Harris, in which he so concisely exposes the misrepresentations of Sir A. Alison.

The description of the 'sharp affair' at Malavelly, where General Harris received Tippoo's attack with the right wing of his army, while the left wing, under Colonel Wellesley, ('composed of the Nizam's army and the 33rd Regiment,') § acted upon his right flank, is not happily executed:—

'Tippoo marched out with the whole of his force, and fell there

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\* This was not done privately, as Mr. Gleig states, but in a public letter, of which a copy is published at p. 181 of the second edition of Mr. Lushington's 'Life and Services of Lord Harris.'

† It would appear from Gurwood's statement already quoted, that this must afterwards have been accorded to him.

‡ Gurwood, vol. i. p. 26.

§ See Gurwood, vol. i. p. 22.

upon General Harris's army, which, by a happy movement of Colonel Wellesley's column, took the enemy in flank, and totally defeated him.'

It was not the *army*, but Wellesley's column and General Floyd's cavalry, which Lord Harris sent to support it, which took the enemy in flank and by their noble conduct decided the action. The 33rd bore the brunt of an attack by 2000 of the enemy, and Dallas, who was directed by General Floyd at the critical moment, completed their rout by a charge of cavalry.

In regard to the celebrated night-attack on the Sultaunpettah Tope before Seringapatam, Mr. Gleig says:—

'It was at one time, I believe, a favourite pastime, with writers to make a great deal of that reverse. The Colonel was represented as losing not only his way, but his head; and returning alone in a state of utter despondency to the tent of General Harris. Never was superstructure of romance built up on so narrow a foundation.'

Other writers have exaggerated this reverse, but Mr. Gleig seems here to ignore the following extract from General Harris's most conscientious diary; 'Near twelve \* Colonel Wellesley came to my tent, in a good deal of agitation, to say he had not carried the tope. It proved that the 33rd, with which he attacked, had got into confusion, and could not be formed, which was great pity, and must be particularly unpleasant to him;' and he proceeds at once to quote Colonel Wellesley's letter to Lord Mornington: †—

'On the night of the 5th we made an attack on the enemy's outposts, which, at least on my side, ‡ was not *quite so successful* as could have been wished. The fact is, that the night was very dark, that the enemy expected us, and were strongly posted in an almost impenetrable jungle, we lost one officer killed, and nine men of the 33rd wounded, and at last as I could not find out the post which it was desirable that I should occupy, I was obliged to desist from the attack, the enemy also having retired from the post. In the morning, they reoccupied it, and we attacked it again at daylight, and carried it with ease, and with little loss. I got a slight touch on the knee, from which I have felt no inconvenience, and I have come to a determination when in my power never to suffer an attack to be made by night upon an enemy who is prepared and strongly posted, and whose posts have not been reconnoitred by daylight.'

It was very natural that a man who was so intently carving

\* Lushington's 'Life of Lord Harris,' p. 214, and quoted by Gurwood, vol. i. p. 24.

† This letter, dated April 18, 1799, is given at p. 209, vol. i. 'Supplementary Despatches.'

‡ This refers to Colonel Shawe's having succeeded on the opposite side.

his way onward to eminence should be agitated after any failure, and particularly after one which occurred, as this did, at a critical time. To go back to an earlier moment: on the day that the army arrived before Seringapatam, at 5000 yards from the ramparts and half a mile from the nearest part of the above tope, Colonel Wellesley wrote to General Harris the following letter, not referred to by Mr. Gleig: \*—

To Lieutenant-General Harris, Commander-in-Chief.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

Camp, 5th April, 1799.

‘I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines, and show it to me. In the mean time I will order my battalions to be in readiness.

‘Upon looking at the tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me that when you get possession of the bank of the Nullah, you have the tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I shall be ready.

‘I am, my dear Sir, your most faithful servant,

‘ARTHUR WELLESLEY.’

The following remarks upon this subject will be found in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. li. pp. 407 and 408:—

‘It is evident from this letter—although worded with the modesty and respect due from a subordinate officer to his commander-in-chief—that Colonel Wellesley did not approve of General Harris’s design—that he did *not* see how a post was to be established by attacking the tope—and *did* see, that, if the possession of the tope itself was the object, it could be obtained without so dangerous an experiment, by a movement on each side of it to the open bank of the nullah, the possession of which would involve that of the tope as a matter of course without loss or risk. This is the clear meaning of this remarkable note. Now let us follow the event—General Harris (on some view or information which is not stated) persisted in his original intention, and ordered the direct attack on the tope;—that attack failed, as Colonel Wellesley seems to have expected; and next morning the very plan suggested in his letter of the day before was adopted—according to which, Colonel Wellesley turned the tope by a movement on both its flanks, the enemy retreated, and the position was taken as he had predicted “as a matter of course,” and without the loss of a man! Thus, in this little affair—the first of the details of which we have any record—the only one in the whole course of his long service which ever gave rise to any doubt—we have incontrovertible evidence of his sagacity in foreseeing failure from one course and success from

\* But often quoted from Gurwood, vol. i. p. 23.

*another* ; and, however vexed Colonel Wellesley might have been by his repulse on the night of the 5th, he must have had the consolation—however inadequate—of having *foreseen* it, and of having *suggested* as well as executed, the manœuvre which so easily accomplished the desired object on the morning of the 6th.’

To these remarks, confirmed as it appears to us by Colonel Wellesley’s letter to his brother, we steadfastly adhere. Indeed, it seems by no means impossible from that letter that notwithstanding the note to Lord Harris, Colonel Wellesley was left without any sufficiently precise indication of what was expected of him.

The failure was, as it turned out, a trifling matter ; and no more would probably have been heard of it if it had happened to any one else ; but it afforded to our great soldier a lesson of the difficulties attendant upon such operations, which was, we may be sure, well remembered. General Harris considerably delayed the renewal of the attack in the morning, as Mr. Lushington relates, on purpose to allow Colonel Wellesley, who had not, by some mistake, been warned for it, to retrieve his reputation. As soon as he arrived he took command of the troops and proceeded to the attack, which was successful, and the position of the army was established before Seringapatam.

Mr. Lushington \* quotes a letter which was brought at this time by a native hurkarrah (messenger) to General Harris from Lord Mornington, dated 3rd of April, 1799. It was written with his own hand on both sides of a slip of paper, and sealed up in a quill, in order that it might be the better concealed in the journey through Tippoo’s country. It was unimportant in other respects, but contained the expression ‘Do not allow Arthur to fatigue himself too much.’ We have thought this worthy of notice, as being more elegant than the somewhat similar ‘Take care of Dowb.’ which so puzzled our General commanding in the Crimea.

Even then the situation was, however, extremely urgent. Immediate success was necessary to the existence of the army. When the breaching batteries which had been dragged so many weary miles had done their work, and when all was prepared, General Harris told off Baird for the assault, and Wellesley for the reserve in the trenches. He had also determined, as he said to Captain (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm, to lead the rest of the army in person if necessary, as a last resource. Mr. Gleig puts it:—

‘In the final assault and capture of the place which occurred on the 4th May, Colonel Wellesley appears not to have been engaged. He

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\* ‘Life of Lord Harris,’ p. 228.

remained with his corps in observation, as the bulk of a besieging army under similar circumstances usually does.'

We may add that Baird carried the place with great gallantry by a midday assault, and applied in the evening to be relieved for a short time that he might report the details of his success in person. Colonel Wellesley followed him into the town on the following morning, as the next senior officer for duty, to restore order, which he did with great determination,—'gallows were erected in seven streets and *seven*\* marauders soon dangled from them.' Wellesley was appointed by Harris Commandant of Seringapatam, and the appointment was confirmed by the Governor-General, who said, in writing to General Harris,†—

'With respect to the language which you say people held of my brother's appointment to command in Seringapatam, you know that I never recommended my brother to you, and of course never suggested how, or where he should be employed; and I believe you know also, that you would not have pleased me by placing him in any situation in which his appointment could be injurious to the public service. My opinion, or rather knowledge and experience of his discretion, judgment, temper, and integrity are such, that if you had not placed him in Seringapatam, I would have done so of my own authority, because I think him in every point of view the most proper for that service.'

And there can be no doubt that Lord Mornington was right in his opinion.

General Baird was much annoyed by this appointment. Colonel Wellesley had previously obtained the command of the Nizam's contingents over his head, ostensibly because he was brother to the Governor-General. Baird had now carried with great gallantry the fortress in which he had previously suffered a lengthened and cruel imprisonment; and he found himself once more, and permanently, superseded by a junior officer, in a command which he thought he had fairly won. General Harris had, however, other proper and strong reasons for acting as he did; and after administering to him a sharp rebuke, he allowed him to withdraw his angry letters of remonstrance, and gave him credit not only for his own gallantry, but also for the arrangements which he (General Harris) had himself so carefully made for the assaults.

Colonel Wellesley was as yet by no means relieved from anxiety in regard to his pecuniary affairs, for he wrote to his brother,—

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\* "Nor was it until *four* men had been executed for plunder that perfect tranquillity was restored."—Gurwood, vol. i. p. 38.

† 'Life of Lord Harris,' p. 320.

'Since \* I went into the field in December last I have commanded an army with a large staff attached to me, which has not been unattended by a very great expense, particularly latterly. About six weeks ago I was sent in here with a garrison, consisting of about half the army and a large staff, and I have not received one shilling more than I did in Fort St. George. The consequence is, that I am ruined. . . . I should be ashamed of doing any of the dirty things that I am told are done in some of the commands in the Carnatic as I believe I proved sufficiently at Wallajah-Nuggur: but if Government do not consider my situation here, I must either give up the command or submit to be ruined for ever.'

But Mr. Gleig tells us that his emoluments as Commandant of Seringapatam, and afterwards on the removal of General Harris's army, as Civil Superintendent of the district, together with 7000*l.*, his share of prize-money, enabled him to repay to his brother the price of his promotion and made him independent. Mr. Gleig adds, 'this was a great weight taken from his mind;' but on referring to Colonel Wellesley's letter of the 14th June, 1799, to his brother, we find him saying, 'my share of the prize-money, amounting in jewels to about 3000 pagodas, and in money to 7000, will enable me to pay the money which you advanced to purchase my Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and that which was borrowed from Captain Stapleton on our joint bond.' The prize-money, therefore amounted, including jewels and money, to 10,000 pagodas, equal to about 4000*l.* And Mr. Gleig omits to notice Lord Mornington's reply, dated 19th June, 1799, which the present Duke has properly added in a note at page 246 of the first volume of the 'Supplemental Despatches.'

'My dear Arthur, To your letter of the 14th I answer, that no consideration can induce me to accept payment of the sums which I have formerly advanced for you. I am in no want of money, and probably never shall be: when I am, it will be time enough to call upon you.'

The Duke's generosity was, as is well known, conspicuously displayed in his protection of the son of Dhoondiah Waugh, the 'King of the World.' He had with great skill and gallantry, and after a most exciting chase, overtaken and killed that robber-chief, and dispersed his army. Afterwards, when leaving India, he left a sum of money to give the lad a start in life. He declined to interrupt his campaign against Dhoondiah for the sake of joining a force which Lord Mornington proposed to employ for the reduction of Batavia, but we think that Mr. Gleig has over-estimated the self-denial which he thus exercised. He

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\* June 14, 1799, 'Supplementary Despatches,' vol. i. pp. 246, 247.

was engaged in an exciting campaign, and was in charge of an extensive district, in which, as his far-seeing sagacity could hardly fail to tell him, there was much work still to be done and much credit to be gained.

The Mahratta chiefs having become temporarily quiet, Colonel Wellesley declared himself ready for service elsewhere. He was thereupon appointed by his brother, in an official communication which Mr. Gleig states to have been 'somewhat ambiguous,'\* to take part in the next expedition, and he was directed to proceed to the *rendezvous* at Trincomalee, in Ceylon. The force appears to have been intended for service—either in Egypt to take Buonaparte in reverse, or against the Isle of France,† or against Batavia—and not in the first instance, as Mr. Gleig infers, against the Isle of France only, though the last was the Governor-General's pet scheme. Colonel Wellesley conceived that he was to have absolute command of this expedition, travelled rapidly to Trincomalee, and set to work with his accustomed activity to perfect the arrangements. Admiral Rainier (not *Renier*) refused, in the absence of orders from home, to operate with him against the Isle of France, but consented to join in an expedition against Batavia; and Lord Wellesley's 'anxious hope' as regards the Isle of France was thus frustrated. Mr. Gleig says, 'His labours continued at Trincomalee till the resources of the country *were exhausted*, and *then*, on his own responsibility, he carried the armament to Bombay, as being better able to supply its wants and nearer to the scene of intended operations. But further than this he resolved not to go.' But the truth is, that a despatch from the home Government to the Governor-General, directed in the mean time the immediate preparation and prompt execution of the scheme against the French in Egypt. Of this despatch Colonel Wellesley received a copy *via* Madras, before the Governor-General had time to communicate with him. The despatch

\* The Governor-General's despatch, Nov. 14, 1800, is given in vol. ii. p. 284 of the 'Supplementary Despatches.' It recites—'The Governor-General in Council is pleased to appoint you to the chief command of the above-mentioned forces; and Colonel J. Champagné, of his Majesty's 80th Regiment, to be second in command of the said forces.' The forces, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, were the 80th, 19th, 10th Regiments, 1000 Sepoys, 38 European Artillery, 46 Gollundauze, 100 Lascars, four 12-pounders, six 6-pounders, and 2 howitzer, guns.

† The despatch commences—'Sir, The Governor-General in Council has judged it necessary, in consequence of the late successes of the French in Europe and in Egypt, to adopt certain measures of precaution . . . and also with the further view of answering any demand which may be made by his Majesty's Ministers in England, for the co-operation of the British Government of India in the expulsion of the French from Egypt.'

reached him without any specific instructions from the Governor of Madras, but Colonel Wellesley knew that his own troops were the only force available for service in Egypt, and that that country had been looked upon as one of their possible destinations, and he determined not to lose valuable time. He took upon himself, therefore, to assume the command of the expedition to Egypt, and to issue the necessary orders. He at the same time communicated his intentions to his brother, and he called at Bombay *en route*, by the advice of Captain Malcolm, of H.M.S. 'Suffolk,' to obtain supplies and receive his instructions overland from Calcutta. But Lord Mornington had selected General Baird for the command of the expedition when he resumed the scheme against Batavia,\* and he proposed that an expedition under Colonel Wellesley should be dispatched from that place to the Isle of France. He naturally continued Baird in command when the destination of the force to Egypt was finally determined on, and he then offered Colonel Wellesley the alternative of resuming his duties at Mysore, or of going forward as second in command, though he pressed the latter much, for every reason, upon him.

Mr. Gleig says:—

'Colonel Wellesley was not free from the weaknesses which appertain to men in general, however marvellous might be his power to overcome them. He felt keenly enough the slight that had been put upon himself, but he felt still more the injustice which others had suffered.'

He quotes a letter from him:—

'I can easily get the better of my own disappointment, but how can I look in the face of the officers who, from a desire to share my fortunes, gave up lucrative appointments, and must go with one whom none of them admires? I declare that I can't think of the whole business with common patience.'

And he says further,—

'Lord Mornington, conscious that he had acted *somewhat unfairly*, proposed to reinstate him in his command at Mysore.'

But he neglects to look at this disagreeable business, which created ill-feeling between all the three parties directly concerned, from any point of view but that of his hero. We do not think that Lord Mornington can properly be accused at any time of unfairness as against his brother. He would, no doubt, in consulting his own inclinations, have acted differently. He may, indeed, be said to have devoted himself very much to his brother's advancement from the commencement to the termination of the

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\* 'Supplementary Despatches,' vol. ii. p. 333.



more active part of his wonderful career. We cannot be surprised at Colonel Wellesley's mortification. He had given up a lucrative and highly important office at Mysore, to take command, as he hoped, of this expedition, whatever its destination; and then, scarcely appreciating the very delicate position of the Governor-General, he considered himself very hardly used and in some measure disgraced in being superseded in that command at the last moment, after he had laboured so hard in the work of preparation. But it must be remembered, on the other hand, that he had not at that time acquired the high reputation which his subsequent services\* in India earned for him. If Lord Mornington† had sent him as a *Colonel* in command of so important an expedition, might he not have been accused of fraternal partiality by Generals in India as well as by the home Government? Previous heart-burnings on the same subject had not been wanting, and General Baird was certainly not the man to be passed over for a third time.

Having, however, spoken out his mind on the subject, Colonel Wellesley corresponded cordially with General Baird, and was preparing to precede him to the Red Sea when he was struck down by fever. We may add, that in writing at this time to his brother Henry, he said, 'You will have seen how much this resolution will annoy me; but I have never had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience, when it is necessary.'

We would here observe that mental emotions of a particular class appear on several occasions to have had a striking effect on our hero's bodily health. The *Iron Duke* was more than once prostrated by sickness in the earlier part of his career, when subjected to annoyance and anxiety about his own success in life, though he bore public responsibilities and exertions, physical and mental, so lightly at other times.

In 1796, disheartened with his profession and his apparent prospects—dejected after the campaign in the Low Countries—unable to obtain an appointment sufficiently lucrative to admit of his quitting the army—and driven back by heavy gales and

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\* 'Supplementary Despatches,' vol. ii. p. 315. Lord Wellesley writes to Colonel Wellesley, Dec. 1, 1800:—'Great jealousy will arise among the general officers in consequence of my employing you; but I employ you because I rely on your good sense, discretion, activity, and spirit, and I cannot find all those qualities in any other officer in India who could take such a command.' And again (p. 324) on the 21st Dec.—'If circumstances should ultimately determine me to attempt the expedition to Egypt, that attempt will require so large a force as to occasion the necessity of my employing some one or two of his Majesty's General Officers now in India.'

† Who had now become Marquess Wellesley.

with some losses from the West Indian expedition—he was too ill to embark with his regiment for India. He suffered no bad effects from the heat and hardships of his Indian campaigns; but he now succumbed again, on losing the command of the Egyptian expedition, to a bad attack of fever.\* And subsequently, as we shall see, he fretted so much to return to England and embark in a European in place of an Indian career, that his bodily health became seriously affected, though his vigour returned to him almost as soon as his mind was made up and his object attained.

But how little did he know with all his sagacity what was best for the furtherance of his own views and prospects in life! Baird's expedition came to nothing, in consequence of the delays which necessarily attended it, and the victories of Nelson and Abercrombie. He only reached Rosetta as the French were treating for the evacuation of Alexandria. Wellesley returned to Mysore to persuade his brother to remain at his post after the loss of his supporter, Mr. Dundas, from the Board of Control—to conduct a series of brilliant operations, and to establish British empire over a large part of the Indian Peninsula. After returning to Seringapatam, in May, 1801, he received his commission as major-general; and a vacancy occurring on the staff of the Madras Presidency, he was enabled to remain in charge of his province till his return to England in 1805.

Mr. Gleig says:—

‘To those who lived on terms of any intimacy with the Duke, there was nothing so agreeable as to get him, when in a communicative mood, on the subject of his campaigns. He expressed himself with such clearness and entire simplicity, that a child could understand, while a philosopher admired, and became instructed by him. It seemed, likewise, as if his Indian wars, perhaps because they were the first in which he had an opportunity to control and direct large operations, had made the strongest impression on his memory.’

And he gives us a description, purporting to be in the Duke's own words, of the famous battle of Assaye:—

‘Of the battle of Assaye, he used to say, that it was the hardest fought affair that ever took place in India. “If the enemy had not neglected to guard a good ford on the Kaitna, I don't know how we could have got at him; but, once aware of his neglect, I took care that he should not have time to remedy it. We passed the river in one column and then deployed. Unfortunately my first line, which had been directed to keep clear of Assaye, swayed to the right, and became

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\* On this occasion his brother Henry wrote to him, April 22, 1801—‘I am really very much distressed by your letter of the 21st, because you seem to feel your situation so sensibly that nothing I can say will afford you any consolation, and I fear that the present state of your mind may be of material injury to your health.’

exposed

exposed to a heavy fire of *musketry*\* in that direction. This obliged me to bring the second line sooner into action than I intended, and to employ the cavalry—the 19th Dragoons—early in the day, in order to save the 74th from being cut to pieces. But whatever mistakes my officers committed, they more than made up for by their bravery. I lost an enormous number of men: 170 officers were killed and wounded, and upwards of 2000 non-commissioned officers and privates; but we carried all before us. We took their guns, which were in the first line, and were fired upon by the gunners afterwards, who throw themselves down, pretending to be dead, and then rose up again after our men had passed; but they paid dearly for the freak. The 19th cut them to pieces. Scindia's infantry behaved admirably; they were in support of his cannon, and we drove them off at the point of the bayonet. We pursued them as long as daylight lasted, and the exhausted state of the men and horses would allow, and slept on the field."

Mr. Gleig intersperses his work with many portions of conversations, or descriptions, or opinions, from the Duke's lips; but the effect, as might be expected, is generally disappointing. We have selected the one just cited as one of the best instances; but the practice is hardly fair; and speaking was never the Duke's *forte*. No man can be expected always to talk *like a book*; and to ensure strict accuracy in pages of conversation, it would be necessary to employ a short-hand writer. The following extract from another conversation shows, if it be trustworthy, what good use he made of his habits of observation, and how the fate of a battle may turn upon the display of such qualities in simple matters by a commanding officer:—

'There was one band in particular, under a very daring leader, which gave us a good deal of trouble. The fellow broke into the Deccan, defeated the Nizam's troops, and was growing formidable, when I set out in search of him. I was suffering at the time from boils, a not uncommon complaint by-the-by in India, and riding was disagreeable, but I got upon my horse, and, after a march of sixty miles, ascertained that he had managed to put a river between him and me, which the guides assured me was impassable. We pushed on across a large plain, and presently saw the river, which certainly had no bridges upon it, and looked very much as if it were too deep for

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\* Mr. Gleig makes a mistake here. It was the heavy fire of the enemy's cannon, not of his musketry, that caused so much havoc amongst Wellesley's troops. He says in his despatch, 24th Sept. 1803 (Gurwood, vol. i. p. 324)—'We attacked them immediately, and the troops advanced under a very hot fire from cannon, the execution of which was terrible. The picquets of the infantry and the 74th Regiment, which were on the right of the first and second lines, suffered particularly from the fire of guns on the left of the enemy's position near Assye.' See also the Mem. vol. i. p. 390, Gurwood, &c., and Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Colin, Campbell's account, 'Supplementary Despatches,' vol. iv. p. 184; also General Wellesley to Colonel Munro, 'Supplementary Despatches,' vol. iv. p. 210.

fording. I noticed, however, that two villages stood directly opposite to one another, looking like a single village with a stream running through, and I said to myself, "These people would not have built in this manner, unless there were some means of communication from side to side." I made no halt, therefore, and found, sure enough, that a very good ford allowed the inhabitants of one village to visit their neighbours in the other village at all hours of the day. We crossed by that ford greatly to the disgust of our guides, who intended the robbers to get away; and, overtaking the marauders, we attacked and dispersed them, taking all their guns and baggage. I knew that, without guns and broken up as they were, they would be cut to pieces in detail by the armed villagers, and it was so.'

But that which follows in the same conversation is a striking instance of the danger of the system. One principle of General Wellesley's campaign against the Mahrattas was to choose a season of the year when the rivers were not fordable. He says at p. 140, vol. i., 'Gurwood,' in his report to the Governor-General: 'First, because if we are to have a war, we shall carry it on with great advantage during the rainy season.' And again, at p. 169, in a letter to General Stuart, the 'rivers that rise from the Western Ghauts will soon fill; crossing them, to the native armies, will be dangerous, if not impracticable, but safe and easy to the British forces.' He then made use of boats and pontoons, with which his enemies were unprovided; and his despatches contain minute directions\* for the construction of pontoons

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\* The following references to, and quotations from, the 'Supplementary Despatches,' show how General Wellesley in the course of his campaigns against Dhoondiah in 1800, and against the Mahrattas in 1803, first collected boats, then experienced the want of, and afterwards employed, bridge-equipments for the transport of his troops across the rivers. At p. 317, vol. i., he begs Captain Malcolm to 'see that boats are prepared for the passage of the river.' At p. 519 he says to Colonel Sartorius—'These rivers are not fordable during the rainy season. It will be proper to have a jungar upon each of them, platformed as is that between Tellicherry and Cotaparamba . . . and it will be proper that a certain number of boats, platforms, &c., should be laid up in Cotaparamba.' At pp. 538, 576, he mentions to Colonel Stevenson and Colonel Pater that he has given directions that a large number of boats may be collected at Hoonelly, and that it will be necessary to protect them. At p. 91, vol. ii., he tells Colonel Stevenson 'to halt also somewhere near Cadnully till some boats to pass your corps over can be got together.' At p. 96 he writes to the Governor of Bombay, 9th August, 1800 (while still chasing Dhoondiah)—'He is on the left bank of the Malpoorba. A detachment is now employed in crossing that river, and I am here constructing boats for the same purpose which I propose to use at Sangoly.' At p. 133 he writes to General Brathwaite, 13th August, 1800—'It would be of considerable advantage to warfare in these countries if the army were provided with pontoons. If you approve of the idea, I could easily get some made at Seringapatam. If I had had pontoons on the Malpoorba, Dhoondiah could not have escaped; and it is inconceivable the advantage they would give us over all the native armies.' At p. 506, vol. iii., he writes to General Stuart from Seringapatam, 31st December, 1802—'It will be necessary that you should look forward to the establishment of boats

pontoons and basket-boats, and bridges, as well as for the protection of ferries. But in direct continuation of the conversation-extract above quoted, Mr. Gleig remarks to him: 'The rivers must have puzzled you at times, *for you probably did not carry pontoons with you*;' and he makes the poor Duke reply:—

'No; we had no pontoons in those days. We crossed the rivers either by fords, or when these failed us by *bridges resting upon inflated skins*. In fact, we made war pretty much as Alexander the Great seems to have done, and as all men must do in such a country as India then was.' . . . 'It was thus that the Duke used to speak of his own operations against the Mahrattas, and of his Indian wars generally.'

It is highly improbable that such a mistake could have been made by the Duke himself. It is equally out the question that Mr. Gleig should have invented a conversation directly contrary to the facts of the case, and to the principles involved in the particular war referred to. Although the Duke certainly had not cylindrical pontoons of the kind now in use, yet he took great pains to obtain, and evidently did obtain, pontoons of a different kind, and he unquestionably made large use of basket-boats covered with skins. Rafts resting on inflated skins have been employed in the East time out of mind,—indeed there is reason to believe that they were used by the Sikhs in their latest struggle with the British army,—and Sir Howard Douglas tells us in his work on military bridges that he was prepared to use rafts of that kind, if necessary, in Spain; but we do not find any evidence of the Duke's troops in India having availed themselves of such an expedient.

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boats on each of the rivers Toombuddra, Werdah, Malpoorba, Gutpurba, and Kistna, in the beginning of the month of June; and I had turned my mind to Capt. Cunningham as the officer to superintend these establishments. He did this duty before for me, and understands it.' At pp. 54-56, vol. iv., he writes to Major Doolan on the 27th March, 1803—'The sooner we begin to make boats to keep up our communication the better, and I look to the Station of Hallihall and to the Province of Soundah for a large supply. The number which I shall require from thence, to be placed on the rivers which I shall mention hereafter, is forty basket boats.' He adds a detailed memorandum respecting the construction of such boats, which are made of 'bamboo lath, jungle wood (the best is called Souri, a tough thorn) country rope, leather.' At p. 80 he writes from Poonah, 14th May, 1803, to General Nicholls—'The rivers will fill between the 14th and 20th June, and at that time we ought to have the bridge in order to be able to carry on the war in any style. . . . I should think that, if all the hands in the marine yard were applied to this object only for the next fortnight or three weeks (*and they cannot have a more important one*), it might still be possible to supply the pontoons in good time. At pp. 88, 89, he considers, in a letter to Colonel Dallas, 19th May, 1803, 'the mode in which these pontoons will be fixed in the rivers,' and the carriages on which they will be conveyed; and asks respecting their weights when loaded, and the number of bullocks which will be required to draw them.' At pp. 106, 107, and 109, he writes further on the 5th June, the 9th June, and the 10th June to Mr. Jonathan Duncan on the same subjects.

We know, however, that the Duke indulged at times in dry humour and practical jokes. Mr. Gleig tells excellent stories of them, to which we shall hereafter advert. Can he have unwittingly afforded another illustration of the same sort?

In 1804 our *Sepoy* General, if not sighing like Alexander for more worlds to conquer, began at all events to think seriously of something beyond 'an Indian career;' and he advised Lord Mornington, who had been receiving disagreeable despatches from England, to resign. His advice was not followed; but Lord Mornington persuaded him, on the other hand, to return once more to Seringapatam. In the beginning of 1805, however, 'no considerations were strong enough to keep him in the country. On the 1st February, he renewed his application to the Madras Government; on the 13th he arrived at Fort St. George, packed and ready for the voyage; on the 16th he took possession of a cabin in H.M.S. "Trident," and India saw him no more.'

Though much dissatisfied at the treatment which he had received, he was gratified in as much as the Order of the Bath was conferred upon him at the same time that his brother was created Marquess Wellesley. And he received an address from the natives of Seringapatam, a magnificent banquet at Madras, a valuable sword from the English at Calcutta, and a gold épergne, commemorative of the battle of Assaye, from the officers of the Deccan.

But in studying the Duke's real character and motives we gain more from private letters than from either despatches or reports—always more or less doubtful—of conversations. Of those with whom he corresponded when in India there was no one to whom he was so little reserved, or of whom he had a higher opinion than the late Sir John Malcolm. A remark that once dropped from him, to the effect that he 'was never so much inclined to think himself wrong as when he differed from Sir John Malcolm,' is still remembered in the Malcolm family; and he expressed his own opinion of their respective characters, in one sense, when he said, in writing to Colonel Malcolm on the 14th Sept. 1804, from Fort William: \*

'You and I have frequently had discussions upon military and political subjects, the result of which has generally been that we don't much differ in opinion. *You generally see what is right and what is desirable, I what is practical.* In this instance I think I have taken a correct view of the subject. Nothing shall induce me to stay in India one moment after Holkar will be defeated.'

Malcolm fully reciprocated his feelings of esteem and appre-

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\* Kaye's 'Life and Correspondence of M.-Gen. Sir J. Malcolm.' 1856.

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ciation, and about the same time he received a series of letters from General Wellesley from Calcutta, of which Mr. Kaye says, 'There was not another man living to whom Arthur Wellesley would have written such letters. To say this is to say that they are sacred.' But of other letters which passed between them, Mr. Kaye has published several bearing upon the subject of General Wellesley's return home from India, and his views respecting both his own advancement and that of Malcolm, which Mr. Gleig appears not to have seen. On the 4th of September, 1804, Malcolm wrote an excellent letter to Wellesley, pressing upon him the necessity for his taking part in operations which were then pending, and pointing out to him what assistance he would be able, if he were in the province, to afford to the Commander-in-Chief, both in the conduct of military operations and in effecting a political settlement. He said in the course of this letter,—

'I know circumstances might arise, which would make your situation in the subordinate part it might fall to your share to act unpleasant; but a sense of duty and zeal for the public service would prevent such feelings having weight; and after the principles of the line to be followed being clearly laid down, as they will be while you are at Calcutta, I can see no chance of a difference of opinion in any of those employed. At all events, we should not decline a station in which we are positive we can do a great deal of good, from a fear of not having it in our power to do all the good we might wish or intend;'

and towards the close of it, referring to the then President of the Board of Control and Chairman of the Court of Directors,—

'It is, therefore, against these that the great effort must be made, and the action, which is to decide the destiny of our Indian empire, must be fought upon the banks of the Thames, not on the banks of the Ganges.'

And the General replied to that letter at length in the most candid manner. He said,—

'But I acknowledge that I don't exactly see the necessity that I should stay several years in India in order to settle affairs, which, if I had been permitted, I should have settled long ago; or any reason for which I should involve myself in fresh troubles and difficulties, with which I have hitherto had no concern. *I look to England*, and I conceive that *my views in life* will be advanced by returning there. I don't conceive that any man has a right to call upon me to remain in a subordinate situation in this country, *contrary to my inclination*, only because it will suit his views, and will forward objects for which he has been labouring. If an officer in my situation is the proper person to be entrusted with the execution of the measures to secure those objects, there must be many equally capable with myself of performing

those duties. If they are duties which require extraordinary qualifications in the person who is to perform them, let General Lake, or the Commander-in-Chief at Fort St. George, or *anybody else*, be charged with them. But, surely, it is not exactly reasonable to expect that *I* should remain in a subordinate situation, *contrary to my inclinations*, only to involve myself in fresh troubles and difficulties. I am positively determined that, whether the Governor-General goes or *stays*, *I* quit India as soon as Holkar will be defeated.'

We have italicized certain portions of this somewhat long extract, which is taken from the same letter as we quoted above, in order to point out how different were General Wellesley's real feelings from those which Mr. Gleig, following upon other writers, has thought proper to ascribe to him. His views in life were to be advanced, his inclinations were to be consulted, and the Commander-in-Chief at Fort St. George, or General Lake, or anybody else, might undertake such services as required to be performed. Verily, the Great Duke was, after all, *a man*, with feelings, and desires, and inclinations, somewhat like the rest of us. Mr. Gleig says,—'The Duke's Indian Correspondence now before the world, shows that in every situation he paid strict regard to the principles of duty, and *to that alone*.' We do not by any means think that the principle of duty—thus pressed upon Arthur Wellesley by John Malcolm, and frequently enough pressed upon others by Arthur, Duke of Wellington—was in this instance sacrificed to self-interest, for he had served in India for nine years, had finished the work in hand, and was entitled to decline involving himself in fresh troubles and difficulties. He was not obliged by duty to remain in a subordinate position when he felt himself entitled to a higher one; and he judged correctly enough that men could be found in India to do what the public service required. Still it is plain that there was no affectation of any severe or romantic devotion to the abstract principle of duty. There was a reasonable human sense of what would be agreeable and profitable to himself. 'Sail or sell,' said the Duke to the subaltern. 'A European career for me,' said Arthur Wellesley to himself, and to Malcolm, when he thought he had been long enough in India. On the 4th of February, 1805, Malcolm writes much in the same strain to Major Shawe, and in the end of that letter he lets us into the secret of General Wellesley's illness.

'I mentioned the General being unwell. He appears plagued with a slow fever. He frets himself, which I never knew him do before. He told me yesterday he believed his illness was partly caused by the anxiety and vexation of not being able to decide, in a manner satisfactory to himself, the question of going to Europe. He thinks he



has been shamefully used in not being put upon the Staff, &c., &c. As he gets lean, I get into condition. I am now as stout as ever again.'

In writing, however, to Malcolm after embarkation, General Wellesley persuades himself that his inclinations coincide with the wants of the public service, thus,—

'I cannot express to you the concern which I felt at leaving Madras. Indeed, I feel it still; but I am convinced that I never took a step with the propriety of which I have so much reason to be satisfied, whether I view it in relation to my private views, or to the public interests.'

And again from St. Helena,—

'I am convinced that if I had not quitted India, I should have had a serious fit of illness. I was wasting away daily; and latterly, when at Madras, I found my strength failed, which had always before held out. I do not recollect for many years to have been so well as I have felt latterly, particularly since I have been here.'

So that, as Mr. Kaye remarks, 'he speedily recovered under the invigorating influence of the sea-breezes, and the tranquillity of mind resulting from a settled purpose.'

In 1807, again, Colonel Malcolm was writing to Sir Arthur Wellesley in the most impressive manner, endeavouring to persuade him to return to India. He said, in the course of a long letter,—

'You know me incapable of flattery; my opinion may on this occasion be erroneous, but it is fixed beyond the power of being altered, that upon your appointment to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Madras, the actual preservation of that part of our British Empire may in a great degree depend.'

And Sir Arthur replied on the 15th of October, 1807, from Dublin Castle,—

'But I have no inclination to refuse my services in that country if they should be called for at present, or to do anything here to serve those for whom I must ever retain the strongest sentiments of gratitude and affection. I don't think it probable that I shall be called upon to go to India; the fact is, *that men in power in England think very little of that country*; and those who do think of it, feel very little inclination that I should go there. Besides that, I have got pretty high upon the tree since I came here, and those in power think that I cannot well be spared from objects nearer home. At the same time the Indians in London are crying out for my return.'

On the other hand, he strongly recommended Malcolm not to return to England as long as he could retain his office, and as his

his health would allow of his remaining in India. He set forth in glowing colours, in this and in a former letter, the heavy expenses that residence in England entailed, and represented that Malcolm could not exist without a much larger fortune than he possessed, and would find difficulty in getting employed in the line to which he was so well suited and had been accustomed.

In after years, when Lord Wellington was working his way in the Spanish Peninsula, Malcolm was again communicating all his schemes to him, and asking his advice; and the following extracts from a letter dated from near Pampeluna, 26th June, 1813, are interesting, as showing to what he attributed his own rise in life, and how he advised his friend to follow in his steps, as well as expressing his feelings in regard to the comparative efficiency of his own troops and those of the enemy:—

‘Although I had long been in habits of friendship with the public men of the day, and had some professional claims to public notice when I returned to England, I believe I should have been but little known, and should not be what I am, if I had not gone into Parliament. I would, therefore, advise you to go into Parliament if you can afford it, if you look to high public employment. I likewise recommend to you not to fix yourself upon Lord Wellesley, or any other great man. You are big enough, unless much altered, to walk alone; and you will accomplish your object soonest in that way. Don’t, however, be in a hurry.

‘You will hear of events here. I have taken more guns from these fellows in the last action than I took at Assaye, without much more loss, upon about seventy thousand men engaged. The two armies were nearly equal in numbers, but they cannot stand us now at all.’

And he says in another letter of August 1813, which is also published in the latest edition of Gurwood:—

‘You had better adhere to your objects in India. Get into Parliament if you can afford it; be nobody’s man but your own, and you will soon be known, and will get on.’

There is much of interest in regard to the Duke in a later part of ‘Malcolm’s Life’ to which we shall again refer. In the mean time we return to his arrival in England from India, as Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.C.B., in September, 1805. The voyage occupied five months, including one month enjoyed in the ‘beautiful and salubrious island of Saint Helena.’ Omitting the fruitless expedition to Hanover at the close of the year, Mr. Gleig duly records some of his interviews with, and letters respecting, the most remarkable men of the day, his measures for defending his brother’s administration in India, his entering Parliament for the borough of Rye (where the ‘Government interest

interest was paramount'), and his appointment to the command of the Hastings district. Much merit is attributed to Sir Arthur for accepting this command. Mr. Gleig says, at page 49:—

'Had he looked upon this as a slight rather than a favour, no one could have been surprised. The descent was striking enough from the management of great armies in the field, to the routine duty of drilling and inspecting two or three battalions at a home station. But Sir Arthur never for a moment took so unworthy a view of the matter, "I have eaten the King's salt," was his reply to some who remarked on the arrangement, "and consider myself bound to go where I am sent, and to do as I am ordered."'

We think the point itself is much overstrained. No one knew better than Sir Arthur the wisdom of accepting the first home command that was offered to him. Those who look upon such appointments as slights rather than favours do not get on in the world. His brother was not at the head of affairs in England. The Duke of York promised him employment, and offered him the first suitable command that he had to bestow. It was hardly so unimportant as has been represented. The present Duke says, in his Preface to vol. v. 'Supplemental Despatches.' 'In February, 1806, he was posted to a brigade of infantry stationed on the coast of Sussex, *in readiness to resist* an expected invasion by Napoleon Buonaparte.' Having returned from splendid prospects in India, expressly with views of European service, he was not likely, with the sound sense that he possessed, to throw away any chance that might tend towards ultimate success. Did he not write to Malcolm, 'Don't however be in a hurry?' We next come to Sir Arthur's appointment, with 8000*l.* a year, to the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, in which office, amongst other important trusts, the duty was committed to him, of 'managing what were called the political influences of Ireland,' which 'had been done time out of mind, with just so much of disguise, as to render the corruption over which the veil was assumed to be thrown doubly hideous.' Mr. Gleig has often heard him 'speak of the political system of that period, and always in the same terms.' And the following are some of the expressions which he attributes to him, in the course of a conversation,—

'But if the object sought be the best possible Government, and if that Government cannot be obtained except through the venality of individuals, you surely won't blame those who turn even the moral weaknesses of individuals to good account?' . . . 'I am one of those who believe that no nation has thriven, or ever will thrive, under a scramble. And, therefore, since I cannot command a majority

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in favour of order, except by influence, I am willing to use influence, even though the particular manner of using it may go against the grain. . . . 'It is in counties, and in what are called open boroughs, that the influence of Government tells most, particularly in Ireland, where in my day at least, almost every man of mark in the state had his price.'

And in the summary of his character Mr. Gleig further remarks:—

'His Irish Administration has, indeed, been described by some writers as disfigured by the grossest jobbery. Is this fair? Is this candid? Certainly Sir Arthur Wellesley jobbed; but let us not forget that in those days Government was avowedly carried on by influence; and that influence, especially in Ireland, meant pensions, places, and hard cash.' . . . 'He was, perhaps, the most open, and therefore the most honest, trafficker in Parliamentary support that ever bartered place or pension for votes. He never affected to believe in the principles of his correspondents. He knew them to be venal, and he bribed them because it was his duty to the Government which he served to do so.'

But he contradicts himself lower in the same page,—

'He will not arrive at an end justifiable in itself, by means which cannot be justified. He will never do evil that good may come.'

And again in the following page,—

'Whatever partook, or seemed to partake, of the crooked or disingenuous, was abhorrent to his nature; nor would any considerations of probable gain *even to the country* induce him to take part in it.'

Looking back upon the Duke's history as a whole, we certainly feel inclined to exclaim, '*que diable faisait-il dans cette galère.*' How came he thus to be made a willing and able instrument of the grossest corruption? No doubt had he refused to govern Ireland by applying to its inhabitants the only motives by which they could be induced to act, he would have done very differently from the public men of that day. Lord Cornwallis, for instance, had a keen sense of the discredit which attached to jobbing of every kind, and in his Indian letters he descants with the utmost acrimony upon the conduct of men as upright as himself, whom he conceives to have practised it—yet in his Irish correspondence he describes \* himself as engaged carrying on a system of corruption. But he was

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\* 'Cornwallis Despatches,' iii. 39 (A.D. 1799). 'You, who know how I detest a job, will be sensible of the difficulties which I must often have to keep my temper; but still the object [the Union] is great, and perhaps the salvation of the British empire may depend upon it. I shall therefore as much as possible overcome my detestation of the work in which I am engaged and work on steadily to my point.'

a leading politician, and had a great object in view—the Union of Ireland with Great Britain. Men of spotless personal honour, such as Windham, had held the office of Chief Secretary; and the Prime Ministers of England in succession—no ignoble series of men—had tolerated, and might be said to have sanctioned, the system. Yet we do not exactly see how Sir Arthur Wellesley, a military man, was obliged to accept an office which could only be worked by the means he describes. But he, no doubt, received in the discharge of these functions lessons of human nature which his observant mind turned to good account in his subsequent dealings with men, both in war and diplomacy.

We turn with pleasure from this bribery and corruption, and these discrepancies, to the birth of his son on the 7th February, 1807; for we find that he had, on the 10th of the previous April, married the same Lady Catherine Pakenham, ‘to whom as a Captain of Cavalry he became attached.’

When it was determined to despatch the Copenhagen expedition, to prevent Buonaparte from using the Danish fleet against ourselves, Sir Arthur applied for a command in it. He was, however, doing his work so well in Ireland, that his application was not in the first instance favourably entertained, and he, therefore, wrote to Lord Castlereagh on the 7th June,—

‘As I am determined not to give up the military profession, and as I know that I can be of no service in it unless I have the confidence and esteem of the officers and soldiers of the army, I must shape my course in such a manner as to avoid the imputation of preferring lucrative civil employment to active service in the field.’

He also wrote to the Duke of Richmond (the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), about the same time:—

‘I accepted my office in Ireland solely on the condition that it should not preclude me from such service when an opportunity should offer; and I am convinced that though you may feel some inconvenience from my temporary absence, supposing that it is intended that I should return to you, or from the loss of the assistance of an old friend, supposing that it is not, you would be the last man to desire or to wish that I should do anything with which I should not be satisfied myself; and I acknowledge that I should not be satisfied if I allowed any opportunity of service to pass by without offering myself.’

We give these quotations entire from Mr. Gleig’s work, as showing how determined Sir Arthur was not to lose any opportunity of military service, of obtaining the confidence of the army, and of carving his way upwards. Better proof can hardly be required of the lofty ambition by which he was actuated, but

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which Mr. Gleig would, in spite of the evidence he himself adduces, deny to his character. Sir Arthur, therefore, leaving a substitute in his Dublin office, joined the Danish expedition under Lord Cathcart.

He proposed wisely, and in a humane spirit, to save Copenhagen from bombardment, and to starve it out by cutting off its means of communication with the main land; but his views were rejected, and he was despatched with his division into the interior, while the remainder of the army was engaged in the siege. He encountered the Danes near Keoge, and defeated them, capturing 1500 prisoners and 14 guns, and after negotiating for the surrender of the fleet, he returned to England in the frigate which brought home the despatches. Besides obtaining credit with the army and the Government, and esteem from the native population, in consequence of the protection which he afforded to them, he received the special thanks of the British Parliament for this three months of service. And M. Thiers refers to him in his History, as an officer who, after seeing service in India, was mainly known for his able conduct at Copenhagen.

But he was not now to remain long in peaceful employment. The project which had been entertained of conquering Spanish America in revenge for the disaster of Buenos Ayres fell to the ground on the receipt of the important intelligence that the Spanish nation had risen against their French invaders. Sir Arthur Wellesley had drawn up numerous minutes on the subject between 1806 and 1808, and had been appointed to a force assembled at Cork for transport to South America. He was next consulted in regard to the best means of assisting the Peninsular patriots, and the offer of a command in the expedition, when it was proposed to divert it to that purpose, was naturally made to him. Mr. Gleig says the offer was clogged with conditions which rendered the acceptance inconvenient, if not disagreeable. 'They' (the Government, we presume) 'insisted on retaining his services in Ireland, and that he should again discharge the duties of his office by deputy.' But it could have been no great hardship to him to continue to hold such an office by deputy, and to receive part of the emoluments attached to it, at the same time that he obtained what his soul chiefly coveted—a military command. Whether 'they' intended and desired him to refuse the command—as believed by Mr. Gleig—or not, he 'was too much in earnest to be deterred by trifles,' and in less than twenty-four hours the whole was settled.

Before Sir Arthur started for Portugal, a conversation occurred between

between him and Mr. Croker\* in London, which was afterwards quoted in the pages of this Review.\* Mr. Gleig cites the most material part of the conversation :—

‘They (the French) have besides, it seems, a new system, which has out-manceuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe; but no matter, my die is cast. They may overwhelm, but I don’t think they will out-manceuvre me. In the first place, I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and, secondly, if what I hear of their system of manœuvring be true, I think it a false one against troops steady enough, as I hope mine are, to receive them with the bayonet. I suspect that half the continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle began. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand.’

After making the quotation, Mr. Gleig intimates a suspicion ‘that Mr. Croker’s memory was a little at fault in regard to details;’ and he adds, ‘the flourish about receiving the French with the bayonet, and the steadiness required to do so, was not, I will venture to say, Sir Arthur Wellesley’s, but Mr. Croker’s *flourish*.’ But the only reasons he gives for the latter belief are that the phraseology is not the Duke’s and the inferences to which it leads would be unsound. He explains that—

‘The Duke knew better than most men that the only difference then between French and English tactics was this, that whereas the French attacked in column, the English always attacked in line; and that the real resistance to an attack by troops waiting for their adversaries in line comes from the volume of fire with which the column is received. All armies, French as well as English, Russian, German, and Italians, defend a position in line, provided the assailants give them time to deploy. But the English alone have hitherto attacked in line, though I believe that the armies of other nations are beginning in this respect to follow their example.’

The information here given to us by Mr. Gleig is not in all respects accurate. At present, we apprehend, English troops would only occasionally, and other troops would never, *attack* in line on the field of battle. And we do not believe that any but English troops could now be trusted to resist a serious attack in line, i. e. with a line of battle formed of *regiments or battalions in line*.

At Waterloo the Duke received the charges of the columns of the Guard with his English troops in line, but he did not venture to trust his foreign troops in that formation at any time during the battle.

At the time of the conversation objected to by Mr. Gleig, between the Duke and Mr. Croker, the question of line versus

column had not, as far as we are aware, been mooted; and the Duke would naturally have mentioned the steadiness of the British infantry to stand to their bayonets, as his reason for believing that he could beat the terrible French columns (whose charges no other armies had been able to resist), rather than any expectation of receiving them in line, as he found by subsequent experience in the Peninsula that he was able to do.

We confess to at least an average belief in the fallibility of human nature, and mistrust of the accuracy of recorded conversations, but we are certainly inclined in this instance to pin our faith on Mr. Croker.

When Sir Arthur sailed from England in the 'Crocôdile' for the Peninsula he commanded a force of about 10,000 men, with liberty of action; but, as the ideas of the Government expanded, he became chief of the advanced guard only of an army of 30,000 men, comprising six General officers who were his seniors. He wrote accordingly to Lord Castlereagh to say—

'Whether I am to command the army or not, or even to quit it, I shall do my best to insure success, and you may depend upon it that I shall not hurry the operations, or commence them one moment sooner than they ought to be commenced, in order that I may acquire the credit of success.'

And he at once showed by his first operations that his confidence in himself was thoroughly warranted. At Roliça his demeanour and his dispositions commanded confidence and ensured success. Prevented by others—'who had not come to run risks'—from following up his victory as he wished to do, he led his corps to the position of Vimiero. Again victorious, and prevented from pursuing his enemy, he signed, under the directions of Sir Hew Dalrymple, the preliminary agreement which led to the celebrated convention of Cintra. On this subject he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, under date wrongly given by Mr. Gleig as the 23rd *April*, instead of *August*, 1808:—

'Although my name is affixed to this instrument, I beg that you will not believe that I negotiated it, that I approved of it, or that I had any hand in wording it. It was negotiated by the General himself in my presence and that of Sir Harry Burrard; and after it had been drawn out by Kellerman himself, Sir Hew Dalrymple desired me to sign it.' . . . . 'I approve of allowing the French to evacuate Portugal.' . . . . 'It is more for the advantage of the General to have 30,000 Englishmen in Spain, and 10,000 or 12,000 additional Frenchmen on the northern frontier of Spain, than to have the Frenchmen in Portugal, and the Englishmen employed in the blockade or siege of strong places.'

His manner became thenceforth distant to Sir Hew Dalrymple,  
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and Sir John Moore, who had himself been disappointed in not receiving the chief command, shared in his dissatisfaction.

The disappointment which prevailed in England on the subject of this convention determined Sir Arthur to bring the whole matter to a public inquiry, and he set to work with his usual energy and sagacity to represent his own views. But he began later to despair of setting himself right, and in writing to Lord Castlereagh again, on the 14th October, he expressed himself somewhat differently:—

‘I have always been of opinion that I should not be able to convince the public of the *goodness of my motives* for signing the armistice; and the late discussions in Middlesex and elsewhere, and the paragraphs in the newspapers, which after all rule everything in this country, tend to convince me that it is determined that I shall not have the benefit of an acquittal, and that the news-writers and the orators of the day are determined to listen to nothing in my justification.

It is singular that Sir Arthur should have consented to sign the armistice, in place of Sir Hew Dalrymple or Sir Harry Burrard, when he objected, as he mentioned to Lord Castlereagh in the first letter, to its ‘verbiage’ and to the indefinite suspension of hostilities. It was natural enough in the public to look to his signature as a token of his approval, and he was hardly the man to have been coerced into signing anything that he strongly disapproved. But the arrangement was by no means a bad one. The kingdom of Portugal had been cleared of its invaders, after two successful battles, within a month. Sir Arthur would not have allowed the French to escape so easily if he had been left to himself; but it is evident from the volume (xvii.) of the Napoleon Correspondence published last year that Napoleon (who by no means foresaw the importance of the little cloud that was rising in Portugal) considered the convention to be advantageous to the English. He says:—

‘I wish to know why, six weeks ago, he (the Duke of Abrantes) did not intrench himself in a camp at the mouth of the Tagus, or in some other suitable position, and await assistance, having supplied his army? This is what he should have done by the rules of warfare in such a situation.’

After his return to London Sir Arthur wrote (on the 7th of October, 1808) to Sir John Moore:—

‘I find that by the distribution I am placed under your command, than which nothing can be more satisfactory to me. I will go to Coruña immediately, where I hope to find you.’

But he was prevented, while waiting in London for the inquiry,

quiry, from taking part in the operations under that General. Mr. Gleig complains much of the result of the inquiry :—

‘Sir Arthur, still treating with the utmost possible delicacy officers who were by no means so delicate towards him, proved his own case. The Court listened with partial ears to the statements of Sir Hugh and Sir Harry; and the final issue was a declaration that nobody was to blame; that all which could have been reasonably expected under the circumstances had been done, so that further proceedings in the case were not necessary.’

But, at all events, ‘one of the first acts of both Houses, when Parliament met in January, 1809, was to pass a vote of thanks to Sir Arthur Wellesley and the army which had served under him.’

After the battle of Corunna Lord Castlereagh proposed to the Junta of Seville to make Cadiz the base of British operations; but he afterwards consulted Sir Arthur, and obtained from him the able and comprehensive minute, which, recommending that Portugal should be defended partly by British troops and partly, after the Indian method, by native troops under British officers, laid the foundation of the system on which the Peninsular war was afterwards conducted. This minute also, as is well known, prophetically described Napoleon’s political system as ‘one of terror, which must crumble to pieces if once effectually checked,’ and suggested that the first decided check might be given to it in Portugal at the same time that the operations in Portugal would be highly favourable to the Spaniards. It produced a great effect, and Sir Arthur’s views were unanimously adopted by the Cabinet on the refusal of the Spaniards to receive a British garrison at Cadiz.

The grand opportunity for which our great soldier had been yearning and labouring at length presented itself. He resigned his seat in Parliament and his office in Ireland, and proceeded to Portugal, at the head of the army, to carry out his own views, with the approval of the nation as well as of the Government. General Beresford was appointed, on his recommendation, to command the Portuguese contingent under his orders, and he started, with about 20,000 British, to make head against more than ten times that number of French troops.

But we must reserve the glorious achievements of the Peninsula for another article.

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- ART. II.—1. *Les Forçats pour la Foi. Étude Historique, 1684-1755.* Par Athanase Coquerel, Fils. Paris, 1866.  
 2. *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères de France pour cause de Religion.* Paris, 1864.  
 3. *Arnold Delahaize; or the Huguenot Pastor.* London, 1863.  
 4. *Henri de Rohan; or the Huguenot Refugee.* By Francisca Ingram Ouvry, author of 'Arnold Delahaize.' London, 1865.

THE mournful yet glorious annals of religious persecution form a chapter of undying interest in human history. The names of persecutors and of martyrs stand out on its pages in conspicuous and unfading colours. Imagination invests both alike with something of the super-human. In the former a perfection of malignity, an induration of the heart and conscience, naturally suggest the idea of fiendish inspiration; in the latter a sublime combination of fortitude and meekness seems to exalt our poor human nature to the confines of the divine. In all that band of heroes, who, in various countries and periods, have given their lives for their religion, we find a common type. Minor differences of race and character are merged in the assimilating element of a victorious faith. Englishman and Frenchman, Hollander and Italian, Asiatic and African, have in their turn undergone the fiery trial; yet it would be difficult to discriminate the special features which have distinguished each, or to award the palm of fortitude among the rival martyrs. All of them, in truth, were fellow-soldiers in that 'noble army,' and the banner under which they fought was the common standard of Christendom.

The sufferings of the Protestants of France in the reign of Louis XIV., subsequent to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are in their general features familiar to most readers of history. The 'Dragonnades,' which, under the influence of his Minister Louvois and of his Jesuitical and priestly counsellors, the King inflicted upon his unoffending Huguenot subjects, will affix an everlasting stigma on the reign of the 'Grand Monarque.' A brutal soldiery, subject to no check or restraint, were quartered in the homes of the families who adhered to the Reformed faith, and they exercised the utmost rigour of pillage, torture, and outrage, without distinction of sex or age, upon the helpless recusants. Neither was escape permitted to those who found the persecution in their homes intolerable. The strictest precautions were adopted to deprive the victims of tyranny of that alternative. The guards were doubled at the frontiers; the peasants were enjoined to aid in arresting fugitives; soldiers were dispersed

over every part of the country, and rigorous orders were given to stop any person passing the frontiers without a passport. In spite of all these precautions, it is true, great numbers of the persecuted did find means to escape, and settled themselves in foreign countries, of which they and their descendants became some of the most valued citizens. But the escape of these fortunate persons was not effected without fearful risk: confinement to the galleys for life was the penalty of the arrested fugitive.

The condition of those upon whom this sentence was carried out may be described without any exaggeration as 'worse than death.' It was death in a multitude of cases without the elevating consciousness of martyrdom, or the mercy of a speedy release from suffering. It was a gradual death from excessive labour and ill-usage, terminating a servitude in which the wretched victim underwent almost every form of misery most terrible to human nature—cold, hunger, chains, scourging, sickness—superadded to the occasional horrors of naval warfare and the perils of shipwreck. Descriptions of other forms of persecution have often moved our sympathies. We have shuddered at the martyrdoms of the stake, the pincers, or the rack—

‘the agonising wheel,  
Luke’s iron crown and Damien’s bed of steel,’

but the condition of the galley-slave, the details of whose sufferings were out of sight and little known, excite in our minds a much less keen emotion. It conveys, indeed, a vague notion of severe and unremitting labour; but we do not recognise in it what it really was—a form of martyrdom more calculated, perhaps, than any other to test to the uttermost the capacity of endurance in human beings.

Of the sufferings of these unhappy ‘*Forçats pour la Foi*,’ as they were popularly called by their contemporaries, some interesting records have been preserved in such of the memoirs and narratives, drawn up by the sufferers themselves, as have come down to us. The compilation of M. Athanase Coquerel, under the above title, furnishes a good, though brief, account derived from such sources, of the nature and extent of the persecution of which the galleys were the scene. Among the documents comprised in this volume is a catalogue, formed from a collection of various extant lists, of the Protestants under sentence at the galleys from 1684 to 1762, specifying their names, and, in the majority of cases, their places of birth, age, sentence, period of suffering, and the date of its termination, whether by release or death. One of the most complete of these lists, that of M. M. Haag, gives a total—probably below the truth—of no less

less than 1480 convicts, condemned to the gallies for adherence to the reformed faith during the period referred to. Almost every variety of age, class, and condition, is represented in these rolls. The youth of fifteen or sixteen, sentenced for attending with his parents at their prayer-meetings, and the old man of seventy years and upwards, whose brief remnant of life was in most cases speedily cut short by the rigours of his treatment, are found there. There, among the humble and low-born members of the reformed church are enrolled no less than forty-six gentlemen of birth, and two chevaliers of the order of St. Louis. There are the names of some men, such as the erudite Louis de Marolles, eminent for their attainments in science and learning, and who found even in their vile floating dungeons some consolation from, and means to carry on, their cherished studies. Of the ministers of the proscribed religion but very few names occur, which is explained by the fact that it was only in rare exceptions that the sentence of death in their case was commuted for the doubtful mercy of the gallies. What is more remarkable is the appearance in this martyr-roll of a few individuals, born and educated as Roman Catholics, who embraced, in the very midst of the storm that raged against it, the persecuted side. One of these converts was Jean Bion, the chaplain of the 'La Superbe' galley, who has recorded in his touching narrative, published in London and at Amsterdam in 1708-9, the circumstances which impelled him 'to preach the faith which once he destroyed.' It was when he visited in the hold of the vessel the mangled and bleeding sufferers who had undergone the terrible 'bastonnade' for refusing to kneel at the celebration of the mass, and when shocked at that spectacle he found himself addressed by them in words of comfort and encouragement, that his heart was melted and his creed changed. 'Their blood,' he says, 'preached to me, and I felt myself a Protestant.'

The account of the treatment and condition of the convicts on board the gallies, which is to be found in M. Coquerel's volume, is mainly derived from the other work, of which the title is also prefixed to this article, the 'Mémoires of Jean Marteilhe.' The genuineness of this narrative, which was originally published at Rotterdam in 1757, and is referred to in several contemporary publications, appears to be beyond question. The work had, however, become extremely scarce; only two or three copies were known to exist, and it was with some difficulty rescued from oblivion. It was known, however, to M. Michelet, who in the 13th volume of his 'History of France,' containing an account of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, referred to and cited from the

the volume, characterising the neglect to re-publish it as dis-creditable to Protestants, and describing it in these terms:—

‘C’est un livre du premier ordre par la charmante naïveté du récit, l’angélique douceur, écrit comme entre terre et ciel. Comment ne le ré-imprime-t-on pas?’

The re-publication of the volume in Paris in 1864, under the editorship of M. Paumier, is the answer to this appeal; and we do not hesitate to say that a more valuable contribution to the records of genuine martyrology could hardly be found. The style of the narrative in its graphic simplicity reminds us of Defoe; but the well-authenticated facts which it relates are more interesting than fiction, and the incidents not less strange. The pictures which Miss Ouvry has drawn in her two pleasing tales of the sufferings of the high-minded Hugonot martyrs, though delineated with ingenuity and skill, must yield in interest to the unadorned but vivid records of personal experience contained in Marteilhe’s pages. The narrator is a young Frenchman, who from the year 1700 to 1713, when, through the intervention of our Queen Anne, he and some hundreds of his fellow Protestants were released from bondage, underwent the punishment of the gallies. The tale of suffering is told with a candour and ingenuousness extremely captivating, and in a spirit of moderation and forbearance towards his persecutors which increases our sympathy for the writer. In addition to the personal narrative, Marteilhe gives a very full and interesting description of the French gallies,—their construction and equipment, the organisation of their crews, their discipline, and the treatment of the miserable beings who worked in them. His volume contains also an unusual variety of striking incidents and illustrations of human character, exhibited sometimes in its lowest degradation, sometimes in its noblest aspects of fortitude and devotion. The constancy of those humble confessors who endured patiently for many years the abominations of such a hell upon earth as the convict-ships, from which, at any moment, a simple declaration of conformity to the faith of their persecutors would have set them free, entitles them beyond all question to a high place in the roll of martyrs. We believe that a summary of the leading points of Marteilhe’s narrative will interest our readers, and we shall be glad if it should be the means of making his touching narrative better known.

‘I was born,’ says the writer, ‘at Bergerac, a small town in the province of Perigord, in the year 1684, my parents being persons of the middle class engaged in trade, who, by the grace of God, lived and remained constant unto death in the principles of the reformed faith,

faith, and whose conduct was without reproach, bringing up their children in the fear of God, and instructing them in the tenets of the true religion, and avoidance of the papal errors.'

It was in the year 1699, that the Duke de la Force, a renegade from the principles of the reformed faith, which his ancestors had nobly upheld and suffered for, obtained a commission from the King to go down to Perigord, in which province he had large estates, 'to convert the Hugonots.' The instruments which he employed for this service were of two kinds—they were four Jesuit fathers and a regiment of dragoons. The keen blades of the latter were found even more efficacious in subduing heresy than the arguments of the former. There were no cruelties which these booted missionaries did not put in force to compel their miserable victims to attend the mass, and to abjure the Protestant religion with the most dreadful forms of imprecation. No less than twenty-two of these ruthless dragoons were quartered in the house of the Marteilhe family. The father was consigned to prison; two sons and daughters, who were but children, were sent into a convent. The mother alone was left in the house with this gang of ruffians, who inflicted shocking cruelties upon her. Having destroyed or plundered all that was in the house, and left only the four walls standing, they dragged the unhappy woman before the Duke, who compelled her by violence and menaces to sign the formulary of conversion, protesting as she did so against the force which was put upon her will. Jean Marteilhe, then but sixteen years of age, managed to effect his escape from Bergerac by night, in company with a young friend and fellow-townsmen of about his own age; they entered into a compact together, while they implored the Divine protection, to remain firm and constant to the reformed faith, even at the peril of death or the gallies. How nobly this vow was kept will appear by the sequel.

Provided with a small sum of money for their journey, the fugitives reached Paris without hindrance, and there procured directions for a route by which they hoped to evade the vigilance of the guards at the frontiers, and make their way to Charleroi, at which place they would be outside of the French pale, and under the protection of a Dutch garrison. Great caution and presence of mind were necessary as they approached the confines of their land of refuge, but they had escaped some imminent perils, and were actually out of France, when a sudden alarm caused them to deviate a little from the prescribed route, and to re-enter French territory at the town of Mariembourg. A spy, however, had watched their movements and suspected their intentions,

intentions, and hoping to get a reward for his information, he had them arrested at a tavern in Marienbourg and brought before the Governor of that town. After a brief examination, in which they avowed their religious profession, but denied their intention to quit France (a breach of truth for which the writer afterwards warmly reproached himself), they were committed to prison, and the governor sent a courier to Paris for instructions how to deal with his captives. The rescript directed that the fugitives should be put upon their trial for the offence of being at the frontier without a passport, but that, meanwhile, the curate of Marienbourg should use his efforts to bring them back to the fold of the Church, and that in the event of his succeeding and abjuration being made, they should receive a free pardon and be taken back to their homes. The officer in whose charge they were, himself a concealed Protestant, and full of sympathy for his prisoners, reported to them this answer:—‘I give you no advice,’ he said, ‘as to what you ought to do, your own faith and conscience will best direct you. All that I have to tell you is that your abjuration will open your prison-doors; without it you will certainly be sent to the galleys.’ Thanking him for his kind intentions, the prisoners declared that, placing their trust in God’s mercy and support, they would never betray the faith that was dearer to them than their lives. The curate then proceeded to try his polemical skill, but finding them well primed on the usual topics of controversy, and being himself but indifferently skilled in arguing, he soon desisted from the attempt to convince their minds, and tried to sap their resolution with another kind of weapon. Having a young and pretty niece with a fair dowry, he proposed to bestow the damsel in marriage on Marteilhe, as the reward of his conformity, but met with so peremptory a refusal that he at once reported to the authorities that the conversion of the prisoners was hopeless, and that they were ‘reprobates under the dominion of the devil.’ Thereupon a process of trial was instituted, and a sentence passed by the local judge, which recited that the prisoners being of the reformed religion, and convicted of an attempt to leave the kingdom, were condemned to the galleys for life, with confiscation of their goods and other consequences. This judgment, however, required to be confirmed before it could be put in execution, by the Parliament of Tournay, and to that city the prisoners were marched, bound together with cords, lodged in vile prisons in the towns at which they halted, and treated as criminals of the worst class.

At Tournay they were again consigned to a dungeon, and the hearing



bearing of their cause was postponed at the instance of the curate, who desired to have time allowed for their conversion. This process, however, it was sought to effect rather by temporal than by spiritual arguments. With the latter he troubled them but little, contenting himself with inquiring when he paid his visits at intervals whether they were not tired of suffering, and reminding them that their liberation rested with themselves, 'if they would only renounce the errors of Calvin.' The trial to which their faith was now exposed was a very painful one. For many weeks they lay in this dungeon, their only food being a portion of bread per day, so insufficient as to reduce them almost to starvation. 'We became so weak and emaciated,' says Marteilhe, 'that it was well for us that a little rotten straw filled with vermin, on which we lay, was close to the door of our cell, through the grating of which our bread was thrown to us, as if we had been dogs, for had we been farther from the door we should not have had strength to get at it.' In this extremity they were surprised one day by having two other prisoners placed in the same cell with them, who turned out to be acquaintances and school-fellows of their own, and who had been apprehended for the same cause as Hugonot refugees. The new comers had money with them, which enabled their half-starved friends to gain some relief from the pangs of hunger. But their arrival introduced a new temptation and trial of faith. Less stern in their principles, these men had been prepared to leave their country for their religion, and once out of France would doubtless have remained good Protestants, but they had no stomach for the gallies, and when the alternative was placed before them of a life of misery and bondage with adhesion to their principles, or pardon and freedom on making abjuration, their resolution broke down. They avowed their weakness, and wept over it to their companions, who earnestly remonstrated against such a betrayal of the cause of truth, and strove to inspire them with a fortitude like their own, but to no purpose. The Romish Church recovered back the two pretended converts, who having after some trouble obtained their pardon, received commissions in the King's service, and were not long after killed in action.

At length after several fruitless attempts to procure their abjuration, Marteilhe and his companion were summoned before the court of the parliament of Tournay. The evidence of their intention to quit the kingdom was by no means clear, for the accused, who showed much intelligence in their defence, made a skilful use of the fact that they had actually crossed the French frontier, and had voluntarily re-entered it, added to which one of

the judges had for some reason, which does not appear, been biassed in their favour. The result was that they were actually acquitted by the court of the charge of attempting to escape, and they expected nothing less than immediate liberation. But in this hope they were cruelly disappointed. Being prisoners of State, their discharge could not be decreed without the sanction of the Government. Reference was made to Paris, and after a fortnight's delay arrived the fatal rescript from the Marquis de la Vrillière, Minister of State, conveying the king's order, that 'Jean Marteilhe and Daniel le Gras having been found at the frontier without a passport, should be condemned to the galleys.' This decree, though contrary to its own finding, the Parliament of Tournay was obliged to register, and the sentence was accordingly pronounced, that the prisoners having been duly convicted of professing the reformed religion, and having attempted to leave the kingdom with a view to the free profession of the same, were condemned to serve for life as convicts in the king's galleys.

Under this sentence the prisoners were at once removed to Lille, where the gang, or 'chain,' of galley slaves was formed previously to their being sent to their destination. At Lille they were cast into a dark and filthy dungeon, into which no light was admitted night or day, and which was already tenanted by about thirty ruffians, who had been convicted of every kind of crime, and who were allowed to exercise outrageous license against their fellow prisoners. Here also the poor Protestants endured cruel treatment from the gaoler and his myrmidons, who grossly abused their authority, but after a time they found a friend and protector in one of the chief officials of the prison, who, having some Protestant connexions settled near Bergerac, had been interested by them on behalf of these young men. From him they received much kind treatment, and were relieved as far as possible from the rigours of the prison; he procured for them also a respite of some months on the plea of sickness when the other prisoners were sent off to the galleys. Such mitigations, however, could be but temporary; the time came at last for another gang to be removed to Dunkirk, and being advised that their condition at that place would be one of less suffering than if they waited till the departure of the next body destined for Marseilles, they submitted to their fate. On arriving at Dunkirk Marteilhe was separated from his companion, and put on board a galley called, in cruel mockery, 'La Heureuse,' being one of a squadron of six which were stationed at that port.

The French galleys, of which the principal stations were at Calais, Marseilles, and Dunkirk, were vessels of about 150 feet

set in length, and 40 in width. On either side of each galley were twenty-five tiers or benches, to each of which was attached a long and heavy oar, pulled by six convicts, who were chained by one leg to their bench. The complement of rowers to each galley was 300, of whom about a sixth part were Turks, who had been purchased as prisoners by the French government. In addition to these there were about fifty free mariners, who worked the sails and otherwise helped in the management of the vessel; there were also about a hundred soldiers, and a considerable body of officers, who were required both for the command of the soldiers and mariners, and for the custody and supervision of the slaves. Each galley had at her bow five guns carrying from eighteen to thirty-six pounds each, and the mode of warfare adopted by them in attacking another vessel was to bear down with all the force of their oars, so as to drive the prow of the galley into the enemy's stern, then, firing all their guns into him, to board with their soldiers and marines. In this warfare there were some advantages on the side of the galleys; while, on the other hand, there were considerable drawbacks. In the first place, their great force of oarsmen gave them much advantage of speed and facility of manœuvring. In a time of dead calm, when a frigate would be powerless to move, the galley had it all her own way, and with her numerous armed force on board was a very formidable adversary. On the other hand, the structure of the galley, lightly built, and very low in the water, made it impossible for her to venture out to sea, except with great caution, and in settled fine weather. It was impossible to navigate such vessels in a heavy sea, and to encounter a ship of war at a time when the latter could use her sails would have been almost certain destruction, for at such times it was in the power of the enemy, bearing down full upon the galley, to run her down, and send her to the bottom. Another element of weakness which almost disqualified these vessels for hostile action was the danger to which they were exposed from their own slave crews taking part with the enemy. A considerable proportion of the soldiers on board were kept in reserve to prevent mutiny, and guns were kept always ready charged and pointed against the rowers; yet the remedy in such a case would have been as bad as the disease, for to destroy the rowers would have been to paralyse the ship, and leave her helpless at the mercy of the enemy. The result was that the galleys were but little used except for coasting service, to make a descent upon an enemy's shores, or to cut off a becalmed straggler. Sometimes, too, they were employed on State occasions to convey persons of eminence, or in the service of the Government, to some port in the Mediter-  
ranean.

anean. But the chief use of the galleys was as a place of custody and punishment for persons convicted of flagrant crimes, among which at the time of which we speak, none was regarded as more heinous or meriting severer treatment than the heresy of Protestantism.

The officer on board immediately concerned with the charge and chastisement of these wretched outcasts was styled the *Comite*, under whom were two others called *Sous-Comites*. Their implement of office was the formidable cow-hide of which we have heard in other slave regions, and not only were they unchecked, but stimulated in the use of it by the superior officers of the ship, whenever circumstances made an unusual exertion of speed desirable. At such times the blows would fall like hail on the backs of the rowers who, stripped from the waist upwards, were tugging at the oars, while bruises and blood followed every stroke, and a chorus of yells ascended from the unhappy victims. These were the ordinary forms of chastisement, or rather of stimulant, employed; for definite offences against rule or discipline was reserved the more terrible punishment of the *bastinado*. The offender was stretched face downwards across the wide plank that traversed the galley from stem to stern, separating the benches. His arms projecting over one bench were firmly held by two convicts, and his legs by two more on the opposite side. A powerful Turk, stripped to the waist, scourged with all his force the bare back of the prostrate victim, the *Comite*, thong in hand, standing by and stimulating the Turk in his turn, if he detected any relaxation in the energy of the other. Rarely, it is said, after ten or twelve such blows did the sufferer retain speech or motion, but the punishment was continued notwithstanding, the patient being brought to life after it was over by a strong infusion of salt and vinegar rubbed into his back. Twenty or thirty lashes were a common punishment, but as many as fifty, eighty, or even a hundred were occasionally given; such inflictions as these were generally fatal, but who heeded the death of a galley slave?

Apart from the liability to such tortures, the ordinary condition of these unhappy beings was painful in the extreme; constantly chained to the bench at which they sat by day, and under which they slept by night; exposed to all the vicissitudes of the elements (except in winter, when the galleys were taken into harbour, and some shelter was allowed); covered with vermin; scantily clothed, miserably fed, and degraded almost below the brutes by the treatment they received, they were compelled by sheer force of the whip to render an amount of work at the oar which under no other system could have been extracted from human

human muscles. 'The labour of a galley slave,' has become proverbial, and not without reason; but probably very few of those who use the illustration realise its force. It is observed by the writer of this narrative that by stress of torture men may be got to do that which would be otherwise impossible. He illustrates this by his personal experience. 'No one,' he says, 'looking for the first time at these miserable slaves, could suppose them capable of sustaining the labour of the oar for half an hour at a time. Yet they were occasionally compelled to pull for ten or even twelve hours at a stretch.' Nay, he adds that he had himself been forced to row with all his strength for twenty-four hours at a time without any cessation. On such occasions the *Comites* put into the rowers' mouths as they pulled pieces of bread dipped in wine, that they might not take their hands from the oar so as to interrupt the stroke. The scene on board a galley at such a time was horrible in the extreme. The incessant crack of the whip as it descended on the rowers' backs, the yells of the wretched bondsmen bleeding under its strokes, the oaths and threats of the *Comites* enraged at seeing their galley falling out of rank, and the shouts of the officers in command urging them to redouble their blows, formed an assemblage of sights and sounds dreadful to the imagination. Still, at whatever cost of suffering and of life (for many fainted at their work, and never again revived), the end was gained, and an amount of work performed which no voluntary labour could have achieved, nor any bribe or reward extracted from free men. This statement does not rest upon mere conjecture, the experiment was actually tried. Upon one occasion, in the year 1707, the author informs us that the Government of France wished to employ some galleys upon a service in which, on account of the facilities afforded for escape, it was thought unadvisable to use the service of the slaves. The galleys were manned accordingly with free mariners—men accustomed to the labour of rowing, but it was found impossible to make them endure the work. The galleys made no way, and the commandant was obliged to write to the Minister and represent to him the impossibility of navigating the vessels otherwise than by slave labour. A striking illustration of the cruel extremities sometimes practised towards the crews is furnished by the following anecdote:—

'On one occasion,' says Marteilhe, 'our galley was at Boulogne, where the Duc d'Aumont, afterwards Ambassador to the English Court, then resided. Our captain, M. de Langeron, entertained the Duke on board his vessel; and as the sea was then calm, and he wished to give his guest some amusement, he proposed to him an excursion out to sea, to which the other assented. We rowed at an

easy rate nearly to Dover, and the Duke observing the rough work and wretched condition of the rowers, remarked, among other things that he could not understand how these poor wretches could sleep being so closely packed together, and having no convenience for lying down, except under their benches; to which the captain replied "I know very well how to make them sleep, and I will prove what I say by the effect of a good dose of opium, which I am preparing for them." He then called the *Comite*, and gave him his orders to tack about and return to Boulogne. The tide and wind were now against us, and we were about ten leagues from harbour. Having put the galley about, the captain gave orders to pull "hard all" at the double quick stroke. This stroke is the most severe labour that can be conceived, and takes more out of a crew in one hour than four hours of pulling at the ordinary rate, not to mention that it is impossible to keep it up without sometimes getting out of stroke, and then the whip falls on the rowers like hail. At last we reached Boulogne, but so exhausted and sore with blows that we could hardly move arm or leg. The captain directed the *Comite* to order all hands to lie down, which was done at the sound of the whistle. Meanwhile the Duke and his officers sat down to dinner, and upon their getting up from table after midnight, the captain told the Duke that he should like him to see the effect of his opium, and taking him along the gangway, they saw the wretched crew, of whom the greater part were really asleep, but some unable to close their eyes for pain pretended to be so, having had orders to that effect from the captain, who did not choose that his opium should appear to have failed of its effect. But what a horrible sight was then presented to view! Six miserable creatures cowering in a heap one over the other under each bench, all perfectly naked, for none of them had had strength left to put on their shirts; most of them bloody, from the stripes of the whip, and their bodies reeking with sweat. "See, Sir," said the captain to his guest, "whether I don't know the secret of making these fellows sleep; I will now show you that I can make them wake up also." He then gave the order to the *Comite*, who sounded the whistle. Then appeared the most piteous sight that can be imagined. Scarcely one among them was able to rise, their limbs and bodies were so stiff; and it was only by sharp blows of the whip that they were all forced to get up, putting themselves into ludicrous and painful contortions as they did so.

Such was the kind of existence, a life of toil almost insupportable, of blows, of curses, of association with the vilest criminals, of dangers, and of degradations of every kind, which at this time more than 300 Protestants, men of respectable condition of life, of irreproachable character, and, in some instances, of saintly piety, were enduring on board the French galleys; a condition from which, as they were constantly assured by the chaplains on board, who generally proved the most rancorous of their persecutors, a single word from themselves would, within

forty-eight hours have set them free. Yet could not all this suffering extort from them a renunciation of their faith.

In some respects, indeed, and especially so far as the influence of priests and Jesuits could be brought to bear against these martyrs of conscience, the 'Hugonot dogs,' as they were called, were even more hardly treated than their criminal associates.

Marteilhe himself, indeed, as appears from his own candid narrative, obtained from various causes an exemption from some of the most dreadful rigours of his lot. Even in favour of these wretched captives some mitigating influence could be and was exercised through the mediation of their co-religionists in various parts of France. This influence operated in various ways. Sometimes the persons in authority over the slaves were in their secret hearts friendly to the faith which they had not the courage openly to profess; sometimes they were worked upon by Protestant friends or connexions. We may collect, too, from this memoir, that there was something in the personal character of Marteilhe—his probity, his truthfulness, his patience, and his superior intelligence—which moved in his behalf the hearts of those who were not utterly steeled to mercy. Nor is it presumptuous to believe that, as in the case of His persecuted servants of old, He to whom these poor men so faithfully bore witness, gave them 'favour in the sight' of their stern gaolers and overseers. There were, however, incidents to this cruel service from which there was no privilege of exemption, perils of the sea and perils of war, of which the author of this narrative endured his full share. A striking account is given of a storm in which the galley that he rowed in narrowly escaped foundering. A squall suddenly sprung up in a time of apparently settled fair weather, and caught the vessel in a situation of great exposure to the wind. All on board gave themselves up for lost, and in that hour of confusion the bonds of discipline being relaxed, the galley-slaves began to triumph, and fearlessly taunted their officers. 'Now, gentlemen,' they cried, 'we shall very soon be all upon a footing—we shall all drink out of the same glass presently.' It seemed as if all hope were lost, and they were in the very jaws of death, when they were rescued by the extraordinary skill and adroitness of a fisherman, one Peter Bart, who was on board, an habitual drunkard, but in his sober moments an incomparably skilful seaman. To this man, despairing of all other resources, the captain gave an absolute discretion to save the vessel, making over the command into his hands. By a marvellous effort of skill this daring and dexterous pilot brought round the galley and steered her safely, with only some slight damage to her bow, into Dunkirk Harbour.

But to the fettered and closely-packed inmates of these floating prisons there was another danger even more dreadful than the tempest. The galley-slaves, when their vessel was in action were placed between two fires; that of their own guns and that of the enemy. How frightful was the carnage when from the port-holes of the tall frigate with which they were engaged, the cannon poured down its volleys into that chained and defenceless mass of human beings below! And however much the enemy might be inclined to spare those whose sympathies were probably on his side, he could hardly disregard the fact that, to disable those who constituted the motive power of the vessel was in fact to place the galley at his mercy. A striking illustration of the dangers to which the galley-slaves were exposed, and at the same time one of the most spirited descriptions we have ever met with of an obstinate sea-fight, is given by Marteilhe, who was cruelly wounded, and escaped with his life almost by a miracle on that occasion. The singular nature of the contest, and the admirable conduct of one of the combatants, the commander of an English frigate, entitle this action to an honourable place in the records of naval daring.

It was in the year 1708, when the French galleys were employed by their government, then at war with this country, in cruising about the Channel to cut off stray ships or make descents on the English coast, that a squadron of six of these vessels, under the command of De Langeron, being not far off Harwich, got sight of a fleet of merchantmen, thirty-five in number, who were coming from the Texel, and making for the mouth of the Thames, under the convoy of an English frigate, the 'Nightingale,' of thirty-six guns. The prospect of so rich a booty aroused all the ardour of the French commander, who, confident in his superior strength and numbers, instantly formed his plan for capturing the merchantmen and demolishing their convoy. Four of the galleys were ordered to chase and make prize of the merchantmen, which could offer little or no resistance, while De Langeron himself, with his own galley, in which Marteilhe was one of the rowers, prepared to attack the frigate. A sixth galley was in reserve, but did not immediately join in the action. The French captain, who counted on an easy victory, no sooner came within gunshot of his opponent than he poured in a fire from his guns, to which the frigate made no reply; and the galley was thereupon driven, according to the usual style of attack, with all the force of her oars to crush the stern of the English vessel, the marines being prepared to rush on board and complete the capture. But this manœuvre was frustrated by the skill and presence of mind



of the English captain. By a sudden turn of the helm he shifted his course that the enemy's galley, instead of striking his stern, was brought suddenly up alongside the frigate, with a violence that shattered all the oars on that side the galley. At the same moment, and before the enemy could recover from the shock, the Englishman let down his grapnels, with which he had been previously prepared, and made the galley fast to the frigate's side. Holding his enemy thus locked in his grasp, he poured down upon the low and exposed deck of the galley the point-blank fire of his guns, loaded with grape, which caused the most deadly execution. In a few minutes the galley was covered with dead and wounded, and the survivors, seized with panic, threw themselves on their faces and made no resistance, while a party of the English crew, jumping on board with their cutlasses, cut down every one who came in their way, sparing only the unresisting galley-slaves. All that the French commander was able to do was to hoist, with his own hand, a signal of distress, calling back the other galleys to his assistance. The consort of the distressed galley quickly came up; and the other four, seeing the signal and the imminent danger of their commander, quitted the merchantmen of which they were just about to make prize, and which, finding the coast clear, steered with all speed for the Thames. The whole squadron of galleys now surrounded the frigate, and with their swarming crews, and large force of soldiers and marines, in a short time changed the fortune of the day. After every resource of skill and courage had been exhausted in the defence, the numerical force of the assailants prevailed; the crew of the 'Nightingale,' and, with one exception, all the officers on board, were disabled or taken prisoners. That exception, however, was the captain. From first to last the object of this gallant officer, whose name unfortunately has not been preserved, was to secure the escape of his convoy. With that noble devotion to duty which stamps the English sailor, he had pledged himself, and was prepared to immolate himself and his frigate, and all on board, in order to save the vessels committed to his charge. So, when all his ship's company were in the hands of the enemy, he fortified himself in the poop, with a number of loaded guns and pistols by his side, with which he threatened destruction to any one who dared to approach. A serjeant and twelve men being sent to dislodge him, he shot down the former, and kept the rest at bay, no one of the party being willing to enter first at the peril of sharing their leader's fate. Meanwhile the officers of the 'Nightingale,' who had been taken on board the commander's galley magnified, though perhaps not beyond the truth, the reckless daring of their captain,

captain, who they declared would not hesitate to blow his own vessel into the air, involving all the galleys in the same destruction, rather than strike his flag. Alarmed at the consequences of such an act of desperation, the French commander now tried the effect of a parley, which the captain, still anxious to gain time for his merchantmen, prolonged as much as possible. At length, when he calculated that all the vessels for whose welfare he was concerned were safe in the Thames, he announced his surrender, and went on board the French commander's galley to give up his sword. De Langeron was surprised to find this lion of the quarterdeck a man of small stature, and deformed in person. Addressing him in courteous terms, he promised his prisoner honourable treatment, and strove to console him for the loss of his ship. 'I feel no regret,' replied the Englishman, 'for the capture of my frigate, since I have gained the only object I had in view, which was to save the vessels under my convoy; and I had resolved, as soon as I came in sight of you, to sacrifice my ship and my life also for their preservation. You will find,' added he, 'some small quantity of ammunition on board, which I had not time or opportunity to discharge; besides that, you will discover nothing of any value in the frigate. As for myself, if you treat me as a man of honour, I or some other of my countrymen may have an opportunity before long to return the favour.' Charmed with the lofty spirit of his adversary, De Langeron, with much courtesy, returned him his sword. 'Receive back your sword, sir,' he said; 'you deserve too well to wear it; and consider yourself my prisoner only in name.'

Meanwhile, what was the fate of the oarsmen of the galley which had first engaged the frigate? One of the guns of the latter being pointed directly down upon the bench to which Marteilhe and his fellow rowers were chained, his comrades had thrown themselves flat down, hoping thus best to avoid the discharge. A more careful observation convinced Marteilhe that he had a better chance of escaping the contents of the gun by keeping upright; and with great presence of mind he maintained that position, commending his soul with a fervent prayer to God, as he watched the English gunner approach the piece, and apply his match to the touch-hole. Stunned and insensible, he was thrown by the shock of the discharge as far as the length of his chain would allow across the gangway which divided the two tiers of oars. When he came to his senses it was night, and he could see nothing around him; but supposing that his comrades were still lying below their bench, he called out to them that the danger was past, but received no answer. At the same time he found himself bathed in blood, from three severe wounds which he had

had received in different parts of his body. But there was no help or succour to be had, for all around him had been killed, both on his own bench, and the benches immediately before and behind him ; so that out of the eighteen persons who had manned these three benches, he, wounded as he was, had alone escaped with life.

The first thing done after the action was over was to throw over-board the dead, and to carry the wounded down into the hold. But in the confusion and darkness which prevailed, there was little discrimination between one and the other, and some, doubtless, were consigned to the deep who had only fainted from loss of blood. Marteilhe himself was in this state when the superintendent approached to unrivet his chain, previously to throwing the body into the sea. The chain was attached to the left leg, and in that limb Marteilhe had received a severe wound. In endeavouring to take off the chain the officer pressed his hand roughly against the wounded part, and the sharp pain brought the exhausted man to his senses, and made him utter a loud cry. Perceiving that he was not dead they carried him into the hold, and threw him down upon a coil of rope among a number of other wounded wretches, too numerous for the surgeon to attend to. In this hole the sufferers, untended and poisoned with stench and foul air, died like flies, of the gangrene which supervened upon their wounds. Marteilhe, however, survived to get into Dunkirk, where, more dead than alive, he was placed in the sailor's hospital. From the severe injuries and ill-treatment thus received he could scarcely have recovered had it not been for the personal attention and pains bestowed upon his case by the surgeon-major, who, through the friendly intervention of a banker at Dunkirk, well-affected towards the Protestants, was interested in his favour. To the skill and kindness of this good surgeon he acknowledges that he owed his life. For three months he was well treated in the hospital—was again offered his liberty on condition of abjuration—again refused to belie his faith—and was once more sent back to his galley ; but the surgeon having certified that he was unable to bear the labour of the oar, he was employed in another department of service on board the vessel. It should be mentioned here that had he been under sentence for any other crime than heresy he would now have been entitled to his discharge, for such was the rule with regard to galley-slaves wounded in action with the enemy ; but the Hugonots were, by special exception, excluded from this privilege. But even the rude *comite* who had charge of Marteilhe, in assigning him his new and easier post in the galley, could not refrain from bearing testimony, though in a somewhat

somewhat peculiar form of compliment, to the blameless conduct of his heretical prisoners. 'I am very glad,' he said, 'to have this occasion of showing you the respect I feel for you and those of your religion, for you have done no wrong to any one, and if you are to be damned for your religion, you will have punishment enough in the next world.' Not long afterwards it happened that De Langeron, his captain, was in want of a secretary, and Marteilhe, through the recommendation of this same *comite*, was appointed to the situation, in which he gained the entire confidence of that officer, and received good food and lenient treatment for nearly four years of his term of captivity.

This respite was, however, succeeded by a season of terrible suffering to himself and his co-religionists. In 1712 the peace of Utrecht was made; and it was one of the stipulations of that treaty that the fortifications of Dunkirk should be razed, and the harbour blocked up, and that the town should be placed, meanwhile, in the hands of the English. In consequence an English governor and a force of 4000 or 5000 men were established in the place. It was permitted, however, to the French Government to keep their galleys for a time in the harbour until the demolition of the works had begun, and in consequence Marteilhe and his Protestant brethren remained there to witness the arrival of the English detachment. The galleys in the harbour became naturally an object of interest to the new comers. Both officers and men were permitted to go on board; and it followed naturally enough that the sympathies of both alike were warmly excited on behalf of their persecuted fellow Protestants whom they found groaning under such cruel bondage. The English officers testified the warmest interest on their behalf, and paid them frequent visits; but the indignation of the soldiers was roused to such a pitch at the barbarous treatment sustained by these innocent men, that it was apprehended that some violent attempt would be made on their part to rescue the prisoners. To guard against such an outbreak the French commander resolved to place his prisoners beyond the reach of deliverance, and accordingly he smuggled them away suddenly by night in a small vessel, and carried them off to Calais. From thence they were marched in chains to Havre, and after a stay there of some days, during which they received many testimonies of sympathy from their co-religionists in that city, they proceeded by way of Rouen, where also they found numerous friends, to Paris.

Our space will not permit us to notice further the adventures which befel them by the way. Arrived at the capital, they were consigned to the prison of La Tournelle, once a Royal residence, but then turned into an entrepôt for condemned criminals destined

destined for the galleys. The aspect of the vast and dismal dungeon to which they were now consigned, shook for a moment even the well-tried fortitude of Marteilhe and his brethren. 'I acknowledge,' he says, 'that, inured as I had been to prisons, chains, fetters, and other engines which tyranny or crime have devised, I could not overcome the shuddering that seized me, and the terror with which I was struck when I first saw this place.' He describes it as a vast cavern traversed from end to end by thick beams of timber riveted to the floor. To each of these beams, at a distance of two feet apart, the convicts were secured by a chain a foot and a half long, attached to an iron collar, encircling their necks. The beam rising about two and a half feet from the floor, the position of the convict was such that he could neither lie down, nor sit, nor stand upright, but was kept constantly in a half-lying, half-sitting posture, with his head against the beam. The sight of the wretched beings, of whom no less than 500 were thus kept chained down day and night, of whom some were aged, others suffering from pain and sickness, as they writhed in the torture of their constrained position, was distressing beyond description. Many sunk under the weight of their misery, others endured anguish difficult to be imagined. Groans and cries enough to melt the most savage heart arose from this den of horrors, but even these expressions of a misery which could not be endured were repressed as far as possible by their merciless overseers, who punished all such infractions of discipline with the whip. For three days and nights Marteilhe and his brother Hugonots had to endure this dreadful treatment; after that time the friendly offices of a wealthy Protestant merchant in Paris procured for them, by means of a present to the governor of the prison, a release from the frightful position in which they had been placed, their chain being transferred from the neck to the leg, and in this state they remained about a month, until the time came for dispatching them to Marseilles.

The journey from Paris to that port, which was made towards the end of December, 1712, was signalled by a treatment of these unhappy galley slaves more barbarous than any before related, insomuch that Marteilhe declares that in the whole of his previous twelve years of bondage and misery, he had never undergone so great a trial of fortitude. The prisoners were marched in double file, heavily chained, one chain connecting each couple, another passing transversely through rings placed in the centre of the coupling chains, and so fastening the whole gang together. Thus entrammelled they had to march each day a distance of ten or twelve miles, being usually lodged in stables

or other similar buildings at night, but without any straw allowed to them, very scantily fed, and exposed to all the severities of the weather. At Charenton the gang halted the first night after their march from Paris. The weather was bitterly cold, for it was freezing hard, and the wind blew keenly from the north-east. They arrived heated and exhausted with walking under the weight of their chains. After being shut up for some time in a stable to rest, they were all drawn up on one side of a large yard, enclosed, but open to the weather, and ordered to strip themselves of all they had on, and leaving their clothes there on the ground, to march to the opposite side of the yard. In this condition they were kept standing in the freezing air of that inclement night for two long hours, the guards during that time making a pretence of searching their clothes to see if they had any knives or other instrument which might be used as means of escape. After having been kept so long perishing in the cold, the convicts were ordered to walk back to the spot where they had deposited their clothes. 'But, O cruel sight!' says Marteilhe, 'the greater part of these unfortunates were so stiff with cold as to be quite unable to walk even that short distance to their clothes. Then it was that blows of sticks and strokes of the whip rained down upon them, and this horrid treatment failing to animate their poor bodies, frozen as they were with cold, some of them stretched stiff in death, others dying, these barbarous soldiers dragged them along by the collar round their necks like dogs, their limbs streaming with blood from the blows they had received. That night and the next day no less than eighteen of the party died.' Marteilhe attributes the saving of his own life and that of his co-religionist to their having embedded themselves in the warm dung of the stable, where horses had been recently kept, in which they passed the remainder of the night. Many of the survivors were so ill the next day from the effect of that terrible night that it became necessary to hire carts to carry them, though none were allowed this indulgence until it had been proved by the ordeal of the whip that they were really unable to walk. Upon the weakest of these, cold, blows, and sickness soon did their work, and reduced their numbers greatly before the gang reached Marseilles. But the abominable cruelty of the officer in charge was not the effect of mere wantonness; he had a cogent reason for thus thinning out the weaker members of his gang. By his contract with the Government he was to receive a certain sum per head for the convicts delivered at Marseilles. But he was bound himself to pay all charges, and the cost of hiring carts for conveying those who were too ill or weak to walk would not have been covered by the head-money paid

for them. He therefore saved the expense both of their food and carriage by letting them perish on the way.

With the arrival of Marteilhe and his companions at Marseilles, where they found a large body of their Protestant brethren on board the galleys, the worst part of those sufferings which they had so heroically endured came to a close, and their day of deliverance, long vainly expected, began to dawn. The negotiations which were concluded in the peace of Utrecht had raised their hopes; but when they learned that in that arrangement no mention had been made of their deliverance, they ceased to look to any human power for relief. But they were not aware at that time of the efforts that were being made to interest the Queen of England on their behalf. Meanwhile the Jesuits, who were better informed, and who feared that Louis might be induced to yield to the solicitations of Anne in favour of the Protestants, renewed their efforts to induce Marteilhe and his companions to make their submission to the Church. They left no means of insinuation or seduction untried, striving by fair language and specious promises to undermine the faith which had resisted the worst assaults of violence and cruelty. Having invited a deputation of the recusants to an amicable conference on board one of the galleys, the wily Fathers used all their ingenuity to prove to them that they were mistaken in supposing that the punishment they suffered was inflicted on account of their religion, or that it in any way lay at the door of the Church. The following may be instanced as a good specimen of the logic of persecution:—

“Why,” said Father Garcia to me, “are you now at the galleys, and for what offence were you sentenced?” I answered, that being persecuted in my own country I wished to leave the kingdom, in order that I might profess my religion in freedom; and that having been arrested at the frontiers, I was condemned to the galleys. “Do not you see, then,” said he, “what I just now told you, that you do not know what persecution means. Let me explain to you, then, that it consists in this: when you suffer ill-treatment in order to oblige you to renounce the religion which you profess. Now in your case religion has had nothing to do with the matter, and the proof is this. The King had forbidden his subjects to leave his kingdom without leave. You chose to do so, and you are punished for transgressing the King’s orders. This concerns the police of the country, not the church nor religion.” He then turned to another of our brethren who was present, asking the cause of his condemnation to the galleys. “It was because I took part in a meeting for the worship of God,” answered he. “Another breach of the King’s orders,” rejoined the father. “The King had forbidden his subjects to meet  
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anywhere for public worship except in their parish or other churches. You did the contrary, and you are punished for disobedience to the King's commands." Another brother said that, "being sick, the curate came to his bedside to receive his declaration, whether he wished to live and die in the reformed religion or in the Roman Catholic; to which he answered, 'in the reformed.' Upon his recovery he was arrested and sentenced to the galleys." "Another violation of his Majesty's decrees!" said father Garcia. "It is the King's pleasure that all his subjects should live and die in the Roman Church. You declared that you would do the contrary; that is a transgression of the King's orders. Thus you see," he continued, "each one of you has been guilty of disobedience to the King's authority. The Church has had no part in the matter. She interfered in no way in the proceedings against you; in fact, all was done, as it were, behind her back, and without her cognisance."

This flimsy sophistry was at once dispelled by two simple questions, which Marteilhe, as spokesman for his companions, addressed to the father:—

"Suppose," he asked, with an air of well-feigned simplicity, "we should require time to satisfy our minds on some scruples we still entertain, might we meanwhile be restored to liberty before making abjuration?" "Assuredly not," answered the priest. "You will never quit the galleys unless you have first abjured with all formalities." "And if we made the abjuration required, might we then hope to be released speedily?" "Within fifteen days afterwards on the word of a priest," replied Garcia. "You have the King's own word for it."

Confuted out of his own mouth, and reproached with his equivocation, the priest broke up the conference in disgust.

While these poor confessors, though without any earthly hope of deliverance, thus clung firmly to their faith, agencies unknown to them were working in their behalf. The Marquis de Rochegude, an aged French refugee, who had already made many efforts on behalf of his co-religionists, undertook a mission of his own accord to the principal Protestant courts of Europe, and obtained from the kings of Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and other powers, letters to the queen of England, recommending the cause of the persecuted Protestants to her powerful intercession. Armed with these credentials the Marquis came to England, and requested the minister, Lord Oxford, to procure him an audience of his royal mistress. Having placed himself in St. James's-park when the Queen was to pass by, he succeeded in attracting her notice. Ordering him to be called to her, she said, 'M. de Rochegude, I request you to let these poor men in the



the French galleys be informed that they may look to be liberated very speedily.' The marquis lost no time in conveying this gracious message, and very soon afterwards an order came from the French Government to Marseilles, that a list should be returned of all the Protestants on board the galleys there. The total number was upwards of 300. In a few days an order came from Paris for the release of 136, specifying their names. That of Marteilhe was the last upon this list. Great as the joy was of those included in the warrant of release, they were deeply concerned for their remaining brethren, who, without any apparent cause had been overlooked. But the troubles even of the more fortunate class were not yet over. The insatiable rancour of their priestly persecutors pursued them still. They were filled with indignation, declared that the King had been surprised into making this order, and that to let these men go would be an everlasting stain on the Roman Church. They persuaded the Commandant, with whom they had much influence, to postpone the execution of the order until they could communicate with the Government. He consented, but the order was not revoked. They resorted then to other means, with a view to render the release nugatory. They induced the Commandant to clog the licence with so many and such onerous conditions, as to the mode in which the liberated prisoners should leave France, and the route they should take, as to make their departure apparently impossible. All these difficulties, however, were by a happy conjuncture of circumstances surmounted, and at length, on the 17th of June, 1713, Marteilhe, with thirty-five companions released from the chains which they had so patiently worn for thirteen long years of worse than Egyptian bondage, embarked in a vessel at Marseilles, to quit for ever the land of their persecution.

The adventures which they encountered both by land and sea on their route from Marseilles viâ Nice to Turin, where they had an audience of King Victor Amadeus, who warmly expressed his sympathy with them, and from thence to Geneva, were numerous and remarkable, but our space will not allow them to be noticed here. But upon their arrival at Geneva, in which the relatives and friends of several of the party resided, a reception awaited them which took them greatly by surprise. The news of their coming had preceded them, and as they came near the city, they found a great part of the population, headed by their magistrates and ministers, coming out to meet and welcome their arrival. The martyrs were received with open arms and tears of joy; honours and felicitations

citations were lavished upon them, and though excellent quarters had been assigned to them by the authorities, the inhabitants pleaded to be allowed to take their beloved brethren to their own hearths and homes, and happy was the citizen who secured the privilege of making one of these honoured confessors his guest. Some of them, indeed, had now finished their journey, and intended to make Geneva their home, but Marteilhe, with six companions, had still far to go, and after a short sojourn they again set off, loaded with demonstrations of affection, and provided with money and other necessities for their journey by sympathising friends. At Berne, where they stopped a few days, the travellers met with a reception almost as warm and enthusiastic as they had experienced from the Genevese. They were entertained at the public charge, and every honour was paid to their heroic constancy in enduring affliction for the faith. At Frankfort, at Cologne, and at Rotterdam, where they successively stopped, on their journey to Amsterdam, nearly the same scene was enacted; in every place where the members of the Reformed Church were settled in any number, marks of honour, hospitality, and affection were lavished upon the travellers. At Amsterdam, the seat of so much zeal, and such warm-hearted sympathy for the reformed faith, the triumph culminated. Marteilhe declares that 'words would fail him to describe the ardent and generous tokens of affection which they received from their co-religionists' in that city. But in welcoming the released sufferers they were not unmindful of the brethren still left in bondage at Marseilles. Marteilhe himself was invited by the Consistory of the Walloon Church to be a member of the deputation which they had resolved to send to England for two purposes—to thank the Queen for the deliverance she had obtained for those who had been released, and to entreat her intercession for the 200 who were still pining in captivity.

He readily accepted this mission and came to London with his colleagues, where they were presented to Queen Anne, and had the honour of kissing the royal hand. 'Her Majesty assured them with her royal lips that she was truly glad of their deliverance, and that she hoped soon to effect the release of those who were still left in the galleys.' They had an interview also with the Duc d'Aumont, the French Ambassador at London, who received them with much courtesy, and promised to use his best efforts to procure the liberation of their companions, whose detention he ascribed to some official misunderstanding. His endeavours, however, if really made, had no effect; for it was not till after another year had elapsed, that in consequence of  
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the renewed solicitations of Queen Anne, the remaining Protestant sufferers received their liberty. After staying some time in London, Marteilhe returned to Holland, and proceeded to the Hague, where he and his brethren were very cordially received, and had pensions settled upon them by the Dutch Government.

This event concludes the very interesting memoir; but M. Coquerel has been able to ascertain a few facts which carry down Marteilhe's history somewhat later, and afford information which we are glad to obtain as to his family and descendants. His death took place at Cuylenberg in 1777, at the advanced age of ninety-three years. Mention is made of his aged widow; and it is known that he had a daughter, who was married at Amsterdam to an English naval officer of distinction, Vice-Admiral Douglas. In 1785 their son, Mr. Douglas, and his wife came to Bergerac to visit their French relatives in Perigord. 'It is pleasing to find,' says M. Coquerel, 'that the memory of Marteilhe, though lost sight of in France, was respected in England, and that the honour of an alliance with the martyr of the galleys was estimated as it deserved.'

The narrative, of which a brief sketch has now been given, is so full of striking adventures and curious details, that we believe few of those who may peruse this scanty outline of Marteilhe's history will not be desirous to make themselves acquainted with it in its entirety. And we may venture to express the satisfaction which we have derived from hearing that a record, from the nature of its subject so interesting, and of which the contents are in many respects so honourable to the English name, is likely to be made more accessible to our countrymen by being translated into their own language. One word in accordance with the spirit of the editor's preface should be added in conclusion. There is no polemical design, nor any element of theological bitterness in this volume. To record the virtues of noble-hearted men, not to re-open wounds, nor to cast odium on creeds or churches, has been the motive of its publication. 'In attempting,' says M. Paumier, 'to bring to light some glorious passages in the past history of our Church, it has been far from our intention to excite anew those religious conflicts with which our forefathers were inflamed. We know, and we thank God for it, how greatly the times are changed. . . . But that which it is profitable at all times to recall to mind, are those examples of inflexible obedience to conscience, of faithfulness to duty, and of the spirit of self-sacrifice, which in the day of their trial our ancestors exhibited to their descendants as they did also to their persecutors.' In the spirit of these remarks

remarks we fully concur. It is, indeed, a good lesson for us who live in an easy and tolerant age, in which the exercise of the sterner virtues is more rarely called for, to be reminded of the fortitude of such men as 'these admirable, though little known, martyrs of the Reformation, who, in the fine language of Sir Thomas Browne, 'maintained their faith in the noble way of persecution, and served God in the fire, whereas we honour him in the sunshine.'

ART. III.—*Metallurgy: the Art of Extracting Metals from their Ores, and Adapting them to various Purposes of Manufacture.* Vol. I.: *Fuel, Fireclays, Copper, Zinc, Brass, &c.* Vol. II.: *Iron and Steel.* By John Percy, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1861-4.

A S History must be made before it can be written, so, in the mechanical arts, practice must necessarily precede theory, and experience, scientific exposition. This is pre-eminently the case as regards Metallurgy, or the art of extracting metals from their ores and adapting them to the various purposes of manufacture. The ordinary metals were doubtless applied to the wants of man long before physical science could be said to exist. Their use preceded literature, history, and perhaps even tradition itself. No one knows when any of the common metals were discovered. Antiquarians may form theories as to the supposed Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages; but such theories are, at best, only conjectures more or less ingenious.

While the practice of Metallurgy is of the highest antiquity, the science of Metallurgy is of comparatively modern date. It is still, indeed, only in course of development. Although the mining operations of England are conducted on a greater scale than those of any other country in the world, the contributions hitherto made by English metallurgists to the literature of the subject have been few and scanty in the extreme. This is probably to be accounted for by the circumstance that miners, as a class, are industrial and practical rather than scientific or literary, and that they have been too much engrossed by the business of their respective callings to admit of their undertaking the exposition of the principles on which Metallurgy is founded. In this, as in the other arts, we must necessarily wait the advent of the educated man of science, who has the knowledge, the patience and perseverance, requisite to gather together the store of facts which the men of practice have in the course of ages accumulated, reduce them to a science, and expound the principles on which

which that science is founded. This Dr. Percy has most satisfactorily accomplished in the admirable work on Metallurgy now before us, which is at once an elaborate exposition of one of the most important practical sciences and a monument of his own eminent scientific ability and industry.

The introductory part of the first volume is in a great measure elementary, being descriptive of terms and processes, initiating the reader into the nature of Fluxes and Slags, and the fusibility of mixtures consisting of Silica and various bases. The next division contains a very complete and exhaustive account of the nature and qualities of Fuel—wood, peat, coal, and coke—with an elaborate exposition of their economical applications. This is followed by a practical disquisition on Fireclays and their composition, in the course of which the various kinds of Crucibles used in Metallurgy are described; and the remainder of the volume is devoted to a full and minute account of Copper and Zinc, their salts and oxides and the methods of assaying them, their ores and the processes of smelting and extracting them; with various details of their manufacture, the results of extensive inquiry and of close and accurate observation. In the course of this, as well as of the second volume, which is exclusively devoted to the important subjects of Iron and Steel, the text is illustrated by a multiplicity of woodcuts, not the least important feature of which is that, while helping the reader to a clear understanding of the processes described, they are mechanically accurate, being carefully drawn to scale, and are therefore calculated to be of much practical value.

In following Dr. Percy through the various branches of his subject, we cannot help being impressed by the genius for detail which evidently possesses him. He piles fact upon fact, analysis upon analysis, illustration upon illustration. Conscientious and laborious inquiry into facts is the great characteristic of the work. In the Preface he says, 'Though educated for the profession of medicine, and for some years engaged in the actual practice of it, I long ago acquired a strong predilection for the study of Metallurgy, to which I have almost exclusively devoted my attention during the last twenty years.' Dr. Percy's early scientific education has doubtless proved of essential service to him in the prosecution of his undertaking. He has also had the advantage of sitting at the feet of great masters, amongst whom he names the illustrious Baron Thenard and Gay-Lussac, whose lectures he attended at the Jardin des Plantes some thirty years ago. But, above all, he has evidently been inspired by a genuine love for his subject, which has enabled him to go through the vast amount of labour—which to so many would have been a drudgery, but

but to him has been a pleasure—in collecting the great store of facts contained in these volumes, the results of so much reading, inquiry, observation, and experiment,—facts which, however dry and unattractive they may seem, constitute the only sure foundation of the science of Metallurgy.

This great work will, when completed,\* be the first really satisfactory treatise on Metallurgy contributed to British literature. Germany, however, possesses many valuable treatises on the subject. Dr. Percy more particularly cites those of Agricola and Karsten, the former published more than three centuries since, the latter within the last thirty years. The work of Agricola, *De Re Metallica*, is a remarkable book, considering the time at which it was written. It is very full in its descriptions of the various methods of mining, raising and dressing the ores, and extracting the metals by smelting; and is illustrated by a great variety of curious engravings, showing the mining tools formerly in use, the modes of sinking and working the shafts, with the odd dresses of the labourers and miners at work above and below ground,—the latter being shown accoutred in leathern coats with long peaked tails to carry off the drip of the mine. The publication of so complete and elaborate a work as early as 1555—the year in which it first appeared—indicates the importance then attached to mining operations in Germany, and the interest with which they were studied. Indeed, as Dr. Percy observes, ‘we are probably indebted to the Germans to a greater extent than is commonly supposed, for the development of our mineral resources, since the introduction of German miners and metallurgists into England, about three centuries ago, through the wisdom of Elizabeth.’†

But, long before the reign of Elizabeth, measures had been adopted by the English monarchs to induce skilled German miners to settle in England. Thus, about the middle of the fourteenth century, Edward III. granted powers to several gangs of Germans to work the mines of Sheildam in Northumberland, Alston Moor in Cumberland, and Richmond in Yorkshire, on condition that the adventurers would instruct his subjects in the art of copper mining. Henry VI. pursued the same policy, and in 1430 we find him inviting three famous German miners, Michael Gosselyn, George Harbryke, and Matthew Laweston, with thirty skilled workmen from Bohemia and Hungary, to superintend and work the Royal tin mines in Cornwall. Again, it

\* A final volume on Lead, Silver, Gold, &c., will complete the work.

† Most of the mining terms still in use indicate their German origin. Hence *smelt* is from *schmelzen*, to melt; *slag* is from *schlagen*, or cinder; *sump*, the cavity below the shaft, is from *sumpf*, a bog or pit; *sperrn*, a point or buttress, and so on.

appears from the State Papers\* that a party of German miners, labourers, smiths, carpenters, assayers, drainers, and colliers, were invited over to England in the reign of Edward VI. Setting out from Frankfort, they reached Antwerp, where we find them kicking their heels along the quays, waiting the arrival of a consignment of kerseys, the proceeds of which were to defray the cost of their voyage; but it is not clear from the State records that the mining party ever reached their destination.

The greatest efforts to develop the mining resources of England by the aid of German skill were, however, made in the reign of Elizabeth, when numerous bodies of foreign miners were invited to settle in different parts of the country, for the purpose, at the same time, of working the mines and instructing our people in the best methods of mining. To two of the leading adventurers, Hochstetter and Thurland, both from Augsburg, the queen granted a patent to search for gold, silver, quicksilver, and copper, in eight counties, with power to convert the proceeds to their own use. Hochstetter first established copper works in the neighbourhood of Keswick, in Cumberland, and worked them with such success, that it was said of Queen Elizabeth, that she left more brass than she had found iron ordnance in England. The Rev. Thomas Robinson, in his 'History of Westmoreland and Cumberland,' written more than a century and a half ago, says:—

'The operators, managers, and miners were most of them Germans. The chief steward of the work was one Hecksteter, who, by his book of accounts, which are most regular and exact, and all on imperial paper, as well as by other writings I found under his hand, appears to have been a man of great learning, as well as judgment in minerals and metals. The copper ore which kept these large furnaces at constant work was, for the most part, got in the veins upon Newland Mountains. Some small quantities of ore were got upon Caldbeck and Cunningham Mountains, and brought to the great work at Keswick, being a place most convenient both for water and coal, which they had from Bolton Colliery. In our survey of the mountains of Newland we found eleven veins opened and wrought by the Germans, all distinguished by such names given them as Gold-Scalp, Long Work, St. Thomas Work, &c., of all which veins the richest was that called Gold-Scalp. We found the vein wrought three yards wide, and twenty fathoms deep above the grand level, which is driven in a hard rock 100 fathoms, and only with pick-axe, hammers, and wedges, the use of blasting with gunpowder being not then discovered. For securing of this rich vein no cost of the best oak wood was spared; and for the recovering of the soles under level was placed a water-gin, and water was brought to it in troughs of wood upon the tops and

\* 'Calendar of State Papers.' Foreign Series. 1547-1553.

sides of high mountains, near half a mile from the vein. The one at the top of the vein, which appeared by daylight, was sulphurous, but in sinking deeper the vein got more moisture, and the ore improved in goodness. The ore got by gin under level was so rich in silver that Queen Elizabeth sued for it and recovered it from Earl Percy (lord of the manor) for a royal vein. The most judicious chemists of England were concerned in the trial, either as of the jury or evidence. The verdict was given for the queen : and, as the German books give account, a hundred tons of ore was entered upon by the queen's agents.'

When the German miners died out, or migrated elsewhere, the works fell into decay, and the mines ceased to be worked. Fuller, the Church historian, writing in 1684, after they had been 'laid in,' quaintly surmised that 'probably the burying of so much steel in the bowels of men during the late Civil Wars, hath hindered the further digging of copper out of the bowels of the earth.' In consequence of the shortness in the home supply of the metal, England for a long time imported its copper principally from Hungary and Sweden, while English calamine, from which brass is principally made, was exported as ballast,—'copper,' says Plot, 'comeing cheaper from Sweden than they could make it here.'

While the Germans were actively employed among us as miners from an early period, they also started many important branches of manufactures in metal. One Christopher Schutze, from Annaburg, in Saxony, besides being extensively employed in mining operations, established in 1565 the first wire-drawing mill in England. About the same time another foreigner, a Dutchman, named Joseph Laban, erected a second wire work in the neighbourhood of Tintern Abbey, and the descendants of the family are still traceable in the neighbourhood. Godfrey Box, of Liege, began the same business at Esher in Surrey, where it was afterwards continued by two Germans, Mommer and Demetrius ; while the art of needle-making was introduced by another German, named Elias Crowse. Stow says that before his time a Spanish negro made needles in Cheapside, but held his art a secret. The Germans were more open, and taught their art to the native workmen, thereby establishing a considerable branch of industry.\*

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\* The art of pin-making must have been practised in England long before, for English pins were famous even on the Continent, superseding skewers of bone, wood, and silver. In 1400 the Duchess of Orleans is stated to have purchased from her 'epinglier' at Paris five hundred pins of English make ('de la façon d'Angleterre'). They cost a considerable sum, and were such expensive luxuries that the use of them led to the custom of allowing the wife 'pin-money.' The English must, however, have fallen behind in the art of pin-making a century and a half



Although various foreign branches of industry thus became planted in England, the foreign artisans residing here were for a long time wholly unable to supply the demand for articles in ordinary use, which continued to be imported from abroad in large quantities. Cloth, leather, hats, and various ornamental fabrics were brought from Flanders and France; Delft ware from Holland; stone drinking pots from Cologne; cutlery from Nuremberg; glass from Venice; and millinery from Milan. The milaners of London constituted a special class of retail dealers. They sold not only French and Flemish cloths, but Spanish gloves and girdles, Milan caps, swords, daggers, knives and cutlery, needles, pins, porcelain, glass, and various articles of foreign manufacture. All that remains of this once important class of tradesmen is but their name of 'milliner,' which is still applied to dealers in ladies' caps and bonnets.

To carry on the extensive business connected with the import and sale of foreign commodities, the merchants of many countries established agencies in England, and special privileges were usually granted to the 'merchant strangers.' Most of the Italian republics were thus represented; the Lombards principally residing in Lombard Street, which still retains their name. But when the Italian republics became a prey to anarchy, their commercial importance rapidly declined, and the great Hanse towns of Germany rose upon their ruins.

The foreign trade of Britain then fell almost entirely into the hands of the German merchants, whom Pennant styles 'our masters in the art of commerce.' They were first known among us as the Esterlings—the name still surviving in our *sterling* money, the coin paid by the Hanse merchants in exchange for English wool being especially esteemed for its purity.\* A branch of this great confederacy was established in London, where it was known as 'The Steelyard Company of Foreign Merchants.' Their guildhall and storehouses were situated in Downgard (now Dowgate) Ward, in Upper Thames Street. The buildings occupied a large space of ground, and extended to the river side. They were enclosed within high and strong

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a half later, for we find Fuller, writing of the year 1542, saying, 'it may easily be proved that about this time strangers have sold in this land pinnes to the value of three score thousand pounds a yeare.' The manufacture seems to have been re-established by the help of Flemish artizans in the reign of James I.

\* Camden says—'In the time of King Richard the First, monie coined in the east parts of Germanie began to be of especiall request in England for the puritie thereof, and was called *Easterling* monie, as all the inhabitants of those parts were called *Easterlings*; and shortly after, some of that countrie skilful in mint matters and alloies, were sent for into this realme to bring the coins to perfection, which since that time was called of them *sterling*, for *Easterling*.'

walls, and barricaded with stout iron gates, like a fortress. For a long time nearly the whole foreign trade of the country was conducted by these Steelyard merchants, who bought up and exported our English wool, and imported foreign iron and steel, besides metal wares of all kinds, paying the customary toll at Billingsgate in fine cloth, gloves, pepper, and vinegar. On more than one occasion their fortress had to stand a siege by the turbulent London populace. In 1381 they resisted the assault of Wat Tyler and his men until the authorities recovered from their panic; but a century later, in 1493, the mob were more successful, for they broke into the place and completely gutted it.

The Steelyard merchants were also in great peril during the serious riot which broke out on 'Evil May Day,' 1517. Large numbers of foreign artisans then inhabited the suburbs, where they made and sold a variety of articles to the supposed detriment of the English workmen. The Flemings especially abounded in Southwark, Westminster, and St. Catherine's, all outside 'the freedom of the city;' and there were so many French in Tottenham, that 'Tottenham is turned French' passed into a proverb. Hall, in his 'Life of Henry VIII.' says, 'there were such numbers of foreigners employed as artificers that the English could get no work.' It was also alleged that 'they export so much wool, tin, and lead, that English adventurers can have no living;' and the Dutch, or Germans, were especially complained against because of their importations of large quantities of 'iron, timber, and leather, ready manufactured, and nails, locks, baskets, cupboards, stools, tables, chests, girdles, saddles, and painted cloths.'

Most probably, the real secret of the popular outcry was, that the foreign artisans were more industrious, and manufactured better and cheaper things than the English could then do; and hence the riot of 'Evil May Day,' the object of which was the expulsion or destruction of the foreigners. The latter, being forewarned of the outbreak, took the precaution of retiring into the villages round London, so that the rioters were left to expend their fury upon their dwellings, which were for the most part pillaged and destroyed. The Steelyard merchants barred their gates, and successfully resisted all assaults, until help arrived. The authorities acted in the matter with creditable promptitude. Lincoln and Bell, two of the most prominent leaders in the riot, were seized and hanged with ten others. Peace was thus restored, and the city was compelled by the king (Henry VIII.) to make good the losses sustained by the foreign artisans.

The Steelyard Company continued to flourish until the reign of Edward VI., when their privileges were withdrawn; and in the reign of Elizabeth (1597), the Emperor Rodolph of Germany

having issued a mandate ordering the factories of the English merchant adventurers in Germany to be shut up, the queen took advantage of the circumstance to order the lord mayor and sheriffs of London to shut up the premises occupied by the merchants of the Steelyard, which put an end to the existence of the Company. But though no longer protected by privilege, the Hanse Town merchants long continued to carry on their trade, and as late as 1790, Pennant described the Steelyard as 'the great repository of imported iron, which furnishes our metropolis with that necessary material; the quantity of bars that fills the yards and warehouses of this quarter strikes with astonishment the most indifferent beholder.\* To this, it may be added, that the Steelyard continued the property of the Hanse Towns corporation of merchants until within the last few years, when it was sold by them to the Victoria Dock Company; and the whole of the buildings have only recently been cleared away to make room for the Cannon Street Station of the South Eastern Railway, which now covers the whole of the site of the ancient Steelyard.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the striking contrast presented by the England of to-day with the England of a few centuries ago. We have long since ceased to depend upon foreign skill, and have now quite as much knowledge to impart to as to gain from German metallurgists. Instead of having our manufactures conducted by foreign artizans, and our commerce by foreign merchants in foreign ships,† we have ourselves become the greatest manufacturing, commercial, and maritime people on the face of the globe. The rapid growth of British commerce is the theme of the glowing eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in each succeeding session of Parliament. In his last Budget speech Mr. Gladstone said: 'There is a race between nations in industry and enterprise, and there can be no doubt which nation is foremost in the race—it is the United Kingdom. The external commerce of this country is as great as the commerce of France and America combined—the two countries which come next; that is, with our thirty millions

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\* Pennant's 'Account of London,' p. 309.

† Before the reign of Henry VIII. the carrying trade of England was almost entirely conducted in foreign vessels. Even the royal navy consisted principally of ships hired from the Venetians, Genoese, the Hanse Towns, and other trading people. Henry resolved on forming a permanent navy, and established regular building-yards at Woolwich, Deptford, and Chatham, in which Italian shipwrights were for the most part first employed. But it was not till the reign of Elizabeth that England (to use the words of Purchas) was 'freed from Easterlings' and Lombards' borrowed legs,' and began to conduct her carrying trade for the most part in English-built ships.

of population we have as great a commerce as France and America with their seventy millions of population.' Thus, in little more than a century, the former state of things has become entirely reversed.

In 1731, Joshua Gee stated that England was the best customer in Europe for the iron of Sweden and Russia, importing from those countries between two and three hundred thousand pounds worth yearly; and he urged that Great Britain should encourage the making of pig-iron in our American colonies (where fuel of wood was abundant and cheap), so as thereby to become independent of foreign nations.\* In 1750, according to a MS. statement drawn up by Abraham Darby of Colebrookdale, we imported 23,000 tons of iron from Sweden, 10,000 tons from Russia, and 5000 tons from Spain, while the whole make of England was only 13,000 tons. Compare this with the state of things now. Although in 1864 we imported 53,918 tons of charcoal bar-iron of the value of 625,283*l.* (mostly for the purposes of the Sheffield steel manufacture), we in the same year exported 1,494,630 tons of iron and steel in various forms, wrought and unwrought, of the value of 13,214,294*l.*, besides steam-engines and machinery of the value of 4,854,190*l.*, in addition to the iron, steel, engines, and machinery, manufactured for our own use at home.

To what are we to attribute this astonishing increase? 'What,' asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his late speech, 'has given us this advantage? Our geographical position and the character of our people are great advantages; but these are the same now as they were centuries ago, and centuries ago England did not lead the commerce of the world. The cause of our present pre-eminence is, no doubt, the possession of mineral treasures, and especially of coal; and not merely the possession of coal, but its possession in such a position that we can raise it to the surface at a lower price than any other country in the world.' To this Mr. Gladstone might have added the great mechanical inventions which have distinguished this country during the last century—such as the spinning-jenny, the mule, the power-loom, the steam-hammer, but above all the steam-engine, which has so enormously added to our productive power, and given us that start which, helped by our natural advantages, as well as by the enterprise and industry of our people, have enabled us to keep 'the foremost in the race' until the present time.

The facility which exists in this country for manufacturing

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\* 'The Trade and Navigation of Great Britain considered.' By Joshua Gee. 1731.

iron cheaply on a large scale, in so many different districts,—as, for instance, in Wales, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, Durham, and Scotland,—has also doubtless been one of the principal causes of our material prosperity, more particularly during the last half century. The great value of iron compared with other metals, consists in the immense variety of uses to which it is capable of being applied. First and foremost is its use in the form of tools, without which man were indeed but a ‘poor, bare, forked animal.’ Every improvement in tools has marked a new stage in civilisation, until at length, since tools have become organized as machines, results of the most extraordinary magnitude have been achieved. But, besides the use of iron in the form of tools and machines, it has of late years been applied to an infinity of useful purposes, such as ship-building, bridge-building, and works of construction of various kinds, as well as to the purposes of locomotion; while at the same time it is used for purposes so delicate and so various as the main spring of a watch, the needle of a mariner’s compass, the lancet of a surgeon, the pen of a scribe, and the crinoline of a lady. This extraordinary variety in the applicability of iron is mainly due to its power of entering into combination with carbon under different circumstances and in varying proportions.

‘Of all the compounds of iron,’ says Dr. Percy, ‘none are to be compared with those of carbon in practical importance; and, in a scientific point of view, none possess greater interest. The influence of this element in causing variation in the physical properties of iron is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the whole range of metallurgy. Under the common name of iron are included virtually distinct metals, which in external characters differ far more from each other than many chemically distinct metals. Without carbon the manifold uses of iron would be greatly restricted; and, so far as is yet known, no other metal or mixtures of metals could be applied to these uses. When carbon is absent, or only present in very small quantity, we have *wrought iron*, which is comparatively soft, malleable, ductile, weldable, easily forgeable, and very tenacious, but not fusible except at temperatures rarely attainable in furnaces, and not susceptible of tempering like steel; when present in certain proportions, the limits of which cannot be exactly prescribed, we have the various kinds of *steel*, which are highly elastic, malleable, ductile, forgeable, weldable, and capable of receiving very different degrees of hardness by tempering, even so as to cut wrought iron with facility, and fusible in furnaces; and lastly, when present in greater proportion than in steel, we have *cast iron*, which is hard, comparatively brittle and readily fusible, but not forgeable or weldable. The differences between these three well known sorts of iron essentially depend upon differences in the proportion of carbon, though, as we shall learn hereafter, other elements may and often do concur in modifying, in a striking degree, the qualities

qualities of this wonderful metal. Ours is emphatically the iron age; and it may be confidently asserted that no other element has contributed so largely to the civilisation and happiness, and may we not also add, paradoxical as it may seem, to the misery of mankind. But let us not forget that carbon has done its share in this good and evil work.'

It is probable that the first iron ever made was in the form of malleable iron, highly carbonised in consequence of the manner of its production. The methods of smelting iron ore to this day practised by the natives of Central Africa are, probably in most respects the same as those adopted by the ancient iron workers. Mungo Park thus describes the process employed at Kamalia on the Niger: A circular hollow tower of clay, about 10 feet high and 3 feet diameter, was erected to serve as a furnace, being bound round with withes to prevent the clay cracking and falling to pieces through the heat. Numerous tubes of clay were placed near the hollow bottom of this tower, through which air was admitted into the lower part of the furnace. A bundle of dry sticks was first put in, then a quantity of charcoal, over that a stratum of iron-stone, then more charcoal, and so on until the furnace was full. Fire was then applied through one of the tubes at the bottom, and kept up by blowing with bellows made of goats' skins, until the flame appeared above the furnace. The people who attended kept filling in more charcoal. This went on for three days, when the fire was allowed to go down; and some days after, when the whole was cool, part of the furnace was taken down, and the iron appeared in the form of a large irregular mass at the bottom, with pieces of charcoal adhering to it. The mass was sonorous, and when any portion was broken off the fracture exhibited a granulated appearance, like broken steel. 'This iron, or rather steel,' says Park, 'is formed into various instruments by being repeatedly heated in a forge, the heat of which is urged by a pair of double bellows of a very simple construction, being made of two goat-skins, the tubes from which unite before they enter the forge, and supply a constant and very regular blast.'

Dr. Livingstone also found the African tribes on the Zambesi well acquainted with the use of iron, and making it after a like simple process. Speaking of the neighbourhood of Killimane, he says:—

'The only other metal, besides gold, we have in abundance in this region, is iron, and that is of excellent quality. In some places it is obtained from what is called the spicular iron ore, and also from black oxide. The latter has been well roasted in the operations of nature, and contains a large proportion of the metal. It occurs generally

reason, that bronze resists destruction by iron. . . .

...quities of iron, which deserve particular attention in armour and two helmets ornamented with ... are greatly corroded by rust, but they are ... to indicate excellence in the quantity of ... skill in working the metal.'

...of the art of extracting and making iron in ... obscure. It is possible that the ancient ... the same primitive methods as those above ... they did, no remnant nor indication of the ... preserved, as has been the case with the ... d Assyria. It is more probable that the art ... at wonderful people the Romans, of whose ... Forest of Dean, in Sussex, and in Northum- ... numerous traces. From the remains of their ... at they obtained the metal direct from the ... s fuel. Quite recently, the traces of one of ... ve been brought to light at Risingham in ... n the line of the great Roman wall, from ... erred that they carried on their mining opera- ... te scale :—

...hood of Habitancum (near Risingham),' says Dr. ... of iron slag have been found. It is heavier than ... modern furnaces, in consequence, probably, of the ... f the ore. In the neighbourhood of Lanchester ... have been carried on very extensively. On the ... mon, two large heaps were removed, the one con- ... tloads of iron slag, the other 600. It was used in ... me new roads which were then formed, a purpose ... irably adapted. In the neighbourhood of one of ... e, a pair of iron tongs was ploughed up, much ... present used by blacksmiths. During the opera- ... common into cultivation, the method adopted by ... lucing the blast necessary to smelt the metal was ... vo tunnels had been formed in the side of a hill ; ... ne extremity, but tapered off to a narrow bore at ... y met in a point. The mouths of the channels ... west, from which quarter a prevalent wind blows ... sometimes with great violence ; and the blast ... would, when the wind was high, be poured with ... nd effect upon the smelting furnaces at the ex- ... ls.\*

...e of iron was continued subsequent to the

L. C. Bruce's 'The Roman Wall,' pp. 422-3.

the use of both metals. Mr. Rhind found in the tomb of Seban at Thebes, a place of sepulture which he had reason to believe had not been opened during 2000 years, iron hasps and nails on the massive doors of the inner repositories, 'as lustrous and as pliant as on the day they left the forge.' The Egyptians also possessed an art which seems to have been lost, of making bronze of a particularly fine temper, capable of taking and keeping a sharp edge. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson remarks that some of the bronze daggers found by him in Egyptian tombs were so beautifully tempered that, after having lain buried for 3000 years, they possessed, when dug up, an elasticity almost equal to that of steel.

'That the Assyrians,' says Dr. Percy, 'were well acquainted with iron is clearly established by the explorations of Mr. Layard, who has enriched the collection of the British Museum with many objects of iron from Nineveh of the highest interest. Amongst these may be particularly specified tools employed for the most ordinary purposes, such as picks, hammers, knives, and saws; there is a saw similar in construction to that now used by carpenters for sawing large pieces of timber across. It has been described and figured by Mr. Layard. It consists of a blade three feet eight inches long, and four and five-eighths inches broad throughout its entire length, except at one end, where it is narrowed, and was, no doubt, let into a handle of wood, the rivets being visible upon it; the other end was probably similar, but unfortunately it has been broken off. The metal seems to be almost wholly converted into oxide, yet sufficient remains strongly to attract the magnetic needle; that is supposing no magnetic oxide of iron to be present. There is no evidence to show whether it originally consisted of iron or steel, though this point might possibly be ascertained by a very careful chemical investigation. As an illustration of ancient metallurgy, there is no object in the Museum of greater interest than this rusted saw, which has only recently been exposed to public view. It was found in the North-West Palace at Nimroud; and it is computed that, while it could not be later in date than 880 B.C., it may have been considerably earlier. The fact of iron having been applied to common hammer-heads, for which bronze might have proved a tolerably good substitute, indicates that iron was certainly as cheap, if not cheaper, in those days than bronze; and the correctness of this inference is strikingly confirmed by many other objects from the same locality, consisting of cores of iron round which bronze has been cast. . . .

'The iron was employed either to economise the bronze, for the purpose of ornament, or because it was required in the construction. If the former, iron must have been cheaper than bronze, and, therefore, probably more abundant than has generally been supposed. No satisfactory conclusion can be arrived at on this point, from the fact that bronze antiquities are much more frequently found than those of iron :



iron: for the obvious reason, that bronze resists destruction by oxidation much better than iron. . . .

'Other Assyrian antiquities of iron, which deserve particular attention, are portions of chain armour and two helmets ornamented with bronze. These helmets are greatly corroded by rust, but they are sufficiently perfect in form to indicate excellence in the quantity of the iron, and no ordinary skill in working the metal.'

The early history of the art of extracting and making iron in this country is very obscure. It is possible that the ancient Britons smelted it after the same primitive methods as those above described; but if they did, no remnant nor indication of the manufacture has been preserved, as has been the case with the ironwork of Egypt and Assyria. It is more probable that the art was introduced by that wonderful people the Romans, of whose extensive works in the Forest of Dean, in Sussex, and in Northumberland, there are numerous traces. From the remains of their works, it appears that they obtained the metal direct from the ore, with charcoal as fuel. Quite recently, the traces of one of their ironworks have been brought to light at Risingham in Northumberland, on the line of the great Roman wall, from which it is to be inferred that they carried on their mining operations on an extensive scale:—

'In the neighbourhood of Habitancum (near Risingham),' says Dr. Bruce, 'large masses of iron slag have been found. It is heavier than what proceeds from modern furnaces, in consequence, probably, of the imperfect reduction of the ore. In the neighbourhood of Lanchester the process seems to have been carried on very extensively. On the division of the common, two large heaps were removed, the one containing about 400 cartloads of iron slag, the other 600. It was used in the construction of some new roads which were then formed, a purpose for which it was admirably adapted. In the neighbourhood of one of these heaps of scoriae, a pair of iron tongs was ploughed up, much resembling those at present used by blacksmiths. During the operation of bringing this common into cultivation, the method adopted by the Romans of producing the blast necessary to smelt the metal was made apparent. Two tunnels had been formed in the side of a hill; they were wide at one extremity, but tapered off to a narrow bore at the other, where they met in a point. The mouths of the channels opened towards the west, from which quarter a prevalent wind blows in this valley, and sometimes with great violence; and the blast received by them would, when the wind was high, be poured with considerable force and effect upon the smelting furnaces at the extremity of the tunnels.' \*

The manufacture of iron was continued subsequent to the

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\* Rev. J. C. Bruce's 'The Roman Wall,' pp. 422-3.

departure of the Romans, for the most part after the old methods. But about four hundred years since, the making of articles of cast iron was introduced into Sussex, afterwards celebrated for its cannon, which were exported in considerable quantities. As the manufacture extended, the Sussex woods became unable to meet the increasing demand upon them for fuel. To make a ton of pig-iron required four loads of timber converted into charcoal; and to make a ton of bar-iron required three more loads of wood. The result was, that the 'voracious iron mills' shortly swallowed up everything that would burn, and the manufacture of iron in Sussex thus gradually fell into decay. The same circumstance tended to check the production of iron in other parts of England, and it was even proposed that all iron works should be put down, because of their devouring the woods, and threatening the community with the entire loss of fuel.

Under these circumstances, it was natural that the iron manufacturers should seek to employ some other fuel than charcoal of wood; and as coal abounded in the northern and midland counties, many attempts were made to employ it as a substitute. In 1611 a patent was granted to one Simon Sturtevant for the use of pit-coal in various metallurgical and other manufacturing operations, the extraction and working of iron being specifically mentioned. But Sturtevant failed in introducing his invention, as did his successor in the privilege, one John Rovenson. Other attempts were made to extract iron from the ore by means of pit-coal, but it was not until Dud Dudley's experiments were made\* in the reign of Charles I. that any degree of success was achieved in this direction. He himself states that he smelted large quantities of iron by pit-coal, though he does not anywhere explain the process, which probably consisted in using coke instead of raw coal. Another attempt was subsequently made in Staffordshire, by Blewstun, a German, but his experiment ended in failure. 'It was reserved for Abraham Darby,' says Dr. Percy, 'to solve the problem, with complete success, at the Colebrook Dale Ironworks, Shropshire, about the year 1735.'

The first Abraham Darby is known for his successful introduction into England of the manufacture of cast-iron pots (before exclusively manufactured abroad), for which he obtained a patent in 1708. Removing from Bristol to Coalbrookdale in 1709, he took the lease of a small furnace which had existed at that place for more than a century, and there he conducted the foundry business with great success until his death in 1717. To his son Abraham, who entered upon the management of the works about

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\* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. six. p. 111.

1730, is due the successful introduction of pit-coal or coke, in lieu of charcoal, in the smelting of iron. The following is Dr. Percy's account :—

'As the supply of charcoal was fast failing, Abraham Darby attempted to smelt with a mixture of raw coal and charcoal, but did not succeed. Between 1730 and 1735 he determined to treat pit-coal as his charcoal-burners treated wood. He built a fire-proof hearth in the open air, piled upon it a circular mound of coal, and covered it with clay and cinders, leaving access to just sufficient air to maintain slow combustion. Having thus made a good stock of coke, he proceeded to experiment upon it as a substitute for charcoal. He himself watched the filling of his furnace during six days and nights, having no regular sleep, and taking his meals at the furnace top. On the sixth evening, after many disappointments, the experiment succeeded, and the iron ran out well. He then fell asleep in the bridge house at the top of his old-fashioned furnace so soundly that his men could not wake him, and carried him sleeping to his house, a quarter of a mile distant. From that time his success was rapid. To increase the power of his water-wheels of twenty-four feet diameter, he set up a "fire-engine" (i. e., an old atmospheric steam-engine), to raise water from under the lowest and send it to the upper pond, which supplied water to the works, and put in motion the largest bellows that had been made. He obtained additional leases of valuable minerals, and erected seven furnaces, with five fire-engines. In 1754 the first furnace at Horsehay was blown in. In December, 1756, "Horsehay's work" was declared to be "at a top pinnacle of prosperity, twenty and twenty-two tons per week, and sold off as fast as made, at profit enough."

The substitution of pit-coal for charcoal in smelting the ore, involved the necessity of increasing the pressure of the blast. Hence powerful blowing machines were substituted for bellows, and Watt's steam-engine was eventually applied to work them. The invention of the steam-engine itself led to a rapid increase in the demand for iron, for the purpose of making the engines as well as the machinery of various kinds which they drove. Again, the employment of the steam-engine in mining operations facilitated the clearing of the pits of water and the raising of coal, the consumption of which steadily kept pace with the production of iron.

The first product of the blast-furnace is pig or cast iron—that is, iron in combination with carbon and silicon. To reduce this to the state of malleable iron, two methods are employed. One, the older, consists in the exposure of the melted pig-iron in a finery or hearth to the highly oxidising action of a blast of atmospheric air. The other, the modern practice, consists in stirring the melted pig-iron on the bed of a reverberatory furnace, so as to bring each portion of the whole mass successively up to the

the surface, and allow the oxygen of the air to seize upon and combine with the carbon and silicon, which become separated from the iron in the form of 'cinder,' leaving as the product of the operation malleable or 'wrought iron.' This last process is termed 'puddling,' the invention of which is usually ascribed to Henry Cort, as well as the method of producing bar-iron by means of grooved rolls instead of by the old process of beating it out by forge hammers.

As in the case of most inventions, Cort's claim has been disputed, and Dr. Percy shows that other inventors are at least entitled to share in the merit, more particularly the Craneges of Coalbrookdale, and Peter Onions of Merthyr Tydvil, both of whose patents preceded Cort's. The former, as early as 1766, converted pig-iron into malleable iron in the reverberatory furnace without the addition of anything more than common raw pit-coal; and the latter, in 1783, employed a puddling-furnace, the fire of which was urged by a blast, in converting melted pig-iron into malleable, the workman stirring the metal during the process to separate the scoriæ, after which the lump was taken from the furnace and forged by the hammer. But it does not appear that the inventions of either the Craneges or Onions were adopted by ironmakers to any large extent, and the merit unquestionably belongs to Henry Cort of practically introducing the method of puddling and manufacturing iron now generally followed, and which may be said to have established quite a new era in the history of the iron manufacture. When Cort took out his patents the quantity of pig-iron produced in England was about ninety thousand tons a year; now it is above four millions of tons; and it is said that there are not less than 8200 of Cort's furnaces in operation in Great Britain alone.

The story of Henry Cort is well and impartially told by Dr. Percy. Cort was so unfortunate or so unwise as to become connected as partner with one Samuel Jellicoe, son of the Deputy-Paymaster of Seamen's Wages. To enable the firm to carry on their business, the elder Jellicoe advanced to them large sums out of the public monies lodged in his hands, and when his accounts were investigated it was found that the Cort partnership owed to him, or rather to the public treasury, upwards of 27,000*l*. As Cort had assigned his patents to Jellicoe as security for the advances, these were at once taken possession of by the Crown; but although the processes which formed the subject of patents were very shortly adopted to a large extent by the Welsh and other ironmasters, the Government never levied any royalty for their use, and the whole benefit of the inventions was

thus made over to the public. Had Cort's estate been properly handled, there is every reason to believe that not only would the debt due by him to the Treasury have been paid, but that Cort himself would have realised a handsome fortune. As it was, the Government lost the money owing to the public treasury, while Cort was consigned to total ruin.

'This story,' says Dr. Percy, 'is one of the saddest in the annals of invention. Cort died in poverty, though he laid the foundation of the riches of many an ironmaster, and has largely contributed to the development of the resources and wealth of Great Britain. It is true that the value of the process of puddling has been greatly enhanced by subsequent improvements, especially two, viz., the application of iron bottoms to the puddling furnaces, and the boiling process. But this has been the course with many inventions, perfection only being arrived at by slow degrees; and merit is not the less because others subsequently appear who improve the methods of their predecessors.'

The next notable events in the history of the iron manufacture were the discovery of the Black-band ironstone in Scotland, and the invention of the Hot-blast. Before the commencement of the Carron Works, near Falkirk, in 1760, Scotland was almost entirely dependent on foreign countries for its supply of iron. In ancient times, raids were made across the Border as far south as Furness, for the purpose of obtaining iron plunder, which was carried back into Scotland and forged into tools and weapons. But in peaceful times the Scotch depended for the most part upon Sweden and Germany for their supply of the metal, down to about the middle of last century. Their *yetlin* (Dutch, *gieten*), or cast iron, was brought from Holland, mostly in the form of manufactured articles, such as cast-iron pots; while the cast-iron plates used for the backs of fireplaces were brought from Siegen, in Germany. Yet the soil of Scotland was full of iron-ore as well as coal, the value of which to the country has only quite recently been brought to light.

In the year 1801, as David Mushet, an enthusiastic analyst of iron ores, was crossing the Calder, in the parish of Old Monkland, near Glasgow, he picked up from the river-bed some pieces of dark-grey stone, which weighed unusually heavy in his hand. He took the specimens home with him, and, as was his practice, subjected them to the test of his crucible. He found, to his surprise, that the stone contained about 50 per cent. of protoxide of iron. Prosecuting his inquiries, he discovered extensive beds of the mineral distributed throughout the western counties of Scotland. It belonged to the upper part of the coal formation, and contained a variable proportion of coaly matter: hence he designated it Carboniferous

Ironstone. When Mushet proposed to reduce the ore in the blast-furnace in the usual way, great was the outcry amongst the ironmasters and others for presuming to class the *wild coals* of the country (as Black-band was called) with ironstone fit and proper for the furnace. But the mineral having been smelted with success at the Calder Iron Works, in admixture with ores of the argillaceous class, other ironmasters followed the example, and the use of the material has steadily increased down to the present time, when not less than nineteen-twentieths of the pig-iron produced in Scotland are made from the Black-band ironstone.

The rapid increase in the iron-trade of Scotland is, however, principally attributable to the invention of the Hot-blast by James Beaumont Neilson, in 1828. Scotch coals are, for the most part, unfit for coking, losing as much as 55 per cent. in the process; but by using the hot-blast it was found that ordinary raw coal could be used in the furnace, as well as coal of an inferior quality. Besides, the coaly matter which the Black-band contained was not its least valuable ingredient; for when it existed in sufficient quantity, it became practicable, with the aid of the hot-blast, to smelt it almost without any addition of fuel.

Before the invention of the hot-blast, the ironmasters were under the impression that the best iron was made when the air blown into the furnace was at the coldest, and hence it was believed that the best was that produced in winter. The efforts of the ironmasters were accordingly directed to the cooling of the blast. The regulator was painted white, the air was passed over cold water, and in some cases the air-pipes were even surrounded with ice for the purpose of keeping the blast cold. Neilson's proposal to blow hot instead of cold air into the furnace, with the object at the same time of intensifying the heat and economising the fuel, was so entirely contrary to the received notions on the subject, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could persuade any ironmaster to allow him to make the necessary experiments with blast furnaces actually in work. He was, however, at length enabled to make a trial of his process at the Clyde Ironworks, and the results were so satisfactory, that the value of the process was at once recognised, and before long it became generally adopted by the trade.

Dr. Percy points out the remarkable saving effected in fuel by the new process; 8 tons  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cwt. of coal being required at the Clyde Ironworks, in 1829, to produce a ton of pig-iron by the cold-blast; while only 5 tons  $3\frac{1}{4}$  cwt. were required to produce the same quantity by the hot-blast, or a saving of more than one-third. He further shows that the main cause of the saving in fuel

fuel is the calorific intensity maintained by the hot-blast, as compared with the cold :—

‘ The air of hot-blast enters the furnace already highly expanded, and in so far the loss of heat required for this degree of expansion is avoided. Moreover, immediately on leaving the twyer, the blast, owing to the absence of noses, comes in direct contact with the incandescent fuel, and produces great elevation of temperature. . . . To the question, why should hot-blast cause quicker combustion than cold-blast, I can give no satisfactory answer, any more than I can to the question, why should certain bodies dissolve in much larger proportion in hot than in cold water. At present we must be content with the simple enunciation of both these facts, although we may reasonably expect that hereafter something like a solution of them may be arrived at.’

The invention and general adoption of the hot-blast—improved by the water-twyer of Condie, without which it would have proved of much less value—had the effect of immensely increasing the production of Scotch pig-iron. As Black-band was found underlying most of the midland Scotch counties—the coal and iron measures extending in a broad belt from the Frith of Forth to the Frith of Clyde—the facilities for production afforded by the new invention, together with the steady increase in the demand for iron, led to a rapid extension of the manufacture. In the year that Neilson took out his patent the total produce of the Scotch mines was only 29,000 tons of pig-iron; in twenty-five years it had increased to half a million tons; and it now considerably exceeds a million. All land containing Black-band has risen immensely in value. Mr. Mushet mentions the case of the proprietor of the Airdrie estate, who, in 1839, was deriving a royalty of 16,500*l.* from the mineral, which before had not yielded him one farthing. Great iron manufacturing firms sprang up and accumulated large fortunes, the first employment of which was to dispute the invention which had made them; and Neilson had to defend his patent right during five years, in the course of which he fought twenty actions in Scotland, besides others in England, at enormous expense, the result of which, however, was to establish the originality and merit of his invention and to secure him in the possession of his rights during the term of his patent.

Although the subject of Patent-right does not, strictly speaking, fall within the scope of Dr. Percy's work, he cannot avoid coming across it from time to time in describing the numerous improvements in the manufacture of metals to which recent inventions have given birth. Manufacturers, as a rule, dislike schemers. ‘The Lord deliver me,’ said one ironmaster, fervently, ‘from

this restless and mischief-making race!' So long as manufacturers are carrying on a prosperous trade, they have no desire for new inventions, which, if successful, only have the effect of compelling them to introduce alterations in their machinery and new modes of manufacture, for the purpose of meeting the competition which they stimulate. Manufacturers also bear a grudge against inventors for the royalties payable to them under their patents, and think it hard that they should be debarred from freely adopting, without any such restriction, the best methods which have been discovered for producing the largest quantity of metal in the shortest time and at the lowest price. They consider patents not only an annoyance and obstruction, but the cause of a diminution in their profits,—to which, of course, they very much object.

Engineers, also, are often found declaiming against patents for the same reason, and the late Mr. Brunel enunciated the opinion that when a workman brought forward a new invention or improvement in machinery worthy of adoption, if he was paid a sovereign or so for his trouble, it was reward enough. One wealthy iron manufacturer coolly declared to Dr. Percy that 'brains are more abundant in the world than capital, and ought, therefore, to be had cheap.' Hence the resistance which has so often been offered, first, to the introduction of inventions, and next to the payment of royalty to the inventors when their use has become indispensable. As Crawshay, the iron potentate of South Wales, resisted the claims of Cort, so Baird, the iron potentate of Scotland, resisted the claims of Neilson. Hence, too, the Cornish mining interest resisted the claims of Boulton and Watt for royalty on their condensing engine, without which their mines must have remained drowned by water, and could not possibly have been worked to a profit. The argument of the Cornish mine-owners was, that the new pumping-engine was necessary for their very existence, and that the restriction of its use by payment of royalty to the inventor was prejudicial not only to their individual interests but to the interest of the public at large.

Such, also, is Sir William Armstrong's view of the inexpediency of patent-rights, as quoted by Dr. Percy: 'That dauntless spirit,' says Sir William, 'which in matters of commerce has led this country to cast off the trammels of protection, has resulted in augmented prosperity to the nation, showing the injurious tendencies of class legislation when opposed to general freedom of action. Would that the same bold and enlightened policy were extended, in some degree, at least, to matters of invention. Under our present Patent Law we are borne down



with an excess of protection.' But carry out the idea. It is not necessary to stop short at inventions. These are only one class of products of the skill and industry of man. Why should any product of brainwork or of labour be protected? Why should Copyright in works of art or in books?

Sir William Armstrong also urges the view that 'the *prestige* of successful invention would, as a rule, bring with it sufficient reward, and that protection might be entirely dispensed with.' Such, too, was the argument used by the Bolton cotton-manufacturers when they urged Samuel Crompton not to take out a patent for his invention of the Self-acting Mule, but to make it free to the public. Unfortunately for himself, he acted upon their advice, every one knows with what result. The cotton-manufacturers of Bolton and elsewhere made immense fortunes by means of Crompton's invention, while he himself died in poverty.

Sir William Armstrong further insists that 'practical men who, like Watt and George Stephenson, devote the best part of their lives to perfecting inventions of immense importance to the world, seldom derive from patents any greater emolument than would flow to them without the aid of a restrictive system, while they are frequently involved in tormenting litigation about priority of idea.' But do the advocates of the abolition of patent-right suppose that Watt would have borne up through the laborious toil connected with the invention of his condensing-engine for more than twenty mortal years, had he known that, immediately on the invention being perfected, every mine-owner and manufacturer would be free to use it without making any compensation whatever to him for his labour and his skill? As it was, no sooner had he shown his first pumping-engine at work in Cornwall than he was fallen upon by pirates, who sought to rob him of the fruits of his industry; and there is not the slightest doubt that, but for the protection granted him by Parliament and the energetic support of his partner Boulton, Watt would have died as poor and ill-rewarded for his invention as the inventor of the Self-acting Mule. As for George Stephenson, he was not an original inventor so much as a ready adopter and skilful adapter of the inventions of others,—a shrewd, practical man, who did not hesitate to make use of any arrangement that seemed best suited for his purpose; and if he did not make money by the patents which he himself took out, it was because they were of comparatively little value.

It is quite true that the original inventor, even when protected by patent, very often does not reap the reward of his labour; but that is no reason for withholding the inducement of the reward

from those who are willing to compete for it. Take, for example, the following important problem which Dr. Percy sets for inventors to solve:—‘To the coal-masters of South Staffordshire,’ he says, ‘an economical solution of the problem of coking the thick-coal slack would be of immense value. A prodigious amount of the fine slack has been and still continues to be left in the pits, because it cannot be raised with profit.\* I have no doubt that should any person be so fortunate as to succeed in converting this at present worthless material into good coke, at a moderate cost, he would realise a large fortune; and he would, moreover, have the satisfaction of prolonging the industrial life of South Staffordshire, which has begun to suffer from the exhaustion of its fuel.’ But no man of ingenuity and skill would devote his time and labour to the solution of a problem like this, important though it be to the national industry, without the hope of some adequate reward. If every coalowner were free to appropriate the invention, so soon as made, to his own use, the public interest would doubtless gain, but the inventor himself would be sacrificed.

It seems quite reasonable that if a man gives his labour and skill to perfecting an invention calculated to be of public utility, he should be remunerated for it. The method heretofore adopted has been to grant the privilege of a patent for a limited term, conditional on the inventor specifying and publishing the nature of the invention. Should it come into general use during that term, the inventor is compensated by the payment of royalty; after which the invention becomes public property—the possession of mankind at large. Before the granting of patents was adopted, inventors were accustomed to make a mystery of their arts; they worked in secret, they placed nothing on record, and hence their knowledge often died with them. Thus, there is no doubt, many valuable inventions became for a time lost to the race, and human progress was retarded. The limited privilege conferred by a patent is surely not too great a price to pay for any invention of value; nor can it be necessary to despoil the inventor by applying to him the principles, not of free-trading, but of free-booting, in the alleged interest of the public.

It is quite true that many patents of a trivial character are granted, which prove nothing but hindrances and blocks in the way of invention, and only act as so many shackles upon industry. Thus Dr. Percy mentions cases in which patents have been granted for extracting copper from silicious ores by means of

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\* It is estimated that, besides 96,000,000 tons of coal raised in 1865, 20,000,000 tons of small coal was left in the pits, or otherwise wasted. The late Nicholas Wood stated a few years since that the annual waste at the Hetton and Black Boy Collieries alone amounted to 160,000 tons!

acids, and from sulphuretted ores after calcination by the same means! This is not only absurd but unjust:—

‘That a man,’ says Dr. Percy, ‘who has worked out an original and valuable process from his own brain, and who may have incurred great expense in bringing it to a practical issue—it may be for years of protracted toil and anxiety—should have secured to him by law during a moderate term the exclusive privilege of reaping the substantial reward of his own invention, appears to me as just and reasonable as that an author should be protected against piratical and unprincipled publishers. But that the law should confer upon a man the exclusive right of appropriating to his own benefit facts which are perfectly familiar to every tyro of chemistry, and of practising operations which are of daily occurrence in the laboratories of chemists, is as unpolitic as it is unjust. . . . I cordially subscribe to the opinion expressed by Mr. Grove, Q.C., that the real object of patent law was “to reward, not trivial inventions, which stop the way to greater improvements, but substantial boons to the public—not changes such as any experimentalist makes a score a day in his laboratory, but substantial practical discoveries, developed into an available form.”’

There cannot be a doubt that measures ought to be taken to stop the indiscriminate granting of patents, and that this exceptional reward ought to be jealously reserved for discoveries of great value, and not lavished as it is upon petty contrivances of little or no use to the public.

Among the more important patents which have been taken out of late years in connection with the manufacture of iron, are those of Mr. Bessemer for the direct conversion of pig-iron into steel, and which promise to lead to even more important results than the inventions of Cort.

The manifold uses of Steel have long been known. It is produced in many forms, such as raw steel, puddled steel, shear steel, and cast steel, each of which has its special value and uses. But advanced though the art of steel-making may be, the science of steel-making is still imperfect, and chemists and metallurgists are to this day disputing whether carbon or nitrogen is the element that converts iron into steel. That the metal consists of iron in combination with carbon admits of no doubt, and many are the processes which have been invented for introducing the carbon into the malleable iron on the one hand, or retaining the carbon in the pig-iron on the other, for the purpose of producing the different qualities.

The ancient method of making steel, though rude, was remarkably effectual; and to this day the Hindoo iron-smelter, who builds his clay furnace, lights within it his fire of wood, and charges it with iron ore—urging the flame by blasts of his sheep-

skin

skin bellows until he produces his small lump of *wootz*, which is found in the hearth at the bottom of the furnace—produces a quality of iron that the most expert manufacturer in England cannot equal. Out of this *wootz*, afterwards carefully fused with carbonaceous matter, the finest Indian sword-blades are made, the wonderful temper of which, as of those of Damascus, is the despair of European cutlers. The iron made by the native Africans also, as we have already seen, is of the quality of steel, being a highly carbonized iron; and hence they refuse to use English iron, which they characterise as ‘rotten’ compared with their own.

The ancient metallurgists entertained the idea that by burying iron in the earth until the greater part of it was converted into rust, the remainder was capable of being forged into weapons, and particularly swords, with which bones, shields, and helmets, could be cut asunder. Beckman says, however improbable this may appear, it is nevertheless the process still used in Japan; and Swedenborg has introduced it among the different methods of making steel. There may possibly be some element in the Japanese soil to account for this extraordinary effect of burying iron in it until it rusts; but science can find no rationale for it, and remains incredulous. Certain, however, it is, that the old workers in metals believed that iron acquired a certain tenacity by burying it, and some of the old Sheffield cutlers, who were famous for turning out first-rate articles in their day, were in the habit of placing bundles of steel in the mud of some watercourse for a few weeks, by which they alleged it became greatly improved in quality. It has been stated that on the removal of old London Bridge, the wrought iron with which the piles were shod was found of such pure quality and so malleable, that Weiss, the celebrated cutler, contracted for some tons of it for conversion into steel—the action of the moist clay, without exposure to the air, having had such an effect upon the metal as to render it almost equal to steel. ‘So,’ said one of the metropolitan journalists, ‘we may one day mow our beards with a relic of old London Bridge.’\*

The modern methods of producing steel are described by Dr. Percy under three general heads, viz., by the addition of carbon to malleable iron, the partial decarburization of cast iron, and the addition of malleable to cast iron. There are various processes for adding the carbon to the iron so as to produce the steel. One is the Catalan process, in which the ore is reduced by a charcoal fire, and the resulting metallic iron is afterwards carbonised on the hearth by contact with incandescent charcoal; but the objection to this process is that the result is not uniform, the

\*. “Manufactures in Metal:” ‘Cabinet Cyclopædia,’ ii. 26.

**lumps** of metal consisting of irregular mixtures of iron and steel. Other methods have been proposed with the same object, such as **melting** rich ores in crucibles, mixed with carbonaceous matters ; but it has not been found possible to ensure uniform results, and they have not come into general use. The method most commonly employed, and one of the oldest, is the exposure of straight flat bars of iron in contact with ground charcoal, under a covering impervious to air, to the action of a glowing red heat in a converting furnace during a period varying from seven to ten days. The bars, when taken out, are found covered with blister-like protuberances, and are hence termed 'blister-steel.' Another method is that of fusing compact iron with carbonaceous matter, as practised by the Hindoos in making their wootz, and which has recently, with certain modifications, formed the subject of several patents, more particularly of Heath's and Mushet's. Of the latter Dr. Percy says, 'It is curious that Mushet's process, so far as relates to the use of malleable iron in the production of cast steel, should in principle, and I may add even in practice too, be identical with that by which the Hindoos have from ancient times prepared their wootz. I cannot discover any essential difference between the two.'

The next general head under which Dr. Percy describes the conversion of iron into steel is that of the partial decarburization of cast iron. This latter compound being surcharged with carbon, various methods have been contrived for getting rid of the surplus and reducing the carbon to the proportion in which it exists in steel. There are several contrivances for accomplishing this object, which, though differing much in detail, lead to very nearly the same result. By the Siegen process, as well as by the Styrian, Corinthian, and others, described in great detail by Dr. Percy, the pig-iron is converted into steel by refining it in a hearth, with charcoal as the fuel. Another means employed for getting rid of the extra carbon in the cast iron is by admixture of oxide of iron, or other substances capable of yielding oxygen, to the metal while in a state of fusion. In Riepe's process, a little black oxide of manganese is also used, and the mass is puddled as in the making of malleable iron,—the result being puddled steel, a valuable metal applied to many important uses. The art of making this article consists in a nice regulation of the temperature (which is lower than in puddling iron), and in arresting the process at the proper stage of decarburization. The same object is accomplished by melting malleable iron and cast iron together in suitable proportions, the proportion of carbon in the pig-iron, diffused through the increased mass, becoming reduced to the proportion necessary to form steel. In like manner, malleable

iron

iron may be converted into steel by keeping it immersed in molten pig-iron—an old method necessarily uncertain in its results, and now disused.

Passing over the invention of cast steel by Benjamin Huntsman of Sheffield, of which the curious history is related by Dr. Percy, we arrive at the most important process of conversion of all,—one likely to lead to many important changes and improvements, as well as to a largely increased use of this valuable metal in the constructive arts,—we mean the Bessemer process of decarburizing pig-iron while in the molten state, by blowing atmospheric air through it, and thereby producing steel. Although a patent was taken out by Martien, in 1855, for purifying iron from the blast furnace by blowing air or water through it, before being subjected to puddling, it is clear, from the terms of the specification, that he had no intention of thereby converting pig-iron either into steel or malleable iron. Mr. George Parry, of the Ebbw Vale Works, an indefatigable experimenter, was on the very track of the discovery of decarburizing pig-iron by blowing air through it, and was only defeated by an accident which occurred to the furnace in which he carried on his operations; in consequence of which, the manager of the works forbade further experiments, and the furnace was dismantled. Bessemer's discovery was itself in some measure accidental, like so many other discoveries in the arts. The remarkable thing is that, taking into consideration the attention paid to the chemistry of metallurgy of late years, the discovery was not made long ago; and that it should have been reserved for Bessemer to make it, who was neither a chemist nor an iron manufacturer.

It will be remembered that, some ten years since, the minds of inventors were running, as they still are, in the direction of improved guns. It was believed that these might be made much stronger if some better material than cast iron were used; and Bessemer, like many others, began a series of experiments to solve the problem if he could. He first tried a mixture of cast iron and cast steel, the result being a half decarbonised cast iron. Guns made of this metal were found to possess great strength, but as they were of comparatively small bore, 24-pounders, Bessemer resolved to make them on a larger scale, for the purpose of more conclusively testing the strength of the material. In the course of his experiments, the idea occurred to him, that if he could contrive to blow air through melted pig-iron, he would be enabled to 'purify' it to an unusual extent. He thought that by thus bringing oxygen into contact with the fluid metal, the carbon with which it was surcharged would be removed, as well as the silicon, phosphorus, and sulphur which

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it contained. This is exactly what is done, after another and very laborious method, in the process of puddling. He proposed to reverse this process, and so get rid of puddling altogether. Instead of bringing the particles of the iron in turn into contact with the oxygen of the air, his scheme was to force the air through the fluid mass into contact with the separated particles of the iron. Now that the thing is done, we see how simple, how natural the first idea was. But it needs the quick intuition of genius to detect even simple things in practical science.

The only way of determining the matter was by putting the idea to the test of experiment. Accordingly, early in 1856, Bessemer ordered a stock of Blaenavon iron, and set up a blast-engine and cupola at Baxter House, St. Pancras, where he then resided. The first apparatus which he used for conversion was a fixed cylindrical vessel three feet in diameter, and four feet high, somewhat like an ordinary cupola furnace, lined with fire-bricks; and at some two inches from the bottom he inserted five twyer pipes, with orifices about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. About halfway up was a hole for running in the molten metal, and on the opposite side at the bottom was the tap-hole, by which the metal was to be run off at the end of the process.

The first experiment was not made without occasioning considerable alarm. It was a most unusual process, and it looked dangerous, as indeed it proved to be. When the charge of pig-iron was melted, the blast was turned on to prevent it running into the twyer holes, and then the fluid metal was poured in through the charging hole by the attending stoker. A tremendous commotion immediately took place within the vessel; the molten iron bounded from side to side; a violent ebullition was heard going on within; while a vehement violet-coloured flame, accompanied with dazzling sparks, burst from the throat of the cupola, from which the slag was also ejected in large foam-like masses. A cast-iron plate, of the kind used to cover holes in the pavement, that had been suspended over the mouth of the vessel, dissolved in a gleaming mist, together with half a dozen yards of the chain by which it hung. The air-cock was so close to the vessel, that no one durst go near to turn it and stop the process. The flames shot higher and higher, threatening the destruction of the building, and the fire-engines were sent for in hot haste. Before they arrived, however, the fury of decarbonisation had expended itself, and the product was run off. The result was not quite satisfactory; the product was for the most part 'burnt' iron; but the experiment was sufficiently encouraging to induce Bessemer to make a second trial, and the product was found to be malleable iron. In the course of further experiments

it was found that by interrupting the process before the decarburization of the iron was complete, the product was unmis-takeable steel, which was tried and found of good quality. Here was a discovery of immense importance. If malleable iron and steel could be thus made direct from pig-iron, by a process so rapid and so simple, it could not fail before long to effect an entire revolution in the iron trade.

The news of Bessemer's discovery soon flew abroad, and many distinguished metallurgists went to see the process. Among others, Dr. Percy went, and thus describes what he saw :—

‘ Towards the end of 1856, I had the pleasure of seeing the process in operation at Baxter House, and I confess I never witnessed any metallurgical process more startling and impressive. After the blast was turned on, all proceeded quietly for a time, when a volcano-like eruption of flame and sparks suddenly occurred, and bright red-hot scorice or cinders were forcibly ejected, which would have inflicted serious injury on any unhappy bystanders whom they might perchance have struck. After a few minutes all was again tranquil, and the molten malleable iron was tapped off.’

Though the Doctor came away wondering, he was not convinced. He analysed a portion of the iron which he had seen produced, and when he found it to contain one per cent. of phosphorus, he says his scepticism was rather confirmed than otherwise.

Among other visitors at Baxter House was the late George Rennie, the engineer, who, after witnessing the process, urged Bessemer to draw up an account of it for the meeting of the British Association at Cheltenham in the autumn of 1856. To this the inventor assented, and the result was his paper ‘On the manufacture of iron and steel without fuel.’

On the morning of the day on which the paper was to be read, Bessemer was sitting at breakfast in his hotel, when an iron-master (to whom he was unknown) said, laughing, to a friend within his hearing, ‘Do you know there is some one come down from London to read a paper on making steel from cast iron without fuel! Did you ever hear of such rubbish?’ The iron-master was, however, of a different opinion as to the new invention after he heard the paper read. Its title was certainly a misnomer, but the correctness of the principles on which the pig-iron was converted into malleable iron, as explained by the inventor, was generally recognised, and there seemed to be good grounds for anticipating that the process would, before long, come into general use. The rationale of the method of conversion was intelligible and simple. Mr. Bessemer held that by forcing atmospheric air through the fluid metal, the oxygen was brought into contact



contact with the several particles of the iron and carbon, combining with the latter to form carbonic acid gas, which passed off by the throat of the vessel, through which the slag was also ejected, leaving as the product, when the combustion was complete, a mass of malleable iron, which was run off by the tap into the ingot moulds placed for its reception. 'Thus,' said he, 'by a single process, requiring no manipulation or particular skill, and with only one workman, from three to five tons of crude iron pass into the condition of several piles of malleable iron, in from thirty to thirty-five minutes, with the expenditure of about one-third part of the blast now used in a fiery furnace with an equal charge of iron, and with the consumption of no other fuel than is contained in the crude iron.' \*

In the same paper, the inventor called attention to an important feature of the new process in the following words:—'At the stage of the process immediately following the boil, the whole of the crude iron has passed into the condition of cast steel of ordinary quality. By the continuation of the process the steel so produced gradually loses its small remaining portion of carbon, and passes successively from hard to soft steel, and from softened steel to steely iron, and eventually to very soft iron; hence, at a certain point of the process, any quality may be obtained.'

It was, however, found in practice that this remarkable peculiarity of the Bessemer process constituted its principal defect. Thus it was extremely difficult, if not impracticable, to determine with certainty when the decarburization had proceeded to the desired extent, and to the exact point at which the blast was to be stopped. If arrested too soon, no dependence could be placed on the result, as the metal might be only one-half or three-fourths converted, according to chance; while if continued until the iron was quite decarburized, it would be burnt and comparatively worthless. The workmen could only judge by the appearance of the flame—first violet, then orange, then white—issuing from the throat of the vessel, when it was proper to interrupt the process. But the eyesight of the workmen was not to be depended on; and as the stoppage of the blast ten seconds before or ten seconds after the proper point had been attained, would produce an altogether different result, it began to be feared that on this account the Bessemer process, however ingenious, could never come into general use. Indeed, the early samples of Bessemer steel were found to exhibit considerable irregularity; the first steel tyres made of the metal, tried on some railways, were found

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\* Paper read before the British Association at Cheltenham, August, 1856.

unsafe, and their use was abandoned ; and the iron-masters generally, who were of course wedded to the established processes, declared the much-vaunted Bessemer process to be a total failure. It was regarded as a sort of meteor that had suddenly flitted across the scientific horizon, and gone out leaving the subject in more palpable darkness than before.

Mr. Bessemer himself was by no means satisfied with the results of his first experiments. He was satisfied that he had hit upon the right principle ; the question was, could he correct those serious defects in the process, which to practical men seemed to present an insuperable obstacle in the way of the adoption of his invention. It was a case for persevering experiment, and experiment only. The inventor's patience and perseverance were found equal to the task. Assisted by Mr. Longsdon, he devoted himself for several years to the perfection of his process of conversion, in which he at length succeeded. We can only very briefly refer to the alterations and improvements in the mode of conducting it which he introduced. In the first place, he substituted for the fixed converting vessel a moveable vessel, mounted on trunnions, supported on stout pedestals, so that a semi-rotatory motion might be communicated to it at pleasure. It was found both dangerous and difficult, while the converting vessel was fixed, to tap the cupola furnace ; for the blast had to be continued during the whole time the charge was running out of the vessel, in order to prevent the remaining portion from entering the twyers. By the adoption of the moveable converting vessel this source of difficulty was completely got rid of, while the charging of the vessel with the fluid metal, the interruption of the process at the precise moment, and the discharge of the metal when converted, were rendered comparatively easy. The position and action of the twyers were also improved, and the converting vessel was lined with 'ganister,' a silicious stone, capable of resisting the action of heat and slags, so as to last for nearly a hundred consecutive charges before becoming worn out, whereas the lining of fire-brick, originally used, was usually burnt out in two charges of twenty minutes each.

Another important modification in the process related to the kind of metal subjected to conversion, and its after treatment. In his earliest experiments Mr. Bessemer had by accident made use of a pure Blaenavon iron, but in his subsequent trials iron of an inferior quality had been subjected to conversion, and the results were much less satisfactory. It was found that the high temperature and copious supply of air blown through the metal had failed to remove the sulphur and phosphorus present in the original pig, and that the product was an inferior metal.

metal. After a long course of experiments Mr. Bessemer at length found that the best results were obtained from Swedish, Whitehaven, Hæmatite, Nova Scotian, or any other comparatively pure iron, which was first melted in a reverberatory furnace, before subjecting it to conversion, in order to avoid contamination by the sulphur of the coal.

Finally, to avoid the risk of spoiling the metal while under conversion, by the workmen stopping the blast at the wrong time, Mr. Bessemer adopted the method of refining the whole contents of the vessel by burning off the carbon, and then introducing a quantity of fluid carburet of iron, containing the exact measure of carbon required for the iron or steel to be produced. To six tons of pig-iron decarburized in the converting vessel, he added four cwts. of molten carburet of iron, containing about four per cent. of carbon, and six per cent. of manganese. The result was a given quantity of steel ; and, according as the proportion of carburet was increased or decreased, so was the product a harder or milder steel. The important uses of carburet of manganese in the conversion of iron into steel had long been known. It formed the subject of the unfortunate Mr. Heath's patent of 1839, as well as of Mr. Mushet's patent of 1856, the form in which the latter gentleman proposed to employ it being that of *spiegeleisen*, or specular cast iron. But when the ores used in the Bessemer process are sufficiently rich, the use of the *spiegeleisen* is unnecessary ; and in Sweden, where this is peculiarly the case, the fluid crude iron is carried direct from the blast furnace to the converting vessel, and reduced at once to the point of steel, as in the original programme.

When Mr. Bessemer, after great labour and expense, had brought his experiments to a satisfactory issue, and ascertained that he could produce steel of a quality and texture that could be relied on with as much certainty as any other kind of metal, he again brought the subject of his invention under the notice of the trade ; but, strange to say, not the slightest interest was now manifested in it. The Bessemer process had been set down as a failure, and the iron and steel makers declined to have anything to do with it. The inventor accordingly found that either the invention must be abandoned, or he himself must become steel manufacturer. He adopted the latter alternative, and started his works in the very stronghold of steel making, at Sheffield, where he has for some years carried on his operations on an extensive scale, with marked success. He has not only turned out large quantities of steel of excellent quality, but his works have been a school for the instruction of numbers of steel-makers, who have

have carried the art with them into every iron making country in Europe, as well as to India and America.

Nothing, it is said, succeeds like success; and no sooner had Mr. Bessemer demonstrated the certainty, the celerity, and the cheapness of his process, as was abundantly proved by the article itself, and the price at which he sold it, than many of the great iron-manufacturers followed his example, and the production of Bessemer steel is now a large and rapidly increasing branch of English industry. In September last there were in actual operation in Great Britain seventeen extensive Bessemer steel works, and there were then erected, or in course of erection, no fewer than sixty converting vessels, capable of producing 6000 tons of steel weekly, or equal to fifteen times the entire production of cast steel in Great Britain before the introduction of the new process. The average price of the steel so manufactured being at least 20% less per ton than the previous average price of the metal, there is thus shown a saving of not less than 6,240,000% per annum in this country alone, even in the present comparatively infant state of this important manufacture.

Bessemer steel is calculated to be of especial value in all engineering work where lightness and strength are required, such as the framing of marine engines, screw propellers, the cylinders of hydraulic presses, and all kinds of machinery. It is equally well calculated for light girder-bridges of large span, and for the plating of ships; much less weight of metal being required, at the same time that a greater degree of strength can be given to all parts subjected to heavy strains. One firm in Liverpool has already constructed 31,000 tons of shipping wholly or partially of Bessemer steel. But probably the most important uses of the metal consist in its application to railway purposes, where great strength is required to meet the tremendous strains arising from the high speeds at which railway traffic of all kinds is now conducted.

The first rails laid down between the pits and the coal staiths in the North were of wood. All that they were required to do was merely to bear the load of a chaldron waggon, drawn at slow speed by a horse; and they were sufficient for the purpose. To protect them in a measure from the jolting occasioned by the irregularities in the road, as well as from the effects of increasing traffic and heavier loads, the wooden rails were in some cases tipped with thin plates of iron nailed along their upper surface. Cast-iron rails were next introduced, and continued in general use in the coal districts until the introduction of the locomotive engine. Even after the Killingworth locomotive had been at work for two years,  
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we find George Stephenson, in conjunction with William Losh, taking out a patent for an improved form of cast-iron rail; and when the Stockton and Darlington line was constructed and opened in 1825, half the rails laid down were of that sort. But the material was found altogether inadequate to bear the increasing weights and strains to which it was subjected. The locomotive, when running even at a moderate speed over the cast-iron rails, champed them up like so much pottery ware; and the constant breakages and interruptions to the traffic which their failure occasioned shortly led to their total disuse, and the substitution of rails of malleable iron.

The first wrought-iron rails laid down were only 25 lbs. to the yard; but they were soon found too light for the loads they had to carry. When George Stephenson was examined by Mr. (afterwards Baron) Alderson, before the Committee on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill, he was taken to task about the weakness of the Hetton road, and the danger of travelling by railway, on the assumption of trains being run at the dangerous, but then hypothetical, speed of twelve miles an hour. The witness was asked—‘Do not wrought-iron rails bend,—take Hetton colliery for instance?’—‘They are wrought iron, but they are weak rails.’ ‘Do you not know that those bend?’—‘Perhaps they may bend, not being made sufficiently strong.’ ‘And if they are made sufficiently strong, that will involve an additional expense?’—‘It will.’ ‘Then if you were to make them of *adamant*, that would be very expensive?’—‘It does not require a very great expense to make them strong enough for heavier work.’

That there might be no deficiency of strength in the fish-bellied rails first laid down upon the Liverpool and Manchester line, they were made of the unusual weight of 35 lbs. to the yard. But the extraordinary speed of the locomotive had not yet been discovered, and there is no doubt that the performances of the ‘Rocket’ surpassed the expectations of even George Stephenson himself. Although the engine weighed only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  tons, it proved too heavy—when running at high speeds—for the malleable rails; and as the traffic grew, and heavier engines were introduced on the line, the weight of the rails was increased from time to time, but not in like proportion to the weight of the locomotives. For while the malleable rails have been increased from 28 lbs. to 75 and even 86 lbs. to the yard, the locomotive has been increased from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  tons, as in the ‘Rocket,’ to 30 and 35 tons, the weight of first-class express engines. The disproportion between the weight and force of the engine and the resistance of the rail has been constantly increasing; until the point has at length been reached at which no additional weight in the rails will

enable them to resist the crushing load of the modern locomotive. As in the case of the battle between guns and iron plates, the weight of both has been increased, until at length, unless a new material—the ‘adamant’ imagined by Mr. Alderson—be employed, it is clear that as regards the locomotive and the iron road, the latter will be vanquished in the contest. The defect is in the material, to which a crushing power is applied which ordinary iron is positively incapable of resisting. The points of contact of the wheels of a 30 ton locomotive with the rail are very minute, and upon these points the whole weight of the engine presses. The effect is to squeeze and crush the iron and roll it off in laminæ as any one may observe who examines a rail laid down on a line of heavy traffic that has borne a fair amount of work under the heavier class of engine.\* On some of the metropolitan lines iron rails, especially if placed on sharp curves, will scarcely last a year. Hence the railroad has become even less ‘permanent’ now, with its rail of iron, than it was with its original rail of wood a hundred years ago. It has thus become absolutely necessary to introduce a new material, and that material is to be found in Steel.

The greatly superior resistance which steel offers to crushing as compared with iron, may be learnt from the experiments made by Mr. William Fairbairn, with the object of ascertaining their respective strengths in this respect. A piece of cast iron, both ends flat, was crushed by a pressure to which it was subjected of 55 tons to the square inch; and a piece of malleable iron of the same shape was flattened by a pressure of 73 tons to the square inch; while a piece of steel of the same shape resisted a pressure of 120 tons per square inch without being either crushed or flattened.† The result of certain American experiments, quoted by Mr. Mallett, was to a like effect. The mean resistance of cast steel to compression was found to be 295,000 lbs., of cast iron, 125,000 lbs., and of wrought iron, 83,500 lbs.; while the tensile strength was 40 tons for mild cast steel, 20 to 25 tons for wrought iron, and 10 to 12 tons for cast iron. Thus in cast steel we find a material not only capable of resisting a far greater compressive force than any known metal

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\* The friction between the driving wheels and the rail, when the engine is thundering along at high speed, is also very great, and the iron is ground off in minute particles, and thrown into the air. Dr. Angus Smith, when once travelling by railway, took the pains to collect some of the particles which floated about him in the carriage and seemed to shine with metallic lustre. On examination they were found to be in reality minute rolled plates of iron, which seemed to have been heavily pressed and torn up from the surface of the rails.

† ‘Treatise on Iron Shipbuilding.’ By Wm. Fairbairn, C.E. 1865. p. 48.

can do, but also one whose tensile strength is nearly double that of wrought and more than three times that of cast iron.

The comparatively perishable nature of wrought iron when subjected to the crushing load of the modern express locomotive, has necessarily led to a large increase in the annual cost for maintenance and renewal of railways. Thus, while the percentage of locomotive expenses on gross receipts has somewhat decreased on the Great Northern line during the last fourteen years, the cost of maintenance of way has increased during the same period more than 200 per cent. In an excellent practical paper recently read by Mr. R. Price Williams\* before the Institute of Civil Engineers, some striking facts were adduced in illustration of this rapid increase in the tear and wear of permanent way of late years. It was shown that during a period of thirteen years, most of the Great Northern up-line between Potter's Bar and Hornsey, where there are heavy descending gradients, has been renewed not less than three times, giving an average of only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years as the 'life of a rail' under heavy coal and passenger traffic worked at high speeds. That it is 'the pace that kills' as well as the weight, is obvious from another fact stated by Mr. Williams with respect to the Lancashire and Yorkshire line, where an equal number of trains of about the same tonnage as in the case of the Great Northern line, were worked at low speeds over a portion of railway between Bury and Accrington, but there the rails lasted as long as  $7\frac{1}{2}$  years.

The heavy cost of maintenance and renewals on the London and North-Western Railway has for some time been a marked feature in the accounts of that Company. As the renewal of the road is properly chargeable against revenue, any large increase of expense on this account necessarily tells upon dividend; and hence, to relieve revenue against exceptionally heavy charges for renewals, the expedient of a suspense fund has been adopted by some of the larger companies. But, in 1857, the Suspense Renewal Fund of the London and North-Western Company was found to be so heavily in debt, that the only practical mode that could be devised for dealing with it was to write it off direct to capital to the amount of 256,588*l.*; and since that date 56,000*l.* has been charged to capital for renewals in like manner. The Great Eastern Company also cut the same knot by charging 86,000*l.* to capital instead of revenue only two years ago; while the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, between the years 1854 and 1861, judging by the accounts, charged

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\* On the Maintenance and Renewal of Permanent Way. Read by R. Price Williams, M.I.C.E., before the Institute of Civil Engineers, March 12, 1866.

renewals direct to capital, without even the pretence of a suspense account. The charge in respect of renewals is always exceedingly variable. During the first few years of working a railway, while the materials are all new, the cost is comparatively light; no provision is made for replacing them when worn out; but as years pass on, and the rails, sleepers, and chairs have to be renewed, the outlay rapidly increases. Thus in 1847, the charge for renewals on the London and North-Western Railway was 38*l.* per mile; in the next five years it was 101*l.* per mile; and in the ten years following, 200*l.* per mile; the total expenditure of the Company on renewals of way alone, during nineteen years, having amounted to 1,906,858*l.* 'The average annual expenditure of the Company 'for renewals since 1847,' says Mr. Williams, 'has amounted to 103,074*l.* This represents something like 73 miles of single way of the main line broken up and entirely replaced annually during the period; chiefly in situations where the traffic was heaviest, and where consequently (owing to the short intervals between trains) the facilities for doing the work are the least, and the danger of accident the greatest.'

The consideration of these circumstances led the officials of the London and North-Western Company to direct their attention to the employment of some more durable material than ordinary wrought iron for rails, with the object of providing a more 'permanent' way than any that had yet been adopted. Mr. Woodhouse, the Superintendent of the Permanent Way Department, induced the Directors, in 1861, to order 500 tons of Bessemer steel rails, which were laid down at such parts of the line as were subject to the most rapid destruction, not only by the passage of the regular traffic, but by the starting, stopping, shunting, and making up of trains. Some of these were laid down in the Crewe Station, and others at Camden Station. Perhaps there is no spot on any railway in Europe where the traffic is so great as at the latter place. At Chalk Farm Bridge there is a narrow throat in the line, at which the whole system of rails employed at the London termini of this great Company converges. There all the passenger, goods, and coal trains have to pass, and the shunting of carriages is constantly going on day and night. The iron rails laid down in this throat were rapidly ground to pieces by the enormous traffic. The face of a rail was usually worn away in little more than two months; and the traffic being so unintermitting, its stoppage for the purpose of changing the rails or renewing them was found most inconvenient as well as dangerous.

Certainly no better spot could have been fixed upon for determining



determining the durability of the Bessemer material. On the 2nd of May, 1862, two steel rails were laid down precisely opposite two new iron rails of the best quality, so that no engine or carriage could pass over the iron rails without also passing over the steel. When the iron rails were worn as far as the safety of the traffic would allow, they were turned, the lower side upwards, and the second face was worn off in like manner. The old rail was then replaced by a new one, and this process went on until the 22nd of August, 1865, when one of the steel rails was taken up. It was computed by the engineer, that during the period that had elapsed since it was laid down (three years and about four months) not fewer than 9,550,000 engines, carriages, and trucks, weighing 95,577,240 tons, had passed over one face of the steel rail, and worn it evenly down about a quarter of an inch, whilst it was still capable of enduring a good deal more of the same work. During the same time eight iron rails had been entirely worn out on both faces, and the seventeenth face was in use when the steel rail was taken up. The extraordinary endurance of the new material compared with the old was further proved at Crewe Station, along both sides of which steel rails were laid down, and after three years' wear not one of them required turning; whilst iron rails similarly placed had been removed or turned every few months.

These results were deemed quite conclusive on the subject; and, after mature consideration, the Directors of the Company were so satisfied of the advantages in an economical point of view, as well as on the ground of increased safety to the public, of using the strongest and most durable material, that they wisely resolved on erecting extensive Bessemer steel works at Crewe, which are now in active and successful operation, turning out about 400 tons per week. Mr. Ramsbottom, the Company's locomotive engineer at Crewe, had for some time before been gradually introducing steel in the construction of passenger-engines, wherever great strength and durability were required, as in the case of axles and wheel-tyres; and the results were so satisfactory, that steel is now employed by him in all such cases instead of iron. In designing the machinery and plant of the steel works at Crewe, Mr. Ramsbottom introduced many ingenious modifications and improvements, so that they may be regarded as models of their kind. One of his most valuable contrivances for working up the steel required for engine purposes, is his duplex hammer, which strikes a blow on both sides of the ingot at once, in a horizontal direction, thus rendering unnecessary the enormous foundations required for ordinary hammers.

The London and North-Western Company have been very slowly,

slowly, and at a great distance, followed by railway companies generally, who are for the most part content, so long as they can, to go forward on the old iron ways. But it seems to us quite clear that the days of iron as the material for main express lines are numbered; and that not only considerations of safety, but of economy, will, before long, lead to the general use of steel instead of iron. The Americans, who are quick to discern the merits of any new invention, have already recognised the important uses of Bessemer steel to a much greater extent than English railway engineers have done. They are already substituting steel for wrought iron in almost every department of railway construction; and within the last few months orders have been received by a single Sheffield firm for about 10,000 tons of Bessemer steel rails for the Pennsylvania, Erie, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Ohio, and Michigan Central Railroads.

Another circumstance remains to be mentioned in favour of the substitution of steel for iron, which is, the great deterioration in the quality of modern-made iron. All the earlier experimenters on iron found greater strength in ordinary qualities than is now possessed by the very best. The rails made thirty years since possessed much more durability than those made now. Whether this arises from the greater rapidity of the processes now adopted,—the use of squeezers, by which cinder and sand are pressed into the metal, instead of being beaten out by the tilt-hammer as formerly,—the use of the hot-blast, by means of which inferior ores are capable of being reduced,—or the spirit of competition which induces iron manufacturers to turn out the largest possible quantity of iron at the cheapest possible rate,—certain it is, that the manufacture of wrought iron in this country has undergone a serious deterioration during the last half century.

Dr. Percy raises an important point for discussion, with reference to a supposed deterioration in the quality of iron resulting from the effects of percussion, which applies equally to steel. It has long been a moot point with engineers, whether, under repeated light blows, or rapid vibration of machinery in action, iron becomes disintegrated and consequently brittle. This is undoubtedly the case with brass, which, when subjected to vibration, in a few weeks becomes as brittle as glass. When the frightful accident occurred on the Versailles Railway, some years since, occasioned by the breaking of a crank axle, the best men of science and practice in France were called upon to give evidence on the point; but they were by no means agreed. The whole subject was again discussed before the Commissioners appointed by our own Parliament, in 1849, to inquire into the appli-

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cation of iron to railway structures. Evidence was given to show that pieces of wrought iron exposed to vibration frequently break after long use, and exhibit a peculiar crystalline fracture and loss of tenacity; whilst other witnesses maintained that this peculiar structure was the result of an original fault in the process of manufacture, and that the internal constitution of the metal remained unaffected by vibration, however rapid or long-continued. In opposition to the popular view as to the brittleness of iron being occasioned by vibration, Mr. Robert Stephenson pointed to the engine-beam of a Cornish engine which received a shock equal to about 55 tons eight or ten times a minute, and yet went on working for twenty years without apparent change. He also referred to the connecting-rod that communicates the power of the locomotive to the wheel, and receives a violent jar eight times in a second at ordinary speed, and yet remains unaffected. He pointed out that in a case of that sort a rod that has borne 200 million of such jars, will be found, on examination, to have retained its fibrous structure.

Where iron exhibits a crystalline appearance on breaking, Dr. Percy rightly points out that *time* plays a most important part in determining the character of the fracture. When the metal is broken with extreme rapidity, the fracture will be crystalline; when broken slowly, it will be of a fibrous appearance. In the case of the breakage of a crank-axle, we apprehend the cause to be torsion, not vibration. It was stated in evidence by a locomotive engineer, at the inquiry into the causes of the Bow accident on the Great Eastern line, that the very first turn of a crank-axle begins the process of breaking; and that the final fracture—nearly always at the same place—is only a question of time.

That the brittleness of iron is increased by frost is also a prevalent notion amongst engineers, similar to the popular impression that bones are more brittle in winter than in summer. But the railway accidents which occur in frosty weather are more probably attributable to the circumstance that at that time the road is hard and rigid, and the engines running over it at high speeds are much more strained, and consequently more liable to accident than they are in ordinary weather when the road is soft and yielding; just as in frosty weather we are more liable to falls, and consequently to fractured limbs, arising from the slipperiness of the roads rather than to the increased brittleness of our bones at that season. To put the matter to a practical test, however, Mr. Ramsbottom had a piece of rail taken up while covered with sharp frost and placed under the large steam-hammer at Crewe, when it stood the blows necessary to double both ends

together without showing the smallest indication of fracture. Nevertheless the suggestion of Dr. Percy is well worthy of consideration, in which he says, "It is most desirable that the subject should be accurately investigated; and the Institution of Civil Engineers would render excellent service by conducting an elaborate inquiry into it."

As for the supply of the ore out of which iron and its inestimable compounds are manufactured, there seems to be no limit to it. Throughout Great Britain it is found in various forms: as red hæmatite in Cumberland and Glamorganshire; brown hæmatite in Staffordshire, Gloucestershire, Glamorganshire, Cornwall, Devon, and the north of Ireland; spathic carbonates in Durham, Somerset, and Devon; and argillaceous ironstone from the coal measures in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, Pembrokeshire, and in Scotland. Only within the last few years immense deposits of iron ore have been discovered in the liassic and oölitic beds in Yorkshire, Northamptonshire, and Lincolnshire.

There is therefore little reason to apprehend the exhaustion of the raw material of iron, though there are grounds for fear lest the Coal, without which the ore would be comparatively worthless, should by waste, exportation, and increasing consumption for manufacturing and locomotive purposes, become prematurely exhausted. Indeed, the impression begins to prevail that we are drawing far too largely upon our coal deposits, and that in the course of two or three more generations there will be an end of them,—or, at least, that the cost of raising the coal from greater depths will be so much enhanced as to place us at a serious disadvantage compared with our foreign competitors. Our manufacturing power rests mainly upon the cheapness and the abundance of our fuel, of which the supply is limited, though we consume and export it as if it were inexhaustible. We are no doubt exceedingly prosperous at present, and shall probably continue so while we go on raising, consuming, and exporting at such an increasing rate our treasure of steam-power, so long hoarded up in the bowels of the earth; but unless some new source of power can be discovered, as cheap and available as coal, the greater our prosperity the nearer will be our decay. When our coal is burnt up, or becomes scarce and dear, away will go our iron and steel making, our steam-power, our manufactures, and all the varied industries that depend mainly upon cheap fuel for their prosperity. When that time arrives, as arrive it will, though it may not be in our time, the towns of the North, now so populous, so prosperous, and so rich, will

become deserted wildernesses of brick, and fall into decrepitude and decay, like Venice, like Ghent, or like Bruges, but without their art and their beauty.

The same transfer of industry has been witnessed in England before, though on a much smaller scale. When Sussex abounded in timber, it was the great seat of the iron manufacture. The clang of hammers resounded throughout the county, and manufactures prospered in the adjoining towns—at Cranbrook, Rye, Roberts-bridge, and Winchelsea—places now in the last stages of decay. But, as fuel became scarce, the iron manufacture of Sussex declined; and England long depended upon foreigners for its supply of the metal until the fortunate discovery was made that coal could be successfully employed in the reduction of the ore. Then the manufactures of the South were for the most part transferred to the North, and the Sussex glades were left to their original solitude. And such, too, will be the fate of the North when the iron-melters and manufacturers there have burnt up all their fuel.

Not without reason, therefore, does Dr. Percy conclude his admirable volume on 'Iron and Steel' with these warning words:—'Our coal is not only being consumed at a prodigious rate at home, but is being largely exported; and the question as to the probable duration of our coal fields has of late been discussed with reasonable anxiety. In 1862, we raised 84,000,000 tons of coal, and the demand continually increases. Hitherto, owing to the abundance of our mineral fuel, we have been—and still are—comparatively regardless of economy in its consumption. The time has now arrived when necessity will compel us to act differently, both in our manufactories and our households.'

ART. IV.—*Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with Notices of some of his Contemporaries.* Commenced by Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. Continued and concluded by Tom Taylor, M.A. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 Vols. 8vo. London, 1865.

WE resume, according to promise, our consideration of the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and we propose to follow that gifted and worthy man to the close of his distinguished life. We have already said that in the generation which preceded that of Reynolds, English painting had sunk very low. But when art has passed through its various stages of decay till it has lapsed into vapid imitation there is a natural tendency

to a revival. Nothing is left in the practice of the degenerate masters which can continue to command the reverence of a gifted pupil, and genius soon discovers that it must innovate if it aspires to rise above mechanic mediocrity. Feebleness in Italy had not been succeeded by a reaction of vigour. 'The painters,' said Reynolds, 'before the age of Raphael are better than the painters since the time of Carlo Maratti. The reason is, the former have nothing but truth in view; whereas the others do not even endeavour to see for themselves, but receive, by report only, what has before passed through many hands.' They were servile mimics of their predecessors, and never got beyond a tame and superficial mannerism. In England the incapacity of one generation was the cause of the originality of the next. Ten years before Reynolds went to London Hogarth had broken loose from traditional trammels to inaugurate a style in which he had no precursors and is never likely to have an equal. Neither his technical skill—though it was considerable—nor the scale of his figures was adequate to effect a general revolution in art. This was the work of three men, who without concert had deviated from the contemporary insipidity and struck into a new and splendid road. Wilson, whose sole instructor was an obscure portrait-painter, subsequently formed himself in Italy by the study of nature and the great masters of landscape. While Reynolds was serving an apprenticeship to Hudson, another commonplace artist, Hayman, was the nominal tutor of Gainsborough. The genius of the lad was not developed till he had done with his teacher, and took Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyke for his guides. 'What he thus learnt,' says Reynolds, 'he applied to the originals of nature which he saw with his own eyes, and imitated not in the manner of those masters but his own.' The words were just as true of Reynolds. He had only followed that he might lead. The history of his student life was the counterpart of that of Wilson and Gainsborough, and his influence was by far the greatest of the three in emancipating English painting from its thralldom. He was proud of the free and varied power which was manifested later at the Academy exhibitions, and he used to say, as Farington reports, 'that the independence of the national character was apparent even in our works of art, which through all their gradations of merit showed that they were the productions of men who thought for themselves.' This is a distinction which our leading painters have maintained ever since.

The public quickly recognised the rightful supremacy of Reynolds, but the old school was not without its adherents, and among the number was Hogarth. His originality had not recon-

ciled him to the innovations of others, and he preferred, or professed to prefer, Cotes to Reynolds. In his own style Cotes was a commendable artist. He belonged to the class of what Sir Joshua called 'the cold painter of portraits.' If allowance is made for the stiffness of his forms, he was a good copyist of literal nature, and gave true and strong representations of his sitters. Here his power stopped. He could not inform his faces with mind and heart, or invest his figures with grace and dignity, or impart poetic sentiment to incidents from common life, or thrill the spectator with the magical effects of composition and colour. Hogarth, who was vain and arrogant, was supposed to have spoken with asperity of Reynolds out of envy at his fame;\* but, whatever jealousy may have perverted the verdict of the pictorial novelist, it is certain that he knew little of the Italian schools of painting and his own attempts in portrait were of the literal kind. His theory embodied the vulgar prejudices which have often blunted the perceptions and misled the judgment of persons who are ignorant of art. 'I found,' he said, 'by mortifying experience, that whoever will succeed in portraiture must adopt the mode recommended in Gay's "Fables," and make divinities of all who sit to him. Whether or not this childish affectation will ever be done away with is a doubtful question. None of those who have attempted to reform it have yet succeeded; nor unless portrait painters in general become more honest and their customers less vain is there much reason to expect that they ever will.' The criticism is a mistake. Titian, Vandyke, and Reynolds did not gain their pre-eminence because they were great flatterers, but because they were great painters. Nor in ennobling countenances were they influenced by the sordid object of pandering to vanity, but their predominant thought was the excellence of the picture. They were enamoured of their art, and improved upon the bare prosaic features that they might fulfil its requirements. The lasting admiration excited by their works is due in no small part to the qualities which Hogarth condemned. Northcote once remarked to Miss Reynolds that 'he had never seen a picture by Jervas, which was rather extra-

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\* His extravagant envy and vanity are the principal charges brought against Hogarth by Churchill in the satirical epistle he addressed to him after their quarrel. The poet says that he had often heard him babble through a long summer's day in praise of himself, and that if some celebrated old master was mentioned with respect he turned pale, and flew into a passion. He is accused of exerting all his power to keep down rising worth, and reserving his good word for sycophants without merit. If they exhibited any talent his friendliness was immediately converted into enmity. The vain are often generous applauders of merit, but the conceit of Hogarth seems undoubtedly to have been of that odious class which hates all excellence except its own. Such was the intolerance of his self-sufficiency that the slightest contradiction threw him into a rage.

ordinary, as he was a fashionable painter in his day.' 'Brother,' said Miss Reynolds, turning to Sir Joshua, 'how happens it that we never meet with any pictures by Jervas?' 'Because,' he replied, 'they are all up in the garret.' There the commonplace portraits of past generations are conveyed to make room for their successors; and, except from the celebrity of the subject, the likeness will not long continue to interest unless it is associated with art of a different order from that of Jervas and Cotes. In respect to mere likeness, the deviation of the great masters from slavish fidelity is mostly—as in the instance of the portrait of Goldsmith—but the subordination of a lower species of likeness to a higher. 'The ideal face,' says Southey, 'of any one to whom we are tenderly attached—the face which is enshrined in our heart of hearts, and which comes to us in dreams long after it has mouldered in the grave—that face is not the exact mechanical countenance of the beloved person, but its abstract, its idealisation, or rather its realisation; the spirit of the countenance, its essence, and its life.' The face which survives in the memory, which is the epitome of the man, which is the embodiment of soul and disposition, is the face which a genius strives to depict upon his canvas, and it would be a debasement to accommodate it to the defective perceptions which can only appreciate gross and material lineaments.

Many artists who have distanced their rivals at starting have been spoilt by success. They have been content with the acquisitions which had secured them reputation, they have gone on repeating their old stock of ideas, they have grown slovenly in their execution, and have deteriorated when they no longer strove to improve. The lofty aims of Reynolds preserved him from the danger. 'He was looking out,' said Northcote to Hazlitt, 'to see what the world thought of him, or thinking what figure he should make by the side of Correggio or Vandyke, not pluming himself on being a better painter than some one in the next street, or surprised that the people at his own table should speak in praise of his pictures.' His steady efforts to rise upwards maintained his popularity to the end. The public never tired of him in his long career, for he kept their admiration alive by fresh excellences; and if the tide of fashion set in favour of some new idol it turned again before long, and Reynolds retained the first place in estimation as in merit.

A memorable event in the life of Reynolds occurred during his residence in Great Newport Street. The Miss Cotterells, who lived opposite to him, were acquainted with Johnson. Reynolds met him at their house in 1753 or 1754, and a lasting friendship ensued. The intimacy imparted a new impulse to



the active intellect of the painter. 'Whatever merit,' he wrote towards the close of his career, 'my Discourses have, must be imputed, in a great measure, to the education which I may be said to have had under Dr. Johnson. I do not mean to say, though it certainly would be to their credit if I could say it with truth, that he contributed even a single sentiment to them, but he qualified my mind to think justly. No man had, like him, the faculty of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking. The observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on everything about us, I applied to our art.' 'Nothing,' said Burke, 'showed more the greatness of Sir Joshua's parts than his taking advantage of the writings and conversation of Johnson, and making some application of them to his profession, when Johnson neither understood, nor desired to understand, anything of painting.'\* The comparison was unjust. Johnson was blind in one eye, and could only see with the other by applying it close to an object and gradually moving his head over the surface. He had to look at a picture in successive fragments, and could never, he said, discover the least resemblance to the subject it was designed to represent. The defect was not mental but physical. Nature had denied him the full measure of vision, and it was impossible he should form the crudest notion of qualities which appealed exclusively to another order of sight than that which he possessed. The censure might more properly have been directed against Goldsmith, who used to confess to Reynolds, with a laugh, that he had no comprehension of painting. A passage in the 'Citizen of the World' is a proof that his humility had not enticed him into exaggerating his incapacity. 'I know no other motive,' he says, 'but vanity that induces the great to testify such an inordinate passion for pictures. After the piece is bought, and gazed at eight or ten days, the purchaser's pleasure must surely be over: all the satisfaction he can then have is to show it to others.' Upon the same principle every beauty in the architecture of a city, or the decoration of a house, must equally pall in eight or ten days, and what passes for good taste ought properly to be branded for vanity and extravagance. Goldsmith's intercourse with Reynolds, who loved him for his virtues and never made sport of his foibles, did not quicken his perceptions, and he tells the great painter, in the Dedication to the 'Deserted Village,' 'I am ignorant of the art in which you are said to excel.'†

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\* The knowledge of Burke himself was chiefly confined to abstract theory. 'I know nothing,' he said, 'of the arts but what I may possibly have endeavoured to know concerning the philosophy of them.'

† The genial sympathy which existed between them is described in a kindred spirit in Mr. Forster's Life of Goldsmith, and it would be superfluous to repeat the particulars detailed in this popular work.

Johnson was the first of many celebrities who became the intimates of Reynolds. Gainsborough says of himself, in one of his letters, that he was 'well read in the volume of nature, which was learning sufficient for him.' The jealous devotion with which Reynolds followed his art was completely free from this taint of professional narrowness. His relish was not confined to the pointed precepts of Johnson, which derived a zest from their piquancy. He had an eager interest in general knowledge, and loved to dip into books in his leisure hours. 'What such desultory reading,' he said in his 'Discourses,' 'cannot afford may be supplied by the conversation of learned men, which is the best of all substitutes for those who have not the means of deep study.' Conversation in the circle in which he moved was a commerce of minds. He maintained his place in the rare assemblage of talent, and Burke, writing of him in 1792 to Mrs. Bunbury, called him 'the ornament of his country, and *delight of society*.' He not only founded the English school of art, but by his intellectual refinement he commenced the personal reformation of the artists. 'Reynolds,' wrote Burke to Barry in August, 1767, 'still keeps that superiority over the rest which he always had from his genius, sense, and *morals*.' The phrase bears witness to the contempt entertained by the artist world of that period for the decencies of life. Hogarth was gross and illiterate, and if he did not follow their example he at least 'revelled in the company of the drunken and profligate.' He lived chiefly with mechanics, or with persons who were only one degree above them, and, rude as were the lower orders in those days, he was continually in disgrace with his boon companions for misbehaviour. Hayman, more famous for his debauchery than his paintings, corrupted the youthful mind of Gainsborough, and the pupil never got rid of the contagion. His wife and daughters were little check to his dissolute habits, and he only frequented the society in which he could indulge his lax talk, and unrestrained freedoms. Wilson joined to offensive manners a fondness for coarse conviviality, and his nose, bloated with beer-drinking, was the jest of the boys in the street. When the heads of the profession were low and licentious in their tastes the subordinates were sure to tread in the footsteps of their leaders. Reynolds rose superior to the influences which surrounded him. 'Such,' says Farington, 'was the undeviating propriety of his deportment, that wherever he appeared he invariably gave a tone of decorum to the society.' He equally gave a tone to the rising generation, which changed the position of English painters. An artist, who was contemporary with him, contrasting, in the early part of the next century, his past experience with his present, said at a meeting of his brethren, 'I now see only gentlemen before me.'

In 1758 Reynolds raised his prices to twenty, forty, and eighty guineas for a head, half-length, and whole length. From the unusual number of the works he threw off, Northcote says that his profession was more lucrative at this period than when his charges became higher. The celerity with which he turned out a picture was extraordinary. Mr. Taylor finds from his pocket-books that in 1758 he had 159 sitters, which is at the rate of rather more than a portrait to every two days. His facility was not even then at its height. 'He took,' said Fuseli, 'infinite pains at first to finish his work, but afterwards when he had acquired a greater readiness of hand he dashed on with his brush.' The freedom and boldness of his execution increased for many years to come. Here and there we are informed of the time he bestowed upon particular productions. In 1762 he painted in a week the celebrated picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, and in 1773 he completed the head of Beattie and sketched the rest of the figure, in a single sitting of five hours. He did not consider it a disadvantage to be hurried, but held that the concentration of effort made amends for more leisurely workmanship. The rapid succession with which his portraits followed each other renders more surprising the variety of his designs, which would be supposed to have demanded deliberate thought. In the formal parts he could call in the help of assistants. He had several drapery men in his employ,\* and such was the advantage of their mechanic aid, that Northcote had heard him observe that no one ever acquired a fortune by his own hands alone. The whole of his productions did not turn to gold. Some of them were never paid for, and some were rejected. In passing through his gallery with Northcote, he pointed to a family group which had been declined, and said, 'Pity so much good work should be thrown away.' A few of his pictures may have been refused from a real want of likeness. They may have been among those exceptions to his general success which led Hoppner to express his surprise that Reynolds could venture to send home portraits which had so little resemblance to the originals. The excellence of the work was more often the cause of its condemnation. Art and likeness were too exquisite and refined

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\* The best known was Peter Toms, who became an R.A., and who had the reputation, Northcote says, of being the most skilful of those who made drapery-painting a trade. His style was heavy and formal, which Reynolds corrected with his free and flowing brush. Toms once painted a state dress where the expression required some simple attire. Sir Joshua remonstrated, and said that the drapery did not accord with the head. 'That,' replied Toms, 'is because your heads are painted on a diminished scale,' by which he meant that they were smaller than life. Reynolds misunderstood him, and exclaimed, in great alarm, 'What do you say that I paint in a little manner? Did you say mine is a little manner?'

to be comprehended by persons who could recognise nothing deeper than a staring facsimile. A friend observed to Reynolds that from the number of his pictures for which he received no payment, his paintings probably did not bring him above ten guineas each, and Reynolds replied, with a smile, that he thought 'ten guineas each was a very reasonable profit.' The allowance for losses was extravagant. The works which ultimately remained with him were comparatively few, and his earnings, after all deductions, were large. In 1762 he was making, as Johnson wrote word to Baretti, six thousand a year, and once, when lamenting the interruptions from idle visitors, he dropped the remark, 'Those people do not consider that my time is worth five guineas an hour.\*'

The influx of riches did not relax his exertions, for his art was his passion. Till he laid aside his pencil for ever he was constant to his painting-room from ten to four, and he himself says that he went on 'labouring as hard as a mechanic working for his bread.' He was sometimes enticed into paying a visit to a country seat, and he always returned from the relaxation and luxuries with the feeling that 'he had been kept from his natural food.' His speedy attainment to wealth and fame had no effect in corrupting his unassuming simplicity. 'There goes a man,' said Johnson, 'not to be spoiled by prosperity;' and Burke records that 'his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsook him.' Northcote re-echoes the testimony, and tells us further that Reynolds appeared to underrate both his talents and his paintings. He was led by his diffidence to assent to the foolish talk of the day, and because he was transcendent in portraits he admitted that they belonged to a secondary style of art, however elevated the sentiment and consummate the execution. Allan Cunningham states that 'he could endure to be flattered;' but his associates declared that flattery was thrown away upon him. 'To the compliments which he received,' says Farington, 'he listened and bowed, but it was rather as one submitting to the remarks than with the complacency of self-satisfaction.' 'Sir Joshua,' said Northcote to Hazlitt, 'always despised malicious reports. He knew they would blow over. He as little regarded exaggerated praise. Nothing you could say had any effect if he was not satisfied with himself.' The reflection was frequently in his mouth, that every man was surrounded by a little circle of admirers, who, from interest or friendship, praised him

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\* Allan Cunningham sneers at this remark from a 'disciple of the grand historical school of Raphael and Angelo,' as if it was a merit in a painter to sacrifice his gains to idle visitors. A man does not the less love his art for itself because he objects to be robbed of his professional earnings by inconsiderate loungers.

unduly, and that to learn the truth it was necessary to be deaf to partial courtiers and listen to the ruder voice of the outer world. The allegation of Allan Cunningham, that Reynolds himself indulged in adulation, and 'soothed his sitters by professional flattery,' is contradicted by Northcote. 'This,' he said to Hazlitt, 'is far from the truth. He flattered nobody, and instead of gossiping or making it his study to amuse his sitters, minded his own business.' When they forgot what was due to him he asserted his independence, and 'always,' says Smith in his *Life of Nollekens*, 'withstood their fantastic head-tossings.'

Johnson upon some sudden emergency requested Reynolds to furnish him with an 'Idler.' The essay appeared on Sept. 29, 1759, and was devoted to ridiculing the false connoisseurship which prevailed. The pretenders to taste had picked up a few rules, which were either altogether erroneous or only of partial application, and by these they judged every picture they saw. They did not allow themselves to consider whether a work was grand or beautiful, whether it touched the feelings or fired the imagination. Their solitary test was the exemplification or neglect of the narrow principles they had got by rote. The portraits of Reynolds must often have been carped at by these callous and conceited pedants, and he could not have been sorry for an opportunity to expose their incapacity and destroy their authority. At the interval of three weeks he contributed another essay to the 'Idler,' and took for his subject the imitation of nature. Farington relates that the pictures which then 'produced astonishment and delight were the loaf and cheese that could provoke hunger, the cat and canary bird, and the dead mackerel on a deal board.' Reynolds had to caution the practitioners of a trumpery art, which was not much above the level of that of the wood-grainer, against being too much elated by their easy accomplishment, and the 'connoisseurs' against concluding that a man was 'a Raphael or Michael Angelo because he painted a cat or a fiddle so finely that it looked as if you could take it up.' A sentence or two was all he bestowed upon these triflers, and the main purpose of his paper was to explain in what sense nature was to be imitated in the representation of the human form. The Dutch were local in their style, and copied the ungainly persons of their countrymen, which Reynolds terms 'nature modified by accident.' The chiefs of the Roman school rejected the minute peculiarities which rendered the figures of Rembrandt and Teniers typical of a province, and adopted 'the invariable ideas which are inherent in universal nature.' 'For want of beautiful women,' said Raphael, 'I use a certain

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ideal which I frame in my mind;' and Reynolds insisted upon the superiority of the elevated conceptions of the mind over the exact delineation of a particular model. He did not deny that uncorrected nature was appropriate to scenes from low life, but he thought it absurd that historic and sacred pictures should be filled with portraits of Dutchmen. The question remained, why a figure for which no living counterpart could be found should be a truer embodiment of general nature than a figure which was borrowed from nature itself; and this question he answered at the end of another three weeks in his essay on beauty. He laid down the proposition that there is a central form, 'which nature most frequently produces, and always seems to intend in her productions.' 'To instance,' he says, 'in a particular part of a feature, the line that forms the ridge of the nose is beautiful when it is straight; this, then, is the central form, which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that shall be proposed.' General nature, therefore, or beauty, consisted in the medium between excess and deficiency. The ideal painter avoided the national and individual peculiarities in which either extreme predominated, and followed the middle path to which nature constantly inclined. Thus 'the line of Vandyke,' according to Fuseli, 'was balanced between Flemish corpulence and English slenderness.' In his subsequent writings Reynolds impressed this doctrine upon the students that they might have a leading principle to guide them in their practice. They were to search for the common form of each class,—of infancy, of age, of strength, of activity, of delicacy,—and besides the types of the various divisions of mankind there was a still more general type in which strength, activity, and delicacy should each be blended in due proportion.

The system that beauty was to be sought in a central form is mixed up by Reynolds with his opinion on the cause of our preference. This he believes to depend upon habit. Shapes are pleasing when they are usual,—when the eye and mind have been trained to them from their prevalence in our section of the world. 'As we are more accustomed,' he says, 'to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reason why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire customs and fashions for no other reason than that we are used to them.' He enforces his view by the argument that all the races of mankind imbibe their ideas of beauty from themselves. 'I suppose,' he urges, 'nobody will doubt if an Ethiopian painter were to paint the Goddess of Beauty, but that he would represent her black, with thick

thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair. We, indeed, say, that the form and colour of the European is preferable to that of the Ethiopian; but I know of no other reason we have for it but that we are more accustomed to it.' Reynolds pressed the theory too far, but it has a large element of truth, and is part of the benevolent dispensation of Providence, or whole nations would be afflicted by a perpetual spectacle of ugliness. The principle explains why Rembrandt was mean and clumsy in his forms, and why Rubens delighted in brawny men and fat women. Neither artist was devoid of sentiment and imagination. With Rubens these attributes come out strongly in his landscape backgrounds, in his luxury of colour, in his fine taste for general effect in composition, and in the action and expression of particular figures. With Rembrandt the qualities which appeal to the mind are often in extraordinary force. Many of his scenes are highly impressive, his faces are full of thought, and his light and shadow have a wonderful poetic power. But the eyes of both had dwelt from childhood upon native forms, they had become reconciled, or more than reconciled to their imperfections, and their own fancy was pleased with shapes which seem gross and vulgar to the majority of cultivated men. There is always a danger that the painter may mistake his local predilections for abstract beauty, and hence the importance of his becoming early imbued with a taste for antique models, and the greatest masters of design. To look no further would lead to a diluted imitation. Nature must complete what art begins.

The third 'Idler' of Reynolds appeared on Nov. 10, 1759. In the beginning of that year Adam Smith published his 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' where he gives an account of the system of beauty put forth by Father Buffier. 'He has determined,' says Smith, 'that the beauty of every object consists in that form and colour which is most usual among things of that particular sort to which it belongs. A beautiful nose, for example, is one that is neither very long nor very short, neither very straight nor very crooked, but a sort of middle among all those extremes, and less different from any one of them than all of them are from one another. It is the form which nature seems to have aimed at in them all, which, however, she deviates from in a great variety of ways, and very seldom hits exactly.' To demonstrate the influence of habit upon our notions of beauty, Adam Smith referred to the 'different ideas formed in different nations concerning the beauty of the human shape and countenance.' 'A fair complexion,' he says, 'is a shocking deformity upon the coast of Guinea. Thick

lips and a flat nose are a beauty.\* The theory and illustrations are nearly identical with the essential portions of the essay in the 'Idler.' The argument drawn by Reynolds from fashions and customs is equally taken from Smith, and it is singular that the painter should have omitted to mention the source from which he derived his conclusions. His views have been partially misunderstood by some later metaphysicians. The assertion that our conceptions of beauty were determined by custom alone was confined by Reynolds, though not by Father Buffier, to human and animal form. Dugald Stewart, who had a high estimation of the philosophical speculations of Sir Joshua, overlooked the limitation, and criticised his theory upon the supposition that it extended to colour, which he expressly excluded, except in the case of our preference for a white skin over a black. He renounced the pretension to resolve every species of beauty into a single property, and all such ambitious attempts have hitherto failed. None of the systems which have been propounded are more obviously insufficient than the once popular doctrine of the association of ideas, or we should esteem the most loveable persons the most beautiful. Descartes admired people who squinted, and he ascribed the whimsicality of the taste to his boyish affection for a squinting girl. If association alone were the cause of our ideas of beauty there would be nothing peculiar in the case, and what we now call ugliness would just as often be thought beautiful as beauty itself.

Reynolds changed his quarters in 1760, having purchased a forty-seven years' lease of a house in Leicester-square for 1650*l*. He expended 1500*l*. more in building a picture-gallery 'for the exhibition of his works,' and painting-rooms for himself, his pupils, and his assistants. The outlay absorbed the greater part of his savings. His enlarged establishment included a chariot with carving and gilding on the wheels, and allegorical figures of the Seasons on the panels. His sister objected that it was too showy, and her brother replied, 'What! would you have one like an apothecary's carriage?' He had little occasion for a carriage himself, and much to the annoyance of Miss Reynolds, who was exceedingly shy and shrunk from the notice which the

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\* Adam Smith gives additional examples. 'In China if a lady's foot is so large as to be fit to walk upon, she is regarded as a monster of ugliness. Some of the savage nations in North America tie four boards round the heads of their children, and squeeze them into a form that is almost perfectly square. Europeans are astonished at the absurd barbarity of this practice. But they do not reflect that the ladies in Europe had, till within these very few years, been endeavouring for near a century past to squeeze the beautiful roundness of their natural shape into a square form of the same kind.' The square waists may be seen in numberless pictures and prints.



equipage attracted, he insisted that she should use it. 'This,' says Northcote, in his *Autobiography*, 'serves to show that Sir Joshua knew the use of quackery in the world. He knew that it would be inquired whose grand chariot this was, and that, when it was told, it would give a strong indication of his great success, and by that means tend to increase it.' The comment is in the satirical vein of Northcote; but the motive, which is conjectural, was not in the character of Reynolds. His habits were remote from vulgar ostentation, which could not have co-existed with his pure taste; and his sense would have taught him that outrageous finery would be more likely to excite the ridicule than to attract the custom of the class of persons who sat to him for their portraits. Nor had he any cause to employ artifice to win their favour. His commissions were already too numerous for his rapid hand to execute, and conscious that he was without a rival, he trusted, we may be confident, to the glories of his pencil, and not to the splendour of his carriage, to sustain his reputation. Northcote suppressed the circumstance which explains the seeming contradiction. The adornments were the usage of the day. They are noticed by Gay in his '*Trivia*,' which appeared in 1716:—

'Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,  
And the streets flame with glaring equipage;  
The tricking gamester insolently rides,  
With Loves and Graces on his chariot's sides.'

The fashion of decorating carriages with flowers and figures subsequently declined, but it was soon revived; and when Reynolds set up his chariot, some of the best artists were coach-painters by trade. Two of the number, Baker and Catton, were thought worthy to be included among the original academicians. Many other academicians of eminence are said by Mr. Beechey 'to have begun their career in this department.' 'The coach-painter,' he adds, 'required, in a great degree, the same professional education as the painter of history. Poetic subjects were frequently required, and they were executed with a taste of colour and design, and a freedom and delicacy of pencil, which were rarely displayed in the works of those who devoted themselves exclusively to the higher branches of the profession.' When it was the custom to cover coach-panels with beautiful pictures, the ornate carriage of Reynolds was only a fitting patronage of his art. His object was to countenance his brethren, and encourage their employment. The Seasons which embellished his equipage were by Catton, who doubtless exerted all his powers, and produced such an excellent specimen of his craft that the coachman

coachman had often to exhibit it to sight-seers. As a carriage must have been a convenience to Miss Reynolds, her brother reasonably combated her intention of permitting the ornamented panels of the chariot to deprive her of its use.

Reynolds gave a ball on taking possession of his house. He was not much addicted to mere gaiety, but no man had a keener zest for mental intercourse. 'He was as fond of London,' says Malone, 'as Dr. Johnson, always maintaining that it was the only place in England where a pleasant society might be found.' He later erected a villa on Richmond Hill, and often spent a summer evening there with his friends; but notwithstanding his fine sense of the beauties of nature, he rarely remained a night. He used to say 'that the human face was his landscape,' and he would not sacrifice the stir of London for rural scenes and fresh air. He belonged to various social clubs, he was a frequent diner out, and every week he gave one or more dinners himself. He gradually gathered round him all the celebrities of the time. For above thirty years, says Malone, there was scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished in literature, art, law, politics, or war, who did not occasionally appear at the table, and the most famous among them were his constant guests. Dinner was served at five o'clock precisely, and he waited for nobody. He invited chance callers at the shortest notice, and sixteen people were often crowded round a table which had been laid for half the number. The additional knives and forks, plates and glasses, were supplied at the moment by two or three ill-trained servants. The waiting was defective, and the guests were left, in a great measure, to take care of themselves. The fare was just what would be expected from the other arrangements; there was abundance of the best provisions the season afforded, without any of the refinements of epicurism. Reynolds sat composed in the midst of the 'convivial bustle,' attending solely to what was said, and paying no regard to the hitches in the service of the food and wine.\* Mr. Courtenay, who describes the scene, says that 'the trifling embarrassments only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment;' and it is evident that, among gentlemen, the absence of formality must have contributed to good fellowship and animated conversation, without the risk of introducing vulgar freedoms and disorder. The variety of tastes

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\* At a venison feast, where the company were more intent upon eating than talking, Reynolds tried to no purpose to engage his neighbour in conversation. The taciturn man at last broke silence to say, 'Mr. Reynolds, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner time, as in endeavouring to answer your question I have just swallowed a fine piece of fat entire, without tasting its flavour.'

and talents brought together assisted in giving life to the conversation. 'Temporal and spiritual peers,' says Mr. Courtenay, 'physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians, composed the motley group, and played their parts without dissonance or discord.' Politics were excluded, together with pretentious tiresome dissertations on any subject whatsoever. Jest-books have been called collections of wit for those who have none, and the vapid retailers of second-hand jokes, as well as the professed dealers in humour and *bon mots*, were under a ban. The talk was the natural outpourings of superior minds, and had the united charm of ease and excellence. The discussions were sometimes eager and even vehement, and once when Dunning arrived the first, he said to his host, 'Well, Sir Joshua, and whom have you got to dine with you to-day, for the last time I dined in your house the assembly was of such a sort that I believe all the rest of the world were at peace for that afternoon at least.' Mr. Courtenay remarks that Reynolds himself was formed to promote 'lively, rational conversation.' He had a comprehensive nature which sympathised with many moods of mind, or he could not have recorded them with such wonderful power on his canvas. His notions were not picked up from books, but were the fresh and vigorous ideas of a keen dispassionate scrutiniser of mankind. 'I know no one,' said Johnson, 'who has passed through life with more observation.' He was always philosophising upon what he saw and heard, and though he had often been anticipated in theories which, from his limited reading, he supposed to be original, yet his views were enforced by bright and novel illustrations. He had 'an uncommon flow of spirits,' he had a strong turn for humour, he abounded in interesting anecdotes, and his faculties of every kind were harmonised and kept in order by presiding good sense. His manners were perfect—'gentle, complying, and bland'—and his exterior graciousness was the truthful index of his inward benevolence. His complaisance never degenerated into servility. 'He kept the mean,' says Edwards, in his '*Anecdotes of Painting*,' 'between affected consequence and supple compliance.' From his habitual association with the luminaries of literature he was sometimes numbered among literary men; but he disclaimed any title to the character, and when he was classed with 'the wits' in a newspaper, he said, 'Why have they named me amongst them as a wit? I never was a wit in my life.'\*

While Reynolds feasted his distinguished guests, he is said by Allan Cunningham to have been penurious and oppressive to his

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\* Allan Cunningham ascribes the remark to alarm, of which there is not a hint in the narrative of Northcote. It was the simple protestation of a man who scorned to assume a merit which did not belong to him.

servants. 'In his economy he was close and saving. He stinted his domestics to the commonest fare, and rewarded their faithfulness by very moderate wages. One of his servants, who survived till lately, described him as a master who exacted obedience in trifles, was prudent in the matter of pins, a saver of bits of thread, a man hard and parsimonious, who never thought he had enough of labour out of his dependents, and always suspected that he overpaid them.' Flimsier evidence was never adduced to prove that a refined and large-minded genius, who lived generously before the world, was in secret a sordid task-master, who belonged to the race of grovelling misers. The male or female servant who gave the account is unnamed, as well as the witness who heard it from his or her lips. For anything which appears, the anonymous accuser may have been an impostor, or, what is most probable, may have been discharged for misconduct. The pretended parsimony was a calumny. Northcote, who resided five years with Reynolds, and who must have known the minutest details of his household economy, declares that 'he never gave the smallest attention to such matters,' and that he was 'equally free from meanness or ostentation.' Some of his domestics remained with him for years, and they would not have stayed to be overworked, underpaid, and underfed. What estimate should we form of the noblest personages that have ever adorned the world if their biographers had stooped to take their characters from the spiteful tongue of a dissatisfied servant?

The aspersions of Mr. Cunningham do not stop here. He admits that Reynolds performed 'many acts of kindness,' but is careful to convey the impression that his liberality was confined to eminent men, and was inspired by his excessive love of reputation. 'It would have been well for him,' says his biographer, 'if he had opened his heart to humbler people. A little would have gone a long way,—a kindly word and a guinea prudently given.' His fame will suffer no abatement, for he did on a large scale what Allan Cunningham suggests he should have done on a small. 'His rapidly accumulating fortune,' says Northcote, 'was not for his sole enjoyment; he still felt the luxury of doing good.' His readiness to relieve the needy was notorious among his intimates, and Johnson, who was 'of every friendless man the friend,' habitually applied to him to assist with his bounty. He did not dole out niggard sums. 'It was not before yesterday,' Johnson wrote to him June 23, 1781, 'that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing I hope no one will envy the power of acquiring.' He became acquainted at Antwerp with a foreign artist named De Gree. The young man passed through London on his way to Ireland, where

where he had entered into an engagement, and Sir Joshua presented him with fifty guineas to buy his outfit. Having heard that an unfortunate artist, with a large family, could not venture out of doors for fear of being arrested, Reynolds hastened to his house. He learnt that forty pounds would enable the poor fellow to compound with his creditors, and on leaving slipped a hundred pound note into his hand. Such acts were not exceptional, for Northcote, after relating two or three 'traits of benevolence,' of which this was one, adds 'that many other instances might be recorded.' Reynolds sometimes helped the objects of his patronage by enabling them to help themselves, 'which,' says Northcote, 'doubled the obligation by lessening it.' Mr. Dayes made some drawings of the King at St. Paul's, when he returned thanks after his illness. Sir Joshua observed that their sale would not recompense the labour, and told Mr. Dayes if he would publish them he would lend him the money for the purpose, and get him a handsome subscription from the nobility.

The guineas and compassion of the 'hard and parsimonious man' were bestowed upon 'humbler people' than indigent artists, or even than the lowly pensioners of Johnson. A negro who had lived long in the service of Reynolds, and who appears in several of his pictures, was ordered one night to attend blind Miss Williams home. He stopped to enjoy the company of some acquaintances on his way back, and when he returned to Leicester-square he found the servants in bed. He took refuge in a watch-house where a man, who was under arrest, picked his pockets while he slept. The thief was tried for the offence at the Old Bailey, and condemned to death. The negro, to conceal his own delinquency, had kept the robbery and the trial a secret from his master, and Reynolds was ignorant of the transaction till he read it in the newspaper. He was greatly affected, and immediately despatched a messenger to the cell of the criminal, who was found surrounded by filth, and wasted with hunger. Sir Joshua sent him clothes, obliged the negro to carry him victuals every day, got his sentence commuted through the intervention of Burke, and when the poor wretch was transported he equipped him for his voyage. This incident is said by Northcote to have been 'highly illustrative of the character of Reynolds.'

The lesser deeds of beneficence in which Sir Joshua delighted were not those of a miser. He had been bound apprentice to Hudson by the advice of Mr. Cranch, a gentleman with a small independence at Plympton. When Reynolds rose in the world, he had a silver cup made for a present to Mr. Cranch, as a token of gratitude, but before the cup was quite finished this wise counsellor died. The comment of Allan Cunningham is a

sample of the spirit which pervades his biography: 'The painter had the honour of the intention, and the use of the cup—a twofold advantage of which he was not insensible.' The pretence that he was eager to get praise for generosity is not more true than that he was parsimonious in giving. He was singularly unostentatious in his benevolence, and if he had tainted his virtue with the vice of boastfulness we should have heard less of his meanness.

Another little kindness performed by Reynolds was connected with Plympton. The widow of the clergyman who succeeded his father in the mastership of the grammar school kept a school for young ladies. Her daughter, a mere girl, pitied a teacher who was too poor to buy a holiday dress in which to appear at their balls. The child had heard of the reputation of Reynolds for generosity, and, without consulting any one, she wrote him a letter, and begged a silk gown for the teacher. A box arrived shortly afterwards with two silk dresses of different patterns, to the extreme surprise of the teacher, who was not let into the secret, and who could not have been more astonished if they had dropped from the skies. The sympathies of Reynolds, it is evident, were not reserved for men of renown, though to his infinite credit he was a noble benefactor to those who were his rivals in greatness but not in prosperity. His delicate consideration anticipated their wants. 'His generous kindness,' says Northcote, 'would never permit his friends to *ask* a pecuniary favour, his purse and heart being always open.' Johnson, who left a considerable sum of money, who carried his proud independence to a fault, and who would rarely consent to be under an obligation to anybody, begged, when he was dying, that Sir Joshua would cancel a debt of thirty pounds, and this request from such a man would of itself be a proof that Reynolds was noted for his ungrudging liberality.

With his readiness in spending he was not greedy in getting. Northcote states that he would work for weeks on fancy subjects, where he could try experiments at pleasure, while numbers of portraits were unfinished for which he would have received the money the moment they were sent home. When his pictures were not paid for he sat down quietly under the loss. He used to say that he could not dun persons for debts whom he was constantly meeting at dinner. In spite of a disposition the reverse of grasping—in spite of his wide-spread, costly charities, his house in town and country, his liberal establishment, his profuse hospitality, and his lavish outlay upon works of art,\*

Mr.

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\* Reynolds at the close of his life offered his collection of pictures to the Academy

Mr. Cunningham has the courage to assert that 'his mind on the whole failed to expand with his fortune, and that he continued the same system of saving when he was master of 60,000*l.*\* as when he owned but sixpence.' '*Malice,*' says Mr. Dayes, 'has charged him with avarice.' The reports were raised by enemies, whose unreasonable requests he had refused, or whose extravagant pretensions he had opposed.† Mr. Cunningham calls these obscure libellers 'the public.' 'When somebody,' says Swift, 'was telling a great minister that people were discontented, "Pho!" he replied, "half a dozen fools are prating in a coffee-house, and presently think their own noise is made by the world."'

An important measure, which is said by Barry to have originated with Reynolds, was adopted in 1760. The painters com-

Academy 'at a very low price,' on condition that a gallery should be built for their reception. In an evil hour the boon was declined, and he resolved to dispose of them to private purchasers, probably because he could not afford to keep them when his professional income had ceased. In April, 1791, they were shown at a room in the Haymarket. He announced that the door-keeper had a catalogue in which their prices were marked, and that the money charged for admission was for the benefit of his old servant Ralph Kirkley. 'A wicked wit,' says Northcote, 'wished to insinuate that Sir Joshua was a partaker in the profits, and inserted these lines from "*Hudibras*" in a morning paper:

"A squire he had whose name was Ralph,  
Who in the adventure went half,"

thus gaily making a sacrifice of truth to a joke.' Allan Cunningham in retelling the story converts the fling of the jester into a grave and common belief: 'Our painter's well-known love of gain excited *public* suspicion. He was considered by many as a partaker in the profits.' His 'well-known love of gain' had just been manifested by his offering the pictures for a sum which was equivalent to a donation of thousands; and the notion, if it had existed, that he could yet be eager to make a few pounds by the exhibition of the collection, would teach us the value of the unauthenticated imputations upon Reynolds.

\* Sir Joshua left 18,300*l.* in legacies, including 2000*l.* which he had lent to Burke. Miss Palmer was residuary legatee, and Burke, who was an executor, reckoned that 'at the very worst' she would receive 30,000*l.*; but he comprised in this calculation the pictures, drawings, and prints, which had cost 20,000*l.*, the London and Richmond house, the numerous works of Sir Joshua which remained on hand, the furniture and property of every description. The statement of Burke disproves the assertion of Northcote that Reynolds must have left 60,000*l.* in money. It is clear that his pecuniary savings could not have much exceeded the amount of the legacies, or from twenty to thirty thousand pounds. These were the miserly accumulations of a man who had been in the receipt of a splendid income for above thirty years.

† In the '*Table-Talk*' of Rogers there is an instance of the ridiculous grounds upon which even persons who are impartial will credit scandal. A gentleman saw a girl crying on the steps of Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Square. He asked her what was the matter, and she told him that Sir Joshua had paid her a bad shilling for sitting to him as a model and would not give her another. 'I can hardly believe it,' said Rogers, 'but the gentleman assured me it was a fact.' The fact consisted in the girl having made the assertion, and rather than suppose that she belonged to the swarm of London impostors, who tell fictitious tales to excite compassion, Rogers was willing to presume that Reynolds would try to palm off a bad shilling on one of the destitute creatures he employed for a model.

menced an annual exhibition. Hitherto their productions were chiefly to be seen at shops, which compelled the artists to submit to the terms of the shopkeeper, upon whose countenance they depended for the disposal of their works. Brooking, an excellent painter of sea-views, who died in 1759, was accustomed to write his name on his pieces, but the dealer always obliterated it before exposing them for sale. A picture was sent home in his absence, and his wife omitted to efface the signature. It was read by a gentleman who had previously been refused the information, and in order to find out Brooking's address he was still obliged to advertise for him in the newspapers. When the artists were thus reduced to anonymous insignificance, when they were not allowed to come in contact with their true patrons, and when they had no other place for the display of their pictures than the window of a grasping tradesman, they might well be desirous to get their works fairly before the world, and to sell them without the intervention of dealers. The first exhibition did not answer its intention. The great room of the Society of Arts in the Strand was borrowed for the purpose, and all the members of the Society were allowed to give tickets of admission. They lavished them upon their servants and their servants' friends. The room was crowded with a rabble, and presented a constant scene of 'tumult and disorder.' The educated classes would not engage in a scuffle with a mob, and the painters were disgusted to find that the tribunal which sat in judgment on their works was composed of 'kitchen-maids and stable-boys.' The loaf and dead mackerel must have been more than ever in favour. The evil was increased by some premiums bestowed by the Society of Arts. None of the principal painters competed, and the spectators in their simplicity imagined that the pictures which obtained prizes were the best. The artists resolved to be independent, and in 1761 they hired a large room in Spring Gardens. The ticket of admission was the catalogue, which cost a shilling; but it could be used by a thousand persons in succession, and the crush and confusion of the previous year was renewed. The abuse was corrected in 1763 by the charge of a shilling at the door. Johnson, instigated no doubt by Reynolds, wrote a preface to the catalogue in justification of the step, and he there states that the 'multitudes which thronged the room had made access dangerous, and frightened away the judges and purchasers of pictures.'

Reynolds signalised the year 1762 by one of those special works which combine an immortal subject with the finest art. He produced his portrait of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy. There was a resemblance between the career of the



actor and the painter. Both had broken loose from a dreary, monotonous, artificial school of copyists, and reverted to the freshness, the spirit, and variety of nature. Both had joined unwearied study to intuitive genius; for Garrick, like Reynolds, was always labouring to improve, and however often he had played a part, he prepared himself anew for every performance by hours of practice and meditation. Both had advanced the dignity of their callings by their morals, their manners, their intelligence, and social charm, as well as by their transcendent excellence in their professions. 'Garrick,' said Johnson, 'has made a player a higher character.' Both had risen from poverty to wealth, both were accused by the malignant of avarice, and both united generosity to prudence. 'I know,' said Johnson, 'that Garrick has given away more money than any man in England that I am acquainted with.' Reynolds, by a happy thought, commemorated a versatility which stands alone in the history of the stage. Of no other actor but Garrick can it be told that he ran the round of the histrionic art, and that in tragedy, comedy, and farce he was unsurpassed by the first masters in each department. This was not the whole of his superiority. Johnson, indeed, remarked that his peculiar excellence was his variety, and that there was no character, perhaps, which had not been as perfectly played by somebody else. But the best portion of his genius was lost upon Johnson. 'He could not,' says Murphy, 'see the passions as they rose and chased one another in the varied features of Garrick's expressive face.' From the descriptions which remain of him there cannot be a question that in the loftiest region of dramatic power he was not equalled by any one in his own time or since. Ordinary men in common things can rival the greatest. There are always admirable performers of low parts, for the same reason that clever caricaturists are more abundant than Raphaels and Michael Angelos. Cradock, a theatrical enthusiast and a friend and worshipper of Garrick, could detect no inferiority in Munden's personation of Scrub. This was nothing more than might be expected with characters in which the utmost attainable perfection could be reached by talents below the highest. In proportion as the difficulty increased, Garrick left his brother actors behind. 'Except Betterton,' said Young, the poet, in 1748, 'I never knew a player that was a good tragedian, and I never knew a dancing-master that was a genteel man. And the cause is the same; they both overshoot the mark.' Here it was that Garrick asserted his supremacy. In tragedies which depended for much of their success upon an imposing presence and well-declained speeches, he may now and then have had an equal; in parts which depended upon deep and complex passions he soared above every competitor.

competitor. He has never been approached in the representation of Lear; and there is no character in the entire range of the drama that more tasks the genius of the actor. Northcote, who saw him play it in 1773, beheld the performance with wonder. 'I can only,' he said, in a letter which he wrote immediately afterwards, 'give you some idea of it by the effects. The people were not content by clapping, but halloed out with mighty shouts when he was going off; for I believe even the most ignorant people are sensible of his excellence, and it had such an effect on me that my hair seemed to stand on end upon my head. Sir Joshua says it is by much the most capital part he can act, and that he thinks he does it without faults; but in every other he has a good many.' The likeness of Garrick by Reynolds was among rival portraits what Garrick was among actors. Even Gainsborough could not fix his changeable countenance upon canvas, and said of him and Foote, in excuse for his failure, 'that they had everybody's faces but their own.' The portrait of Garrick, at Knole, gives us the vivacious companion as he appeared in society. The portrait which represents him between Tragedy and Comedy gives us the flexible features and marvellous expression of the actor as he might have appeared upon the stage.\* In looking at it we can realise the superlative faculty which could call up every emotion into the countenance, and convulse the spectators with laughter, melt them with pity, and appal them with terror. Ten years later Reynolds projected a large picture for the purpose of displaying the varied powers of Garrick. Fifteen of the principal characters, out of the hundred and twenty he had acted, were to stand round him listening to his delivery of a prologue in his own proper person. Garrick received the proposition with enthusiasm. 'That,' he exclaimed, 'will be the very thing I desire—the only way that I can be handed down to posterity.' 'You need not mention it,' wrote Northcote to his brother, 'as it may never happen.' The misgiving was prophetic. The scheme was long contemplated, but the propitious moment for executing it never arrived, and we have missed a work which, from such a hand, would have been unique in interest, both as a record of Garrick's consummate art and as a physiognomical

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\* 'Nothing,' remarks Mr. Davis, in his 'Thoughts on Great Painters,' 'can be imagined more alluring than the figure of Comedy, but that which forms the zest of the picture is Garrick's look of apology and expostulation to the Tragic Muse. He seems to say, "I venerate, I admire you, I would devote to you all the energies of my genius; but, my gentle Melpomene, look at this fascinating creature here, your Comic Sister. I appeal to your candour, what can I do? Is it possible to resist her?"' In the opinion of Mr. Davis, the expression in Garrick's face is almost the happiest among the many marvels of expression embodied by Reynolds.

display of the diverse aspects which a single countenance could be made to assume without distortion or apparent constraint.

Reynolds, in 1760, had raised his price for a head to twenty-five guineas, and for the other two sizes in the same proportion. His increased charges had little effect in diminishing his commissions, and his health suffered from his long-protracted exertions. To recruit himself he set out to visit his native county on August 16, 1762, and was absent from his studio till September 26. Johnson, who enjoyed a jaunt, went with him. They were the guests of several noblemen and gentlemen, and at Plymouth, which was their head-quarters, they stayed with Mr. Mudge, the surgeon, who was the son of the clergyman that taught Reynolds to generalise. The most fervent homage which the painter received, when he returned full of fame to the scenes of his youth, did not come to his knowledge. A lad of sixteen, the son of a poor watchmaker at Plymouth, was inspired with a passion for art. He had seen some pictures by Reynolds, and they 'filled him with wonder and delight.' The celebrated master himself was pointed out at a public meeting to his admiring eyes, and working his way as close to him as the pressure of the crowd would permit, the enthusiast touched the skirt of his coat, 'which I did,' he says, 'with great satisfaction to my mind.' This was Northcote, his future pupil and biographer. Reynolds had performed a similar action when he was first apprenticed in London. He had been sent by Hudson to bid at an auction, and was at the top of the room when a bustle arose at the lower end. The stir was immediately followed by the general whisper, 'Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope.' The closely-packed assembly divided to make a lane for him, and as he passed up it bowing, the people on each side held out a hand for him to touch. Joshua was not in the front row, but he thrust his hand forward and secured the coveted honour. 'Pity,' says Northcote, 'that Pope had not known the future importance of the hand he received into his own.' Young Reynolds was already a close observer. From his single sight of the poet he gave in after years a more precise description of his person than any other which has come down to us.

The exhibiting artists obtained a charter of incorporation from the King in 1765. The management was in the hands of twenty-four directors, who were elected by the members. There is always a body of inferior men who are jealous of their betters, and anxious to dethrone them. This ambitious and undistinguished section of the Society voted, in October, 1768, that sixteen persons from their own numbers should be directors in the place of the heads of the profession. The remaining eight directors were thwarted in their measures, and resigned on November 10. The dissatisfac-

faction of the innovators was probably not without foundation, for Reynolds himself, though nominally a director, refused to act, and he had publicly announced that he was no friend to the proceedings of the governing body. It was, however, impossible that all the most eminent artists in the kingdom should consent to be ruled by the nobodies. Every member of note withdrew from the Society, and the seceders set to work to found the Academy. A scheme was drawn up, and Chambers, the architect, West, Cotes and Moser petitioned the King to adopt it. Reynolds stood aloof. He had previously made many abortive efforts to establish an Academy of Arts, and he had come to the conclusion that every attempt would be fruitless without the patronage of the Crown. He evidently believed that the King would uphold the original institution, and he thought it beneath the dignity of his profession to invite a repulse. The King, on the contrary, entered heartily into the proposal, and secretly matured the plan with the promoters. When everything was ready the principal artists were summoned to meet at the house of Wilton, the sculptor, on the evening of December 9. The delegates sent to Reynolds could not persuade him to attend. Kirby, the new president of the Incorporated Society, and who had been the King's teacher of perspective, assured him that George III. would not countenance the rival project, and Reynolds was misled by what he supposed to be an announcement by authority. West was next employed to remove his incredulity. He was at last convinced, and when, in company with West, he arrived late at the meeting there was a general burst of satisfaction. By common consent he was appointed president. To confer dignity on his office he was knighted, which occasioned much rejoicing among his friends. Burke declared that there was a natural fitness in his name for the title, and Johnson, after ten years' abstinence from wine, drank a glass to his health on the occasion.

George III. had acquiesced in the unanimous choice of the artists, but he himself had no appreciation of the works of Reynolds. 'The surface of Sir Joshua's pictures,' says Mr. Davis, 'is in itself a visual luxury. The rich impasto is flung about with an apparent carelessness, a riot almost of executive enjoyment, which contrasts singularly with the finely-regulated effects of which it is made the medium.' This daring freedom of colouring, this richness of surface appeared coarse and confused to the King,\* who was short-sighted, and had to look close

\* 'You please me much,' wrote Gainsborough to an attorney at Ipswich in 1758, 'by saying that no other fault is found in your picture than the roughness

close to the canvas. 'Here,' remarked Wilson to Beechey, after leading him to the further corner of the room, 'is where you should view a painting, with your eyes and not with your nose.' Nor can any one form a competent judgment of art who is not familiar with the manifold appearances of nature, and another result of the short sight of George III. must have been to hide from his observation many natural effects. When he sat for his portrait to Beechey, he objected to the red tint on some of the trees of Sir Joshua. Beechey made no reply, but laid next day upon the table a branch that had been turned red by the frost. 'Ah, yes,' said the King, when he caught sight of it, 'Sir Joshua's red tree; very well—very well.' Political feeling may have had its influence. The heart of George III. was in affairs of state, and he was not unlikely to be prejudiced against the pictures of a man who knew no distinction in his associates between King's men and liberals. Mr. Taylor has gone further, and fancies he has discovered that Reynolds belonged to the Opposition. There is not an atom of evidence to support the conclusion. He lived in intimacy with the members of every party—with Wilkes the demagogue, Burke the Whig, and Johnson the Tory. There is no record that he ever performed a political act, or expressed a political opinion, unless his abhorrence of the French Revolution is to be considered an exception. None of his contemporaries or biographers have dropped a hint that he had a bias to one side or the other, and there is the decisive testimony of Northcote, which Mr. Taylor has overlooked, 'that politics never amused him, nor ever employed his thoughts for a moment.'

Reynolds delivered a discourse at the opening of the Academy on January 2, 1769. This was followed by a second on December 11, when he distributed the prizes. The plan of the Academy comprised a school for training artists, and a gold medal was annually to be conferred upon the student who produced the best attempt at an historical picture. The President felt that formal compliments would become flat by repetition, and he determined to seize the opportunity to put beginners in possession of the lessons he had learned by years of observation, reflection, and practice. Talent was of slower growth than had been anticipated, and after 1772 the gold medal was reserved for alternate years, when the discourses of the President became biennial also. From the long intervals between them he could

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of the surface, that part being of use in giving force to the effect at a proper distance, and what a judge of painting knows an original from a copy by,—in short, being the touch of the pencil, which is harder to preserve than smoothness.' When some one complained to Rembrandt that he laid his colours on coarsely, he answered that 'he was a painter and not a dyer.'

not enter upon a systematic course of instruction ; but more methodical lecturers have not had equal success in placing the student upon the vantage ground occupied by the master. He expatiated upon the qualities which go to form a fine picture—he described the various schools of painting, with the merits and defects of each—he specified the characteristics of the several masters, showing what was to be imitated and what to be avoided—and he detailed to learners the modes of proceeding which would best enable them to appropriate the beauties of their fore-runners. His style was clear and chaste, and had the elements of an elegance which proved that if he had not been a celebrated painter he had it in his power to become a celebrated author. The excellence of the composition gave rise to a report that the Discourses were the work of Johnson or Burke. Malone and Northcote have refuted a charge which must appear ridiculous to any one who has the least acquaintance with the style of the pretended authors. No refutation was required. An accusation which is unsupported by a tittle of trustworthy evidence is simply slander.

Most of the criticism which has been directed against the Discourses themselves appears to us to be unimportant or unsound. 'It was, I apprehend,' says Allan Cunningham, 'the province of the President to point out those natural qualities by which genius for art might be distinguished from forwardness and presumption. He ought to have admonished, nay commanded, the dull and unintellectual to retire from a pursuit for which they were unfit.' Etty sent pictures for years to the Royal Academy and the British Gallery, and year after year they were all returned as below the standard of admission. His companions confirmed the decision of the hangers. 'They looked on him,' says Mr. Leslie, 'as a worthy plodding person, but with no chance of ever becoming a good painter.' At last some of his pictures were accepted, and Mr. Leslie states that 'they were *black* and *colourless* attempts at ideal subjects.' This was the man who eventually became the finest painter of flesh that the English school has produced, and who, if the President for the time being had laid claim to a prescience denied to mortals, would certainly 'have been admonished, nay commanded, to retire from a pursuit for which he was unfit.'

Allan Cunningham has a second objection to the Discourses. He quotes the advice of Reynolds to young artists 'to study the great masters,' and adds the comment, 'Such was his theory: we all know what was his practice. He could not be unaware, while he was lecturing the annual academical crop of beardless youths upon the necessity of studying in the character and labouring in

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the style of the princes of the Italian school, that he was sending them forth to seek bread and fame in a pursuit where neither were to be found.' The imputation is founded upon a total misconception of the teaching of Reynolds. The critic confounds the recommendation to study the great masters with the recommendation to become a painter of the same class of pictures. The doctrine of Reynolds was that those 'who knew their profession from principles could apply them alike to any branch of the art, and succeed in it;' and he merely enjoined upon his auditors to acquire their principles from the productions which exemplified them in the rarest perfection. Then he said, 'if the painter, from particular inclination, or from the taste of the time and place he lives in, or from necessity, or from failure in the highest attempts, is obliged to descend lower, he will bring into the lower sphere of art a grandeur of composition and character that will raise and ennoble his works far above their natural rank.' 'Such was his theory,' and 'his practice' was in accordance with it, for his principal school had been the Vatican.

He is further charged by Allan Cunningham 'with keeping silence concerning the mystery of portraiture in which he himself excelled.' There was no mystery in the case. 'He gave,' says Mr. Leslie, 'all the instruction he could convey by words in his own branch of the art, as well as in that which he considered higher.' Pictures and nature were his instructors, and his Discourses are devoted to showing learners the way to profit by these models. Any other receipt for painting great portraits is no more possible than a receipt for composing great poems. 'Slothful students,' said Reynolds, 'are always talking of the prodigious progress they should make if they could but have the advantage of being taught by some particular eminent master. Such are to be told, that after the rudiments are past very little of our art can be taught by others. The most skilful master can do little more than put into the hands of his scholar the end of the clue by which he must conduct himself.' This is a truth which is not confined to painting. The whole science of education, it has been admirably said, consists in teaching others to teach themselves.

The insinuation that Reynolds kept back his discoveries to guard against rivalry becomes an open accusation when Allan Cunningham speaks of the great painter's habit of hiding the ingredients of his colours from his pupils. 'He considered his knowledge as a part of his fortune, and concealed it as a spell which to reveal would undo him. What was the use of all this secrecy? Those who stole the mystery of his colours could not use it unless they stole his skill and talent also.' This was as obvious to Reynolds as to Allan Cunningham, and might have

have suggested that the discreditable motive imputed to him could not be correct.\* The true cause of his precautions is plain. His innovations had been injurious to many of his pictures. He was never sure that any of his peculiar practices were sound, and though in his passion for progress he could not resist the temptation to try experiments, he would not disclose an uncertain process, which would have been adopted at once by the rising generation of painters to the general detriment of art. The result has proved the wisdom of his misgivings. The simple methods he recommended to his pupils are now admitted to have been the safest, and therefore the best. He freely afforded every assistance to students which he believed could be beneficial to them. He would lend any of them pictures, prints, and drawings, and these were sometimes jeopardised by being seized for the debts of the borrowers. The young artists had always permission to consult him on their works, and 'his advice,' says Farington, 'was given frankly and kindly, with great sincerity, but with as much encouragement as truth would allow.' The vexatious interruptions to which he was exposed seldom provoked him to impatience. Once he said tartly to a novice, who produced a wretched portrait of a woman, 'What is this you have in your hand? You should not show such things? What's that upon her head?—a dish-clout?' The youth lost hope, and was unable to resume his pencil for more than a month; but such sallies were very rare, and Northcote says they would never have been uttered if Reynolds had been aware of their effect.†

The animadversions of Allan Cunningham on the conduct of Reynolds towards the students are mild in comparison with the strictures on his behaviour towards established painters. Romney did not become an R.A. 'Reynolds, it would seem,' says Allan Cunningham, 'disliked both the man and his works, and such was the omnipotence of the President, that on whomsoever his evil eye lighted, that person had small chance of the honours of the Academy.' The facts are a triumphant refutation of the

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\* 'The well-grounded painter,' says Reynolds in his Second Discourse, 'makes no pretensions to secrets, except those of closer application. Without conceiving the smallest jealousy against others he is contented that all shall be as great as himself who have undergone the same fatigue, and as his pre-eminence depends not upon a trick, he is free from the painful suspicions of a juggler who lives in perpetual fear lest his trick should be discovered.'

† Northcote, who abounded in cynical wit, and delighted in the exercise of it, could not have urged the same plea for himself. 'These,' said an embryo artist, who came up to London from Devonshire with some drawings, 'were thought very well of, sir, at Plymouth.' 'Were they?' replied Northcote, 'then I advise you to carry them back again; they will be thought nothing of here.' The rough criticisms of Reynolds were the occasional outbreaks of irritation, but the caustic sarcasms of Northcote were the deliberate habit of his mind.



charge. Romney was a person of morbid sensitiveness. A hostile criticism would throw him into a fit of despondency and paralyse his powers. When Meyer, the miniature painter, urged him to allow his name to be enrolled among the forty, his friend Hayley, the poet, successfully dissuaded him, in the belief that his temperament unfitted him for public competition. 'The more he reflected,' says Hayley, 'on the peculiarities of his disposition the more he was convinced that the comfort of his life, and his advancement in art, would be most effectually promoted by his setting limits to his passion for popular applause, and confining the display of his works to his domestic gallery.' To exhibit his pictures at the Academy was a necessary preliminary to his election, and he never chose to take the step. Instead of the members rejecting him, it was he that rejected the members. This alternative is stated, though imperfectly, by Mr. Cunningham himself, while he does not attempt to substantiate his fanciful imputation upon Reynolds. The indictment is general. The benignant President was a man with an 'evil eye' who excluded deserving candidates from the Academy to gratify his enmities, and not one solitary circumstance is adduced in support of the sweeping invective. Neither was Reynolds omnipotent. 'I have heard him say,' relates Northcote, 'that although he was nominally king of the Academy, Sir William Chambers was viceroy over him.' 'Those,' he remarked on another occasion, 'who are of some importance everywhere else, find themselves nobody when they come to the Academy.' The current belief of the time was that Chambers could command the majority of votes, and the election of some unworthy members was ascribed to his influence.

From Romney we proceed to Gainsborough, who after a prosperous career in Bath settled in London in 1774. Reynolds called upon him, and the call was not returned. In April, 1782, Gainsborough exhibited his celebrated *Girl and Pigs*, for which he asked sixty guineas. Sir Joshua paid him a hundred.\* He was probably touched by this generous appreciation of his merit by a man he had repelled, and he requested the President in the winter of the same year to sit for his portrait. After the first sitting on Nov. 3, Reynolds had a slight paralytic attack, and was sent to Bath. When he came back recovered he informed Gainsborough

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\* The volumes of Allan Cunningham are full of inconsistencies. Of the same Reynolds whom he censures in one place for not opening his heart to humble people, he says in another, 'He was commonly humane and tolerant; he could, indeed, afford, both in fame and purse, to commend and aid the timid and the needy;' and the biographer illustrates his position by this instance of the purchase of Gainsborough's picture, who was neither needy nor timid.

of his return, and Gainsborough only replied that he was glad to hear he was well. The friendly feeling of Gainsborough had subsided, and all communication ceased till his last illness in July, 1788. In the interval, says Allan Cunningham, the President, according to 'his nature,' spoke of him 'with courteous, cautious insinuation,' but 'after he was fairly in his grave he spoke with truth and justice.' Even this was a degree of virtue which Allan Cunningham did not emulate. The fourteenth 'Discourse,' to which he alludes, convicts him of a violation of 'truth and justice' towards Reynolds in the assertion that he had been addicted to an artful disparagement of Gainsborough. 'A few days before he died,' says the President, 'he wrote me a letter to express his acknowledgments for the good opinion I entertained of his abilities, and *the manner in which he had been informed I always spoke of him*, and desired he might see me once before he died.' These words were delivered before the assembled artists of England, and Reynolds could not have ventured to quote them if they had been in open contradiction to his actual conduct. Nor with the many fawning tale-bearers that gather round eminent persons was it possible for Gainsborough to have heard only of complimentary speeches, if the usual staple of Sir Joshua's talk had been a thinly veiled malice. The dying painter was a man of violent passions, which were never under control. He had been governed by his wayward temperament, and was capricious and hasty, but when his impulsive nature was quenched by sickness, his better judgment told him that he had been unjust to Reynolds, and he 'turned towards me,' says the President, 'as one who deserved his good opinion by being sensible of his excellence.'\*

The behaviour of Sir Joshua to Wilson is a pretext with Allan Cunningham for fresh animadversions. He says that Reynolds acted towards Wilson with 'cautious malignity,' that 'he distressed him with injurious opinions,' that 'he lowered his

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\* Reynolds said that Gainsborough could copy Vandyke so exquisitely that at a certain distance he could not distinguish the difference. Sir Joshua himself copied the head of an old woman from Rembrandt, and the Chevalier Vanloo, who boasted that he could not be imposed upon, pronounced it an unquestionable original. What is singular, Reynolds was deceived by a copy from a portrait of his own. 'I saw the other day,' he wrote in Dec. 1784 to Mr. Charles Smith, an artist in India, 'a picture of a child with a dog, which, after a pretty close examination, I thought my own painting, but it was a copy it seems that you made many years ago.' The case was once reversed, and Reynolds did not recognise his hand in a full-length portrait of a lady and her son, which he executed shortly after his return from Italy. The work had been sent to Northcote to copy. Sir Joshua saw it at his house, and asked who it was by? 'They tell me,' said Northcote, 'it is by yourself.' 'Why what have you been doing to it?' replied Reynolds, who evidently fancied he saw characteristics which were not in his manner. The picture, nevertheless, was untouched and 'very fine.'

talents both in social conversation, and, *ex cathedra*, in the "Discourses," and that he attempted, when Wilson was dead, 'to interrupt the quiet progress of his works to fame.' These accusations against Reynolds are without a shadow of excuse. It is mentioned in Carey's 'Thoughts,' which appeared at Manchester in 1808, that 'when the President proposed to the Academicians to drink the health of Gainsborough as "our best landscape painter," Wilson in his turn retorted the health of Gainsborough as "our best portrait painter."' The incident was quoted by Wright in his 'Life of Wilson,' but a few pages further on he prints some reminiscences by Mr. Field, who had 'a most extensive acquaintance with the artists of the day,' and there we are told that the remark of Reynolds, and the rejoinder of Wilson, occurred in common conversation at the Turk's Head Club. Northcote relates the occasion. Reynolds had just been looking at a fine landscape by Gainsborough. Full of its extraordinary merits he descanted on them to the company, and exclaimed that 'Gainsborough was certainly the first landscape-painter in Europe.' He had not noticed that Wilson was among the listeners, and when the latter retorted, Reynolds apologised for his inadvertence. Allan Cunningham suppresses the testimony of Northcote and Field, and adopting the form of the story which favoured the interpretation that the honest tribute to Gainsborough was an oblique reflection upon Wilson, he says that Reynolds '*pretended* not to have been aware of his presence.' The President, in a word, was guilty of malice, cowardice, and falsehood. The apocryphal version adopted by Mr. Cunningham will not bear investigation. The internal evidence is against it, for it is not the custom to give the healths of individual painters at the Academy dinners.\* The external evidence is against it, for the authority of Northcote and Field is incomparably higher than that of an obscure resident in a provincial town. The character of Reynolds is against it, for Northcote says that he 'was always careful not to make any man his enemy,' and the compiler of the 'Testimonies to his Genius' states that the common accusation of his opponents was 'that he either concealed his opinions on the works of living artists, or communicated only such as were agreeable.'† The defamatory turn which Allan Cunningham

\* Mr. Cunningham was evidently conscious of this objection, for he substitutes 'a social occasion' for an Academy dinner.

† Northcote records an instance. The London world of fashion flocked to see two portraits by Madame Le Brun, at the house of the French Ambassador, and after Reynolds had been to look at them, Northcote held with him this dialogue: 'I said, "Pray what do you think of them Sir Joshua?" "That they are very fine," he answered. "How fine?" I said. "As fine as those of any painter,"

Cunningham has given to the story is finally discredited by the want of motive. Wilson kept to landscapes, his choicest pictures were not appreciated, and there was no room for jealousy. Gainsborough was great in portrait, his reputation was high, and his best productions are superior to the lesser works of Sir Joshua. There was nothing to be gained by exalting a formidable and unfriendly rival, for the sake of depressing an unfriendly but neglected painter of landscapes. Northcote mentions the incident to exemplify the readiness of Reynolds to applaud contemporary genius, and it never occurred to him that a deserved eulogium upon one artist would be converted into a disguised attack upon another. The rancour was exclusively on the side of Wilson, who, soured by disappointment, 'could not in general,' says Mr. Field, 'bear to hear Reynolds named with approbation as a painter.' 'Placability of temper,' remarks Farington, 'may be said to have been Sir Joshua's characteristic,' and his behaviour to his detractor was a strong example of the truth of the observation. Reynolds returned the ill-will by procuring Wilson employment, and this act of magnanimity is thus related by Allan Cunningham: 'It is reported that Reynolds relaxed his hostility at last, and becoming generous when it was too late, obtained an order from a nobleman for two landscapes at a proper price.' Wilson received the kindness in a very different spirit. He was grateful, and Mr. Field, who tells the circumstance, says that 'the conduct on each side was worthy of the hearts of these great artists.'

When Wilson was in his grave, Reynolds, in his 'Discourse on Gainsborough,' condemned the practice of introducing mythological personages into landscapes, 'which were too near common nature to admit supernatural objects.' He said that many great painters had committed the mistake, and that even Claude would have shown more discretion if he had never meddled with such subjects. He considered that Wilson, among others, had fallen into the error, and that his 'very admirable picture of a storm' was marred by the introduction of a little Apollo in the clouds,\* who, with bent bow, is supposed to be slaying the sons of Niobe.

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was his answer. "As fine as those of any painter do you say? Do you mean living or dead?" He answered me rather briskly, "Either living or dead." I then, in great surprise, exclaimed, "What! as fine as Vandyke!" He answered tartly, "Yes, and finer." 'I mention the above circumstance,' adds Northcote, 'to show his disinclination to oppose the popular opinion, or to say anything against the interest of a contemporary artist, as it was not his intention to mislead me, but only to put a stop to my enquiries.'

\* Reynolds says the Apollo is kneeling, which Allan Cunningham flatly denies. The original picture is in the National Gallery, and any one can satisfy himself that Reynolds is right.

Mr. Leslie, an enthusiastic admirer of Wilson, and who thinks that Reynolds did not sufficiently relish his pictures, holds the objection to be well founded.\* Mr. Cunningham approves of the Apollo, and says that the 'criticism proves the insinuating nature of the critic's hostility, and that long and rooted dislike had made him shut his eyes on excellences to which he could not otherwise have been insensible.' Reynolds, that is, must have been guilty of moral obliquity, because his biographer had formed a different opinion upon the pictorial merits of a mythological incident. The President was at least 'insensible' to similar 'excellences' in his favourite Claude, and several great masters of bygone times; nor did his 'hostility' to Wilson keep him from calling the landscape 'a very admirable picture.' The passage is quoted by Allan Cunningham as merely 'a specimen' of the usual conduct of Reynolds, who 'seems,' he says, 'to have been a master in that courtly and malevolent art ascribed by Pope to Addison, of teaching others to sneer without sneering himself, and damning with faint praise.' This is in direct opposition to the testimony of Northcote and Farington. The first says that 'he always candidly bestowed praise on his contemporaries where due,' and the second that 'no man could be more free from jealousy.'

There was another artist of note who behaved grossly to Reynolds, and he too at last was touched with compunction. 'Reynolds,' said Johnson, 'you hate no person living.' Sir Joshua once remarked 'that he thought it a very bad state of mind to hate anybody, but that he feared he did hate Barry.' 'The hatred of such a person,' subjoins Northcote, 'is no trifling disgrace.' The infamous conduct which alone could rouse his animosity had not been wanting. Barry was patronized by Burke, which was enough to ensure the friendship of Reynolds, who had assisted him with advice. He was a vain and violent man, who mistook high aspirations for genius, and when the public neglected his third-rate historical pictures he accused the President of blasting his prospects by secret influence. The work he put forth in 1775, entitled 'An Enquiry into the Obstructions to the Arts in England,' contains some contemptuous strictures, which are plainly levelled at the paintings

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\* 'As an awful representation of a storm,' says Mr. Leslie in his 'Handbook,' 'the picture is perfect; and the catastrophe would be more affecting, because our sense of its reality would be uninterrupted, were it caused only by the flash of lightning. As Sir Joshua says, this is the first impression—an impression which is distracted by the appearance of Apollo on a strip of cloud. I am inclined to think the mistake of this introduction originated in the desire of poor Wilson to draw attention to his neglected art, by making it what the taste of the times would consider classic.'

and writings of Reynolds.\* He returned to the charge with redoubled bitterness in the account which he published of the Adelpi pictures in 1783, and attacked Sir Joshua, without naming him, in the most odious language. His art, he said, was mean, his morals meaner; his predominant passions were covetousness, vanity, and envy; his studio was a shop, his pictures a manufacture; his popularity was sustained by hypocrisy and quackery, and his betters were crushed by his malice and cunning. Barry asserted that the painter of portraits stood in the same relation to the painter of history as a corn-cutter did to Hippocrates and Harvey, which, with the rest of the invective, was a degrading attempt to exalt his own fame at the expense of the reputation of Reynolds. A truly great portrait is among the noblest achievements of art, and Barry, who fancied that he had risen high above the attainment, had never approached it. When Garrick complained to Reynolds of the sarcasms of Foote, Reynolds replied that Foote, by the habit, 'gave the strongest proof possible of his own inferiority, for it was always the lesser man who condescended to become abusive.' The professional knowledge of Barry, however, was extensive, and in 1782 he was elected Professor of Painting by the Academy. He did not deliver his first lecture till March, 1784; and when Reynolds remonstrated with him for his procrastination, he put himself in a menacing attitude, clenched his fist, and said, 'If I had no more to do in the composition of my lectures than to produce such poor flimsy stuff as your Discourses I should soon have my work done.' He disgraced his office by filling his lectures with attacks on the chief academicians, and especially on the President. In his opening address he talked of the 'wretched business of face-painting,' and Reynolds, to avoid resenting his language, was at last obliged to feign sleep or to stay away. After years of unprincipled virulence Barry was visited with tardy repentance. He warmly supported Sir Joshua in the Academy, and applauded his pictures and character when he was dead. In his most vindictive days Barry was unable to appeal to any one specific fact in support of his 'wild and

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\* Barry ridiculed the idea that a man who was 'merely acquainted with the map of the face' could draw the rest of the body. This was the department in which Barry believed himself to be pre-eminently strong. Yet his drawing of the figure was full of glaring defects, while in the taste for form, and the power of expressing movement, Reynolds left him far behind. M. Falconet, after completing his model of the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, delivered a lecture at Rome on the horse of Marcus Aurelius in the Capitol, with which he found endless fault. 'Nevertheless, gentlemen,' he observed in conclusion, 'it must be confessed that that wretched animal is alive, and that mine is dead.' Barry might with truth have said the same of the figures of Reynolds when compared with his own.

whirling words,' and his intense hostility has thus become an indirect testimony to the blamelessness of the man he denounced. There is not an authenticated instance of any injury done by Reynolds to a brother artist, and there are numerous examples of his friendly feeling to the clan. He delighted, says Farington, in the display of talent at the Academy exhibitions, and his comments on the pictures were 'gentle and encouraging.' He was forward to help artists of merit to custom and fame.\* A painter, who became celebrated, asked, on his arrival from Italy, where he should set up? Sir Joshua answered that the house next his own was vacant, and that the situation was excellent. Zoffany came to this country little known, and Reynolds bought the first picture he exhibited. The patronage of the President was reputation. He sold the work to Lord Carlisle for twenty guineas more than the original price and sent the money to Zoffany. Humphrey, the miniature-painter, went to London obscure and unfriended. A total stranger to Sir Joshua, he called on him, encouraged by his fame for kindness and liberality to artists. Reynolds praised his performances, inquired into his circumstances, lent him pictures to copy, and purchased one of his works that he might show it and recommend him. Humphrey fixed his charge at three guineas, and Reynolds replied, 'Oh! that is too little. I must give five, and let that be your price from this day forward.' He advised Humphrey to settle near him, told him he would assist him to the utmost of his power, and fulfilled his promise to the letter. The malevolent arts of which Allan Cunningham accused him are refuted by every act of his life, but he would have deserved all the censure bestowed on him if he had laboured to undermine an honest fame by the means which have been employed to tarnish his own.

At Barton, in Suffolk, the seat of Sir C. Bunbury, there is a

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\* Mr. Leslie had heard Northcote say, 'that Reynolds cared for nobody's success but his own.' Boydell suggested that the Lord Mayor should always signalise his year of office by ordering an historical picture. Reynolds, who had then ceased to paint, was reported to have replied, that the project was foolish, that a portrait of the successive Lord Mayors would be more advisable, and that Boydell should make a commencement by sitting to Lawrence. The incident is related with some bitterness by Northcote in his Autobiography. He was doubly chagrined because his bad historical pictures had not received more encouragement from his old master, and because young Lawrence, in portrait, was ranked by Reynolds before him. This wound to his vanity was believed by Mr. Leslie to be the ground of the observation that Sir Joshua did not care for other people's success. Northcote was habitually peevish in his talk, and loved to indulge in splenetic sallies. His real sentiments must be sought in the *Life*, where his sense of justice prevailed. A remark, uttered in a moment of pique, and in the laxity of conversation, cannot for an instant be set against the facts and opinions which he deliberately placed before the world.

portrait of Miss Kennedy, which was painted in 1770. When we saw it some years since we could only learn that she was an actress, and we were at a loss to account for the mournful expression which, as Mr. Taylor truly states, 'does not belong to the stage.' Her story is illustrative of the picture, and Mr. Taylor has, therefore, properly related it. Her two youthful brothers, Matthew and Patrick, had taken part in a drunken fray on Westminster Bridge, when Bigby, a constable, was killed. The Kennedys were convicted of the murder on Friday, February 23, 1770, and were sentenced to be hanged on the following Monday. Their sister, a woman of loose character, had many influential friends among her paramours. She prevailed on them by her entreaties to try and save her brothers, and powerful interest was brought to bear upon the King, the Queen, and the Secretary of State. A single witness at the trial had sworn that Matthew struck the fatal blow, and the petitioners undertook to prove that he did not. A temporary reprieve was obtained; but when the report on the condemned malefactors was made to the King on April 11, Matthew was ordered for execution, and Patrick alone received a further respite. The renewed intercessions speedily prevailed. The report was published on April 12, and it was announced the same day that Matthew would be spared and his sentence commuted to transportation for life. He was conveyed to a convict vessel in the Thames, and there he was visited by Lord Fife on April 28. 'All the states I ever had an idea of,' wrote the latter to George Selwyn, 'are much short of what I saw this poor man in.' He and fifty others were cooped up 'in a hole not above sixteen feet long.' He had a collar and padlock round his neck, and was chained to a board, and five fellow culprits, whom Lord Fife describes as the 'most dreadful creatures he ever looked on.' Money in those days was allowed to be applied in the purchase of comforts, which signally modified the common course of justice. Lord Fife had engaged a free passage for Kennedy. He was released from his irons; he was put under the care of 'a very humane captain,' who would be of 'great service' to him; he was presented with ten guineas to start him in America, and he was furnished 'with a letter of recommendation to a person in Maryland, who would be vastly good to him.' 'In short,' says Lord Fife, 'I left this poor creature, who has suffered so much, in a perfect state of happiness. I am thus tedious, because I know you will be glad to hear that his afflictions are over.' They were on the eve of beginning afresh. The law was then in force which permitted the widow of a murdered man to institute a prosecution on her private account after the murderer had been convicted under an ordinary indict-



ment and pardoned by the Crown. If she succeeded in obtaining a verdict of guilty, the life of the criminal was at her disposal to take or to spare, and the royal prerogative of mercy could not be exerted to deprive her of her vengeance. Before Lord Fife wrote his letter of rejoicing, Mrs. Bigby had already commenced proceedings against both the brothers. The ship which carried Matthew Kennedy had reached the Downs when a warrant was sent after him, and he was brought back to be tried a second time for the murder. He was conveyed to the bar of the King's Bench on May 25, that some necessary forms might be gone through, and many persons of distinction who espoused his cause, among whom were Lord Spencer, Lord Palmerston, and George Selwyn, attended to countenance him. 'He was in double chains,' says the 'Annual Register,' 'and looked greatly dejected.' The trial was fixed for June 15. On that day the unhappy brothers were placed in the dock; but there was an omission in the pleadings, and the trial was postponed till November 6. In the interval Mrs. Bigby, whose object all along had probably been to extort money from the wealthy friends of Miss Kennedy, was appeased by the payment of 350*l.*, and the prosecution was dropped. The brothers were once more in the hands of the Crown, and Patrick was transported for fourteen years and Matthew for life. In September, 1770, when the composition with the watchman's widow had doubtless been effected, Reynolds commenced the portrait of Miss Kennedy, which was a commission from Sir C. Bunbury. 'I have finished the face,' Sir Joshua wrote to him, 'very much to my own satisfaction. It has more grace and dignity than anything I have ever done, and it is the best coloured.' The affections of the wretched woman had survived her virtue, and the painter preserved her most creditable trait—the anguish which sisterly love had imprinted on her countenance during the prolonged and bitter conflicts of hope and fear while she was struggling to rescue her brothers from their doom. Now that the history of the original is known, the picture becomes a new example of the biographic truth which Reynolds embodied in his works, and which adds so immensely to our interest in studying them.

Nine years had passed away since James Northcote touched the skirt of Sir Joshua's coat, and the young man's passion for art remained unabated and ungratified. His father discouraged his yearnings, and compelled him to drudge in the watch trade. His eldest brother, Samuel, was sent to London in 1766 to get instruction in the business, and Mr. Mudge gave him an introduction to Reynolds. 'Do go often to Reynolds's,' James wrote to him, 'that when I have the pleasure of seeing you I may hear

all about it. Mr. Mudge says he knows you are exceedingly welcome, as he is the most good-natured creature living.' Samuel was back at Plymouth in the beginning of 1771, and he agreed in May to visit London with James, who had managed to accumulate ten guineas for the trip. Half the sum was the produce of protracted savings, and half was the profit on a print from an Indian ink drawing he had made of the new assembly room and bathing-place. The travellers performed the journey on foot, and slept in village inns or hay-lofts. James was strongly recommended by Mr. Mudge to Reynolds, who often asked him to dinner, and admitted him at once to be a sort of out-door pupil. He was allowed to copy pictures when he pleased, and transported by the beautiful works around him he wrote home enthusiastically, 'I wish Polly could but see Sir Joshua's house; it is to me a heaven.' When the brothers were on their road to London, says Northcote in his Autobiography, and had reached the last hill which afforded a view of Plymouth, 'the elder looked back and expressed some regret; but the younger lost sight of its spires with pleasure inexpressible.' They retained at their journey's end the contrasted feelings with which they started. Samuel returned to Plymouth at the expiration of a week, and James was in no hurry to quit the heaven he had found. The difficulty was to live. He carried a water-colour drawing of a duck to a printseller on Ludgate Hill, who declined to purchase it, but offered to employ him in colouring prints of birds at a shilling a sheet. He earned his shilling every day, and was content to exist upon it, that he might devote the remainder of his hours to genuine art. He informed his brother that his occupation would render almost any state agreeable, and in fact his bodily sensations were well-nigh absorbed in his mental ecstasy. For two months Reynolds marked the diligence of Northcote, and, satisfied that it was not ephemeral, he volunteered to receive him into his house for five or six years. 'At first,' said Sir Joshua, 'I shall be of use to you, and then you to me; and so we shall assist each other.' Northcote was enraptured at the proposal. 'I told him,' he wrote July 25, 1771, 'that it would be the most excessive pleasure to me, but asked him if I was not too old. He said, "No; for the only objection to persons of my age was, that they were commonly too fond of dissipation, which put an end to all study; but with application it was the best time of life, because they were more capable of making observations, and a quicker progress than a boy of fourteen."' Provided with board and lodging, he was released from the slavery of colouring prints. He expected his employer to congratulate him, and was chagrined when he assailed him with a volley

of abuse. The sordid dealer was enraged at the loss of a cheap and profitable workman. The glow of happiness which Northcote felt at residing with Reynolds was kept up to the end. The result was hardly proportioned to the vehemence of his zeal. Though he was a shrewd and quick observer, his love of art was far in excess of his skill, and he does not belong to a high class of painters. He is yet a memorable instance of the success which attends upon tenacity of purpose. There hardly appeared a hope that he could ever be emancipated from his father's calling. In his aspirations to become an artist he had everything to do for himself, and could effect so little that he was twenty-five years old before he could raise the ten guineas which enabled him to go to London. His miserable subsistence on a shilling a day did not abate his resolution to maintain the struggle. To paint was sufficient luxury for him, and his whole career was an exemplification of the same perseverance. He never composed his pictures with facility, and to the last he might be said to carry on a contest of will against power. Happily, in art, as in literature, there is room for many grades of proficiency, and he gained both reputation and fortune.

In 1773 Reynolds exhibited his best historical picture, the 'Ugolino.' 'It leaves nothing to be desired,' says Mr. Leslie, 'except that it had never been painted;' for it passes beyond the bounds of the pathetic into the horrible. 'I can conceive,' Mr. Leslie proceeds, 'no finer treatment of the subject. In looking at it we are entirely absorbed in the story, and yet the art, the whole arrangement, whether of form or colour, of light or shade, is the best possible.' The criticism of Allan Cunningham is widely different: 'The lofty and stern sufferer of Dante appears on Reynolds's canvas like a famished mendicant, deficient in any commanding qualities of intellect, and regardless of his dying children who cluster round his knees.' Mr. Cunningham has missed the thought which was in the mind of the painter. 'Every being,' says Fuseli, 'seized by an enormous passion, be it joy or grief, or fear sunk to despair, is absorbed by the power of the feature that attracts it. Ugolino is petrified by the fate that swept the stripling at his foot, and sweeps in pangs the rest.' Reynolds was familiar with the principle. He adopted it in the portrait of Lady Scarsdale to express the highest measure of maternal tenderness and thanksgiving, as he adopted it in the Ugolino to depict the extremity of paternal desperation. He exhibited a larger historical picture in 1779. This was the Nativity, which he painted as a design for the chapel window at New College. The original was burnt at Belvoir Castle, and was a masterpiece of colour. Sir Joshua

borrowed from Correggio the idea of making the Saviour the source of a supernatural light, 'but his execution,' says Northcote, 'both in manner and circumstance gave it the effect of novelty.' Though radiant with splendour, Reynolds, says Farington, had managed the colour with such exquisite skill that the 'whole appeared a scene of holy mystery; nor could the imagination have been more powerfully affected if the same scene had been illustrated by the forms of Michael Angelo and Raphael.\*

Sir Joshua continued to produce historical pictures at intervals. The labour he bestowed upon them was a contrast to the ease with which he struck off his portraits, and he himself said that they 'cost him too dear.' Fuseli mentions that he witnessed the 'weekly progress' of the *Dido*, which was exhibited in 1781, and 'knew the throes which it cost its author before it emerged into the beauty, or was divided into the powerful masses of chiaroscuro, which strikes us now.' The loveliness of the dying queen excited universal admiration. 'Riveted,' says Fuseli, 'to supreme beauty in the jaws of death, we pay little attention to the subordinate parts, and scorn, when recovered from sympathy and anguish, to expatiate in cold criticisms on their unfitness or impotence.' The *Infant Hercules*, which Reynolds painted for the Empress of Russia, gave him more trouble than the rest. Crabbe, the poet, visited him in his studio while the picture was in progress, and Sir Joshua told him that he was then engaged upon his fourth attempt. The final effort was exhibited in 1788, and had, says Northcote, 'the most splendid effect of any picture I ever saw.' 'It possesses,' says Barry, 'all that we are accustomed to admire in Rembrandt, united to beautiful forms and an elevation of mind to which Rembrandt had no pretensions. The prophetic agitation of Tiresias, and Juno, enveloped with clouds, hanging over the scene like a black pestilence, can never

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\* Reynolds designed some admirable allegorical figures, which are now in the gallery of Lord Normanton, for the lights below the central compartment, and among them were the three Christian virtues,—Faith, Hope, and Charity—enjoined by St. Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians. 'The Charity,' says Haydon, 'may take its place triumphantly by the side of any Correggio upon earth.' The personification consists of a lovely woman, with a child hanging to her neck, and two elder children, a boy and a girl, who stand at her feet. The central figure was called by an anonymous critic the mother, and Allan Cunningham, who evidently confounded charity with almsgiving, from forgetting at the moment that it was used in our authorised version of the Corinthians in its primitive sense of love, asks, 'Where is the charity in a mother taking charge of her own children?' Reynolds may have intended to represent a mother and her children as the type of the strongest and purest love which earth can afford, or he may have selected the children for the objects of a maidenly affection, as being from their innocence the most loveable part of mankind. Whichever way the design is understood, the sentiment conveyed by the picture is that of a love deep, beautiful, and holy.

be too much admired, and are indeed truly sublime.' The opinion of Dr. Waagen, who has seen it in recent years, is little less favourable. 'He praises,' according to Mr. Taylor, 'the dramatic life of the whole composition, and says that the picture need not fear comparison with Rembrandt for the depth, warmth, and golden-toned clearness of the colouring.' The child in the act of strangling the serpents was the gem of the piece. Fuseli, who looked upon the surrounding personages as a 'motley mob,' asserts that there is no Infant Hercules in ancient or modern art which can bear comparison with the 'tremendous superiority of conception and style' in the Infant Hercules of Reynolds. 'Like the infants,' he says, 'of Michael Angelo and the ancients, it teems with the man, but without the sacrifice of puerility observable in them.' He thought that it would be difficult to imagine anything 'loftier or more appropriate than the magnitude of form, irresistibility of grasp, indignant disdain, and sportive ease of action,' which denoted the demigod. The heroic contempt, the superfluity of strength, were marvellously rendered, and entitle this figure to a high rank among the masterpieces of Reynolds.

In spite of superb colour and partial beauties, the historical pictures of Sir Joshua are seldom satisfactory as a whole. He has remarked that a single figure should be as much as possible a complete composition, which will never unite with a group; as, on the other hand, no figure of a well-designed group will stand by itself. From want of practice, he lacked facility in the arrangement of complicated pieces. His imperfect acquaintance with the human form in its varied positions increased the embarrassment; and he often met the difficulty by culling ready-made bits from the old masters. Hence, as Northcote says, the groups 'frequently consist of borrowed parts, which are not always suited to each other.' Even his magical power of depicting grace, dignity, and mind were apt to forsake him. He had been accustomed to portraiture, and when he endeavoured to keep clear of personal peculiarities and draw typical countenances they became, as he said of Rubens's heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, 'neither a good representation of individual or general nature.' The expressive details were fined away, and sentiment and character disappeared in the process.

The University of Oxford offered its tribute to the illustrious President by conferring on him, in 1773, the degree of D.C.L. He was one of a batch of fifteen; and Sir Joshua and Dr. Beattie were the only persons out of the number who were loudly applauded. He frequently painted himself afterwards in his academic dress, partly, perhaps, for its pictorial effect, and partly

because he prized honorary titles. 'Distinction,' he said, 'is what we all seek after; and the world does set a value on them, and I go with the great stream of life.' When Ferguson, the self-educated astronomer, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, he exclaimed, 'Ah! I do not want honour; I want bread.' Reynolds replied, that 'to obtain honours was the means to obtain bread:' which is commonly true when the badge is held in estimation by the public, and he who receives it has proportionate merit. A compliment which Sir Joshua rated higher than his degree was paid him the same year. He was chosen Mayor of Plympton. He told the King, who met him walking in Richmond Gardens, that it gave him more pleasure than any other honour he had ever received. As he uttered the words he remembered his knighthood, and added, 'except that which your Majesty was pleased to bestow upon me.' When he was elected an alderman the year before, Northcote's brother expressed his surprise that the great painter should wish to diversify his pursuits with 'the corrupt transactions of a dirty borough.' 'He perhaps retains,' continued Samuel Northcote, 'somewhat of the ideas he had of a Plymouth alderman when he was a boy, looking up to them all as persons of dignity.' This was the simple solution of the mystery. 'Every man,' said Johnson, 'has a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place,' and the exaggerated impressions which remain from childhood are the cause. On his accession to the mayoralty, Reynolds presented his portrait to the corporation, and requested that it might be hung in a good situation. He was informed in reply that it had been put between two old pictures, which acted as a foil, and set it off to great advantage. The two old pictures were portraits of naval officers which he himself had painted before he went to Italy. Wilkie, who saw them in 1809, said, that 'for composition they were as fine as anything he ever did afterwards.'

The art of Reynolds was in full bloom at this date, and it was the period when he was exposed to the severest competition by the arrival of Gainsborough in London in 1774, and the return of Romney from Italy in July, 1775. Romney had acquired considerable reputation before he left England for the Continent in March, 1773. When he got back he became the fashion and divided the town with Reynolds. The supremacy of Sir Joshua, we learn from Farington, was never for an instant questioned by the profession. The opposition was composed exclusively of people ignorant of art. The parents of Miss Bowles intended that she should sit to Romney, and Sir George Beaumont advised them to go to Reynolds. 'But,' they objected, 'his pic-

tures fade.' 'No matter,' replied Sir George, 'take the chance; even a faded picture from Reynolds will be the finest thing you can have.'\* Sir George Beaumont spoke the sentiments of the enlightened part of the world. Much of the custom of Romney with the uninstructed was due to his cheapness. In 1785 his charge for a head, half-length, and whole-length was twenty, forty, and eighty guineas; whereas Reynolds could venture in 1781, when the race was the closest, to raise his prices to fifty, one hundred, and two hundred guineas, or considerably more than double the scale of his antagonist. The contest at last was decided by acclamation in favour of Sir Joshua. 'One by one,' says Farington, 'his rivals dropped into their true situation, and before the conclusion of his life it was universally acknowledged that he had no equal.' While the two factions disputed he looked on with his usual serene wisdom. 'He proceeded calmly and unruffled,' says Farington, 'to correct the errors of his professional practice, and left others to debate upon his merits and deficiencies. Whether his popularity was greater or less, whether his pictures were more or less in request, it seemed to be unnoticed by him.' According to Edwards, in his '*Anecdotes of Painting*,' Romney did not preserve equal composure. The second premium of the Society of Arts had been awarded him in 1763 for a picture of the death of Wolfe. Reynolds, with the unanimous concurrence of the profession, contended that Mortimer was entitled to the prize, and the original decision was revoked. 'The circumstance,' says Edwards, 'fixed a lasting impression of disgust upon the mind of Romney against Sir Joshua.' This may be doubted, for Romney himself told Hayley that Mortimer's picture was 'strikingly the superior' and that Reynolds advocated its claims with 'great justice.' When Romney rose to celebrity his language continued to be generous. A knot of his intimate friends criticised the *Infant Hercules* in his hearing. 'Gentlemen,' interposed Romney, 'I have listened to all you have said: some observations are true, and some nonsense, but no other man in Europe could paint such a picture.' He was assured that his portrait of Mrs. Siddons was thought finer than the portrait by Reynolds. 'The people,' he answered, 'know nothing of the matter, for it is not.' His general praise of Sir Joshua's works was lofty in the extreme, and his reputed aversion to the man was probably a false inference from his morbid habits in shunning the companionship of his brethren.

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\* The portrait has stood perfectly, and may now be seen in undimmed beauty in the collection of the Marquess of Hertford. 'It is a matchless work,' says Mr. Leslie, 'and would have immortalized Reynolds had he never painted anything else.'

From July 24th to September 16th, 1781, Reynolds was absent from London on a tour through Holland and the Netherlands. His admirable criticisms on the Dutch and Flemish painters were mostly written during this journey. He was fascinated by the gorgeous hues of Rubens, and on his return he thought the colouring of his own pictures deficient in force. He made another excursion to the Low Countries in 1783, when the works of Rubens appeared less brilliant than before. On his first trip he jotted down his remarks in a note-book as he stood opposite the pictures, and he conceived that the white paper formed a foil to the colours on the canvas and imparted to them unusual warmth. In the interval between his visits he emulated the fuller tones of Rubens, and Northcote believed that the difference in Sir Joshua's impressions, when he went back to the Netherlands, was chiefly occasioned by this change in his practice. That white has the effect of refreshing the eye, and rendering it more sensitive to colour, is an ascertained fact; but the contrasts dependent upon previous experience have a greater effect still. The magnificence of the Flemish masterpieces was not tried by the same standard on the second visit as on the first, and the richness of Rubens seemed diminished because that of Reynolds himself had increased. The notorious influence of the imagination in exaggerating to the memory the beauties which originally struck us with surprise would alone have caused the pictures to fall below his expectations when he renewed his acquaintance with them.

In 1784 Reynolds exhibited his *Mrs. Siddons* as the Tragic Muse, which was said by Barry to be 'both for the ideal and executive the finest picture, perhaps, of the kind in the world,' and which Lawrence pronounced to be indubitably the finest female portrait ever painted. Stothard said that *Mrs. Siddons* had the most exquisite union of feature and expression he had ever beheld. Notwithstanding her commanding person, she had, in her youth, a face of such delicacy and refinement that he thought her far lovelier when seen close in a room than when seen from a distance on the stage. Lawrence had the same opinion of her superlative charms; for when he contended that no countenance was so perfect as not to require some correction from the artist, he remarked, that 'even in the majestic head of *Mrs. Siddons* there were parts which did not appear to belong to her.' Her extraordinary beauty and genius stimulated Reynolds to unusual exertion. 'The picture kept him,' says Northcote, 'quite in a fever,' and he had never been known to betray equal anxiety about any of his works. *Mrs. Jameson* relates that at the first sitting Sir Joshua led *Mrs. Siddons* to the platform, and said,



said, 'Ascend your undisputed throne; bestow on me some idea of the Tragic Muse!' 'I walked up the steps,' added Mrs. Siddons, in repeating the incident, 'and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears.' She told the same story in substance to Miss Fanshawe, who recorded it in her journal immediately afterwards. On the other hand, Mrs. Siddons informed Mr. Phillips, the painter, that Sir Joshua had begun the head and figure in a different point of view; that while he was preparing some colour she changed her position to look at a picture, and that the present portrait was the result. Neither of these contradictory anecdotes can be strictly correct. The general idea of the composition was manifestly suggested by the Isaiah of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and Reynolds must have worked from the outset upon the plan he had framed in his own mind. Mrs. Siddons believed that it was solely through her interference that the Tragic Muse was arrayed in solemn robes. She assured Sir Martin Shee that Sir Joshua was only prevented by her entreaties 'from tricking her out in all the colours of the rainbow.' Mr. Leslie concludes that she was mistaken. Either her memory deceived her, or she had misunderstood the intentions of the painter. The whole of her recollections with respect to the picture were confused and inaccurate, unless the errors were due to the reporters of her conversation. She stated to Miss Fanshawe that the original portrait was in the Dulwich Gallery, and that she did not think that the duplicate in the Gallery of the Marquis of Westminster was from the pencil of Sir Joshua at all. It is well known that the picture of Lord Westminster is genuine, that it was not a duplicate but the original, and that it is much superior to the repetitions. 'It hangs,' said M. De la Roche, the French painter, 'opposite to one of the finest works of Titian, and it is impossible to say which is best, but each reflects lustre on the other.'

The days of Reynolds continued to flow on with a prosperity which seemed almost exempt from the common casualties of life. With the exception of his slight paralytic attack, in 1782, he had been hardly acquainted with illness. He was congratulated at the age of sixty-six on his healthy and youthful appearance, and he replied that he felt as he looked. Just at this time the scene suddenly changed. In July 1789 his left eye became affected by gutta serena, and in a few weeks the sight had perished. There was reason to believe that the right eye was ready to give way, and the hazard of exerting it compelled Reynolds to abandon his profession. Artists had usually painted sitting till Reynolds introduced the custom of painting standing. His object in the change was that he might be able to see the

effect of his work by stepping backwards. Malone supposed that the habit had answered the additional end of protecting Reynolds from the evils of a sedentary calling. His sedentary life, however, was probably the cause of his malady, which was subsequently found to be associated with derangement of the liver. He was neither a tippler nor a glutton, but he ate and drank freely, while he took little exercise beyond what the practice of his art afforded. His excellent constitution had been slowly gathering the seeds of disease, and when the crisis arrived the mischief had proceeded too far to be checked.

'In the fifteen years,' says Malone, 'during which I had the pleasure of living with Sir Joshua on terms of great intimacy, he appeared to me the happiest man I had ever known.' Boswell shared the impression, and Johnson quoted him as an instance of a thinking person who was never troubled with melancholy, but was the same all the year round. He was now deprived of his life-long occupation in a moment. He had early adopted the maxim that 'the great principle of being happy was not to be affected by small things.' He showed in his closing days that he could apply the principle under grievous affliction. He made the most of the resources which remained to him. He looked with the old enthusiasm at the master-pieces in his gallery, he occasionally cleaned and touched a damaged picture, and he found some occupation in the business of the Academy. Mr. Leslie remarks that his fondness for birds appeared by the manner in which he introduced them into his pictures, and he solaced part of his weary leisure with a little bird he had tamed. His favourite flew away, and he wandered for hours round Leicester Square in the fruitless hope of reclaiming it. He was fortunate in his domestic circumstances. When his sister left his house he had the two Miss Palmers, his nieces, for inmates. One had since become Mrs. Gwatkin; the other, afterwards Marchioness of Thomond, remained to tend upon him with assiduous affection. His friends gathered round him, and strove to beguile the tedium of his existence. He had all the amusement which could be derived from dinners, conversation, whist, and country visits. To some his social ease might seem an enviable lot, but a perpetual holiday was a heavy burthen to a man whose profession had been his pleasure for fifty years.

In the midst of his trials a painful incident took place at the Academy. The professorship of Perspective had long been vacant, which Reynolds thought was much to the discredit of the institution. He endeavoured in vain for some years to get the office filled by a competent person. He at length became acquainted with M. Bonomi, a foreigner, who was a proficient

in the theory and practice of the science. None but Academicians were eligible to the post; and when it was proposed, as the first step towards the necessary qualification, to elect M. Bonomi an associate, he was only chosen by the casting vote of the President. The opposition was stronger still when M. Bonomi became a candidate for the full honours of the Academy. An obscure pamphleteer of the time, from whom Northcote borrowed his account, alleged that Reynolds espoused the interests of Bonomi out of deference to the Earl of Aylesford, and this supposition, which was a mere pretence to excuse a factious proceeding, is repeated by Farington. The circumstances completely contradict the imputation that Sir Joshua, to oblige a friend, had tried to force an unworthy member upon the Academy. Long before M. Bonomi was heard of, Reynolds had repeatedly urged the duty of finding a Professor. He insisted that merit, and not favour, should determine the choice, and he supported a resolution, which was carried in the Council, that the candidates should send specimens of their abilities in perspective draughtsmanship. Bonomi furnished two drawings, which Barry said 'would do honour to the greatest academy in the world,' and Mr. Leslie, who had seen them, bears witness 'that they fully deserved the praise.' The true cause of the unworthy cabal appears to have been the jealousy which frequently instigated Sir William Chambers to oppose his influence to that of the President. The election of the new academician was fixed for Feb. 10, 1790, and a large majority, under the leadership of Chambers, voted against Bonomi. In the excitement of the contest they treated Reynolds with gross discourtesy, and his self-respect compelled him to resign his office. As he himself said 'he was *driven* from the chair.' He drew up a statement of the case for publication, but the academicians did not dare to justify their conduct, and before he could print his defence, they passed a resolution in which they virtually admitted that they were in the wrong. Sir Joshua was highly gratified. He immediately withdrew his resignation, and the reconciliation on all sides seems to have been hearty and sincere. He was conscious that his remaining reign could not be long. He delivered his final Discourse on Dec. 10, 1790, when he informed his auditors that 'his age, and his infirmities still more than his age,' would probably never permit him to address them again. His Lecture was chiefly devoted to the mighty master from whom he had derived in his youth his highest inspiration, and he wound up with saying, that the last words he wished to pronounce from the chair of the Academy was the name of Michael Angelo.

His disorders made rapid progress. Miss Burney saw him in July, 1791, when he was greatly dejected by the apprehension that the failing sight of the right eye would soon consign him to total darkness. The enormous enlargement of his liver, which was overlooked by his physicians, was the secret cause of a deeper melancholy. His wonted cheerfulness forsook him, and his friends could no longer dissipate his abiding despondency. In December he was aware that death was approaching. A friend tried to comfort him with the hope of returning health, and he answered, 'I know that all things on earth must have an end, and I have come to mine.' His composure returned when he became sensible that his departure was at hand. 'Nothing,' wrote Burke on Jan. 26, 1792, 'can equal the tranquillity with which he views his end. He congratulates himself on it as a happy conclusion to a happy life.' Enthusiasm for his art had enticed him in his prosperity into a partial neglect of his religious duties. His sister, Mrs. Johnson, had earnestly remonstrated with him for painting on Sundays; and the last request of his dying friend, Dr. Johnson, was that he would give up his Sunday painting and read his Bible. But though he sometimes relaxed in his strictness his reverence remained. 'All this excellence,' he said, in his notice of Moser, the Keeper of the Royal Academy, 'had a firm foundation. He was a man of a sincere and ardent piety, and has left an illustrious example of the exactness with which the subordinate duties may be expected to be discharged by him whose first care is to please God.' Such was the creed of Reynolds in 1783; and with his simple mind and sweet disposition, we might be sure that he had never relinquished the faith in which he had been trained by his father. 'He had from the beginning of his malady,' said Burke, 'a distinct view of his dissolution,' and the peaceful hope with which he looked forward to the consummation continued with him to the last. He died on the evening of Feb. 23, 1792.

He had requested that he might be buried, without expense, in St. Paul's cathedral. Burke and the other executors were of opinion that the brilliant era he had created in art demanded a public funeral. His body was removed to the academy at Somerset House, and on Saturday, March 3, a long procession of men of eminence and rank followed the remains of the great and good President to the tomb. The shops were closed, and a vast concourse of people lined the streets, and thronged the houses. 'Everything,' wrote Burke, 'turned out fortunately for poor Sir Joshua from the moment of his birth to the hour I saw him laid in the earth. Never was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern of all sorts of people.'

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'He was not,' Burke added, 'altogether indifferent to this kind of observance,' and it pleased his friends that the solemn honours accorded to his memory were exactly what would have gratified him if he could have witnessed the scene. When the academicians returned to Somerset House Burke entered the room, and endeavoured to thank them in the name of the family. His eloquent voice was stifled by his feelings, and bursting into tears he withdrew. He had already paid his tribute to the man and the painter. He sent a notice of him to the papers the day after his death, and the brief sketch displays the greatness of style and thought which characterised every sentence that proceeded from Burke.\*

'Reynolds,' says Malone, 'was in stature rather under the middle size; of a florid complexion, and a lively and pleasing aspect, well made, and extremely active.' His numerous portraits of himself have rendered his mild intelligent face familiar to everybody. His only peculiarity of expression was the searching look of the eye with which he scanned strangers, like a person accustomed to read the character in the countenance. His qualities were so admirable that Malone, after

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\* Northcote says that Reynolds expected Burke, Malone, or Boswell, to write his Life. 'I think,' Northcote adds, 'his chief dependence was on Burke.' This could be only conjecture, for Sir Joshua, who never alluded to his own merits, would certainly not have avowed his expectation that the most illustrious man of that generation would turn aside from his political pursuits to hand him down to posterity. Allan Cunningham improves the remark of Northcote into a heinous charge against Burke. He asserts that Reynolds 'sought to secure Burke's service by a donation of four thousand pounds,' and that when the donor's 'pen could no longer sign away thousands, he was neglected or forgotten by persons who had followed or flattered him.' That Burke understood the legacy to be a retaining fee for a biography, that he took the money and broke the compact, is pure imagination. His language makes it manifest that the idea had never been intimated to him by Reynolds, nor had ever crossed his own mind. He believed himself to be quite unqualified for the task, and said that to go beyond his obituary notice would require an acquaintance with the details of art which he did not possess. The bequest to him is explained by Sir Joshua's knowledge of his embarrassments, and by the pride and gratitude which Sir Joshua felt for the devoted friendship of such a man. The friendship did not cease with the death of the President. He was neither 'neglected' nor 'forgotten' by Burke, who cherished his memory with tender affection. There is a second erroneous statement by Allan Cunningham which would seem to give a colour to the improbable notion that Sir Joshua had relied upon his Life being written by one of two or three men who were ignorant of painting. 'To them,' says, Mr. Cunningham, 'Reynolds had opened up all his knowledge, and for their use he had made memorandums concerning his practice, all calculated to direct the pen and shorten the labour of the biographer.' His memorandums consisted of what Malone describes as a rough sketch of an Academy Discourse, which the President did not live to deliver, and of some scanty notes, for the most part of early date, which he jotted down roughly to assist his own memory. In his long leisure, when he would have been glad of any enticing pursuit, he omitted to record the smallest particular for his biographers, and his apathy would imply that the subject had never occupied his thoughts.

describing them, thinks it natural for readers to ask, 'Were there no failings?' To this question he answers in the words of Burke, 'I do not know a fault or weakness of his that he did not convert into something that bordered on a virtue, instead of pushing it to the confines of a vice.' 'Sir Joshua Reynolds,' said Johnson, when pronouncing a eulogy on him to Boswell, 'is the most invulnerable man I know; a man with whom, if you should quarrel, you will find the most difficulty how to abuse.'\* Northcote, who was never over-lenient in his judgments, acknowledged that Sir Joshua 'was as free from defects as any man;' and Mrs. Thrale, when writing rhyming characters of her friends in no kindly spirit, was obliged to admit that his general excellence and charm were only alloyed by a single want:

'Of Reynolds all good should be said and no harm,  
 Though his heart is too frigid, the pencil too warm; "  
 Yet each fault from his converse we still must disclaim,  
 As his temper 'tis peaceful, and pure as his fame;  
 Nothing in it o'erflows, nothing ever is wanting;  
 It nor chills like his kindness, nor glows like his painting.'

He did not, we learn from himself, wear his feelings outside. 'I never,' he wrote to his niece Theophila Palmer, 'was a great professor of love and affection, and therefore I never told you how much I loved you.' Nor was he undistinguishing in his intimacies, and the flighty and eccentric Welshwoman was among the last persons he would have selected for his especial regard. But that his heart was not 'frigid,' though his manners were calm, is demonstrated beyond cavil by the warmth of affection he excited in his friends. He had been dead for five years when Burke put down his thoughts on him for the use of Malone, and as he wrote he blotted the paper with his tears. Malone himself was accustomed to make notes of remarkable sayings and facts. He concluded his memoranda on Feb. 28, 1792, with an imperfect account of the last illness of Reynolds. A blank of three years and a half then occurs in his manuscript, and in August, 1795, he resumed his old habit, with the remark that he had left off the practice in the interval to avoid the pain of reverting to the death of Sir Joshua. No 'frigid' heart was ever mourned so acutely and so long. Those who had passed away before him had equally felt the depth and

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\* Allan Cunningham misunderstood the observation. 'The cold and cautious nature,' he says, 'of Reynolds rendered him in the opinion of Johnson almost invulnerable.' Johnson, as Boswell expressly states, was speaking of Sir Joshua in a strain of high panegyric; and he called him 'invulnerable,' because he was nearly faultless. To have said that he was 'invulnerable,' because he was callous and calculating, would have been censure instead of praise.

truth of his attachment. He had been ill in 1764; and Johnson, on hearing of his recovery, wrote to him: 'If I should lose you, I should lose almost the only person whom I call a friend.' Goldsmith told the public that his sole motive in dedicating the '*Deserted Village*' to Reynolds, was 'to indulge his affections.' 'The only dedication,' Goldsmith continues, 'I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.' 'Cold hand, warm heart,' has passed into a proverb; and Reynolds is an example that, if often false, it is sometimes signally true. The imputation of Mrs. Thrale, like so many others, entirely fails. Not one serious charge has yet been brought against Sir Joshua, whether in malice or misapprehension, from which he cannot be triumphantly defended; and we may adopt almost literally the loving couplet of Goldsmith,—

'Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,  
He has not left a wiser or better behind.'

ART. V.—*The Albert Nyanza; Great Basin of the Nile, and exploration of the Nile Sources.* By Samuel White Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. London, 1866.

WE hail with pleasure the appearance of this record of Mr. Baker's expedition in search of the great lake in Equatorial Africa, in the endeavour to reach which he spent nearly four years of his enterprising life. The undertaking involved an almost unparalleled amount of anxiety and difficulty, but it was ultimately crowned with complete success. He fitted out entirely at his own expense a costly expedition, receiving no pecuniary support whatever either from the public or the Government, and it has resulted in some very important additions to our knowledge of Equatorial Africa, and more particularly of the Basin of the Nile. In a former number of the '*Quarterly Review*,'\* we were enabled to refer, but only in a very cursory manner, to the successful labours of this most energetic explorer. If we were, and still are, unable to assent to all the conclusions which Mr. Baker drew from his discovery, we must at all events emphatically express our high appreciation of the qualities which enabled him to

\* No. 237.

triumph over difficulties which would have daunted most other men, and to accomplish the great object of his exploration. Mr. Baker had not been unknown to fame before this crowning exploit of his adventurous career. As a sportsman, a traveller, and a geographer, he has gathered laurels in other lands. He has hunted the elephant in Ceylon, pursued the giraffe in Southern Africa, and explored the tributaries of the Blue Nile in Abyssinia. In investigating the phenomena connected with the Nile, he conclusively proved, that however remote the source of the river may be, the annual inundation, and consequently the fertility of Lower Egypt, are chiefly caused by the Blue Nile and the Atbara, which drain the whole of Eastern Abyssinia, and pour their impetuous floods for three months into the great river of Egypt at and below Khartoum. A special interest, however, attaches to the expedition of Mr. Baker in search of the lake of the existence of which he was informed by Captain Speke. He was accompanied in his wanderings by his youthful wife, who cheered and sustained him throughout the whole of his arduous journey. It is almost inconceivable how an European lady, brought up in the midst of refinement, could have survived the hardships and privations inseparable from four years of African travel. To her spirit and perseverance Mr. Baker, nevertheless, attributes his success. Prostrated as he often was by fever, and exhausted by fatigue, he owes his life, he says, to her care, while, weary and footsore, she followed him with unflagging energy but often with faltering steps, until the great object of his expedition had been attained.

It would be impossible within the space to which we are restricted to follow Mr. Baker in detail throughout his long wanderings. We can only, therefore, present a slight sketch of his extraordinary journey. It may, however, be mentioned in passing that his contributions to ethnology and natural history are also valuable and important, and the sportsman will find amusement in the animated narratives of the hunting expeditions, by which Mr. Baker was enabled to relieve the tedium of his long residence among savage tribes in the interior of Africa.

In March, 1861, Mr. Baker organised the expedition by which he hoped, he says, to reach the 'sources of the Nile,' or at least to verify the discoveries of his precursors in the task of tracing the great river to its fountain-head. Captains Speke and Grant were at that time believed to be on their route to England from the south, supposing that they had succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of crossing Equatorial Africa. Mr. Baker had promised to meet them with supplies at Gondokoro, and he proposed to himself to turn to account any information which they



might communicate, thinking it probable that he might be enabled to complete their explorations should they have been compelled by circumstances to leave them unfinished. To Gondokoro accordingly Mr. Baker proceeded by a tedious boat-journey up the Nile from Khartoum. The country through which he passed he describes as a dismal wilderness of reeds, which exclude from the sight every object which can suggest even the idea of civilisation. There is absolutely nothing living to be seen from the river. Even the hippopotami and crocodiles are concealed by the gigantic rushes which rise on both sides of the stream; and day after day were passed in threading a labyrinth of marshes penetrated by a sluggish river, itself covered with floating vegetation. The voyage from Khartoum to Gondokoro must have tried the temper alike of man and beast, for the horses, donkeys, and camels turned vicious, and bit and fought with each other in the boats. This portion of the Nile is, Mr. Baker says, perfectly 'heart-breaking.' The occasional capture of a hippopotamus may perhaps somewhat alleviate the misery of the voyage. Mr. Baker appears to have found this animal especially valuable in a culinary sense. Hippopotamus soup, he says, bears the same relation to turtle soup that real turtle does to mock turtle. By boiling the fat, flesh and skin together, a most sumptuous repast is produced; the thick skin of the hippopotamus assuming the appearance of the green fat of the turtle, but being infinitely superior. After this announcement it is possible that the hippopotamus may hereafter be heard of elsewhere than in the Zoological Gardens. Gondokoro (lat.  $4^{\circ} 55' N.$ ) is merely a station for ivory traders, and is occupied only for about two months in the year. The natives of the country, the Barri tribe, are chiefly remarkable for their ferocity and for the skill with which they construct their poisoned weapons. The most virulent poison is derived from the root of a tree, the milky juice of which yields a resin that is smeared over the arrow. The juice of the euphorbia, boiled to the consistence of tar, is also used. The effect of the poison is to corrode the flesh, which, after severe inflammation, drops off the bone. The arrows are barbed with diabolical ingenuity, being made with pointed heads fitting into sockets, which become detached from the arrows on an attempt being made to withdraw them; thus the barb remains in the wound, and the poison is rapidly absorbed. These people have no hesitation in shooting an arrow at any stranger whom they happen to see. Gondokoro is a *dépôt* for the slave trade, the existence of which still disgraces the government of the Egyptian Viceroy, and Mr. Baker was not unreasonably regarded at Khartoum as a spy of the British Government.

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Whenever he approached the encampments of the 'ivory traders' he heard the clanking of chains, as the slaves were being driven into their places of concealment. At Gondokoro Mr. Baker's first serious difficulty occurred. His escort and porters mutinied, but were brought back to their duty by a well-timed display of Mr. Baker's personal prowess, and in all his subsequent differences with his followers he never had occasion to use a more effective instrument of coercion than his fist. Indeed the ringleader of the émeute, after his 'punishment,' protested that no one would be so true as himself, and that, in any conflict with the natives, every arrow should pass through his body before it reached that of his respected commander.

On February 16th, 1863, firing was suddenly heard in the distance. Speke and Grant were approaching Gondokoro, and their followers were discharging their muskets by way of rejoicing.

'When I first met them,' says Mr. Baker, 'they were walking along the bank of the river towards my boats. At a distance of about a hundred yards I recognised my old friend Speke, and with a heart beating with joy I took off my cap and gave a welcome hurrah! as I ran towards him. For the moment he did not recognise me; ten years' growth of beard and moustache had worked a change; and as I was totally unexpected, my sudden appearance in the centre of Africa appeared to him incredible. I hardly required an introduction to his companion, as we felt already acquainted, and after the transports of this happy meeting we walked together to my diahbiah; my men surrounding us with smoke and noise by keeping up an unremitting fire of musketry the whole way. We were shortly seated on deck under the awning, and such rough fare as could be hastily prepared was set before these two ragged, careworn specimens of African travel, whom I looked upon with feelings of pride as my own countrymen. As a good ship arrives in harbour, battered and torn by a long and stormy voyage, yet sound in her frame and seaworthy to the last, so both these gallant travellers arrived in Gondokoro. Speke appeared the more worn of the two; he was excessively lean, but in reality he was in good tough condition; he had walked the whole way from Zanzibar, never having once ridden during that wearying march. Grant was in honourable rags; his bare knees projecting through the remnants of trowsers that were an exhibition of rough industry in tailor's work. He was looking tired and feverish, but both men had a fire in the eye that showed the spirit that had led them through.'

Mr. Baker heard from Captain Speke of the existence of a lake, which he termed the Little Luta Nzigè, but of which the native name proved to be the 'M'wootan N'zige,' into which the river which Speke had partially traced from the Victoria

Nyanza was said to fall, a statement which he had been unable to verify. This information at once determined Mr. Baker to endeavour to reach the lake, which he conceived must have a very important relation to the Nile, if it did not ultimately prove to be its actual source.

The difficulties of African travel consist less in the hostility of the native tribes than in the dishonesty, treachery, and cowardice of the porters and the armed escort. The head of an exploring party has constantly to contend with disobedience, and to suppress incipient mutiny. After a few days' march from Gondokoro the expedition was reduced to a mere remnant, and Mr. Baker became dependent upon a band of slave dealers, who called themselves Turkish traders, for the means of prosecuting his travels. By presents and cajolery he won over the chief of this party of brigands, and, although an unwilling witness to many acts of atrocious wickedness, he marched with them through countries which with his reduced escort he could not have ventured to enter.

The people of the Latooka country, to the south of Gondokoro, where Mr. Baker was under the necessity of remaining several months, present a favourable contrast to the other tribes of the White Nile. They are a fine, frank, and intelligent race, very different from the crafty savages that he had previously met with. This superiority is attributed to their affinity with the Gallas, one of the highest types of the native African. Cattle constitute the chief wealth of the country, and so rich are the Latookas in oxen that from ten to twelve thousand are constantly housed in the principal villages.

The only covering of the natives is a head-dress, the body being completely nude, but upon this single article of clothing the most elaborate care is employed.

'It is common,' Mr. Baker says, 'to observe among these wild savages the consummate vanity displayed in their head-dresses. Every tribe has a distinct and unchanging fashion for dressing the hair; and so elaborate is the *coiffure* that hair-dressing is reduced to a science. European ladies would be startled at the fact, that to perfect the *coiffure* of a man requires a period of from eight to ten years! However tedious the operation, the result is extraordinary. The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets, all of which are formed of their own hair; and are of course, fixtures. At first sight it appears incredible, but a minute examination shows the wonderful perseverance of years in producing what must be highly inconvenient. The thick crisp wool is woven with fine twine, formed from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick net-work of felt. As the hair grows through this matted substance it is subjected to the same process, until, in the course of years, a compact substance is formed like a

strong felt, about an inch and a half thick, that has been trained into the shape of a helmet. A strong rim, of about two inches deep, is formed by sewing it together with thread; and the front part of the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper; while a piece of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre and about a foot in length, forms the crest. The framework of the helmet being at length completed, it must be perfected by an arrangement of beads, should the owner of the head be sufficiently rich to indulge in the coveted distinction. The beads most in fashion are the red and the blue porcelain, about the size of small peas. These are sewn on the surface of the felt, and so beautifully arranged in sections of blue and red that the entire helmet appears to be formed of beads; and the handsome crest of polished copper, surmounted by ostrich plumes, gives a most dignified and martial appearance to this elaborate head-dress. No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowrie-shells stitched around the rim so as to form a solid edge.'

The women of Latooka are exceedingly plain, but seldom under four feet seven inches in height, with enormous limbs. They wear false hair like horses' tails, made of fine twine smeared with grease, and red ochre to give it the fashionable colour. The passion for beads, the jewelry of Africa, is also strong. It was most amusing, Mr. Baker says, to witness the Chief's delight at a string of fifty little 'berrets' (opal beads of the size of marbles), and which had been introduced into the country for the first time, and were accordingly highly prized. They were inspected with undisguised delight, but the Chief requested another string of them for his wife.

'Accordingly,' Mr. Baker continues, 'a present for the lady was added to the already large pile of beads that lay heaped upon the carpet. After surveying his treasures with pride, he heaved a deep sigh, and turning to the interpreter he said, "What a row there will be in the family when my other wives see Bokké (his head wife) dressed up with this finery. Tell the 'Mattat' that unless he gives necklaces for each of my other wives, they will fight!" Accordingly I asked him the number of the ladies which made him anxious. He deliberately began to count upon his fingers, and having exhausted the digits of one hand, I compromised immediately, begging him not to go through the whole of his establishment, and presented him with about three pounds of various beads, to be divided among them. He appeared highly delighted, and declared his intention of sending all his wives to pay Mrs. Baker a visit.'

Mr. Baker's estimate of the African character is not so favourable as that of some other travellers; but in his savage home the negro is not, he says, on the whole, so bad as the white man would probably be under similar conditions. He is strongly acted upon by the evil passions of human nature, but there is not, he thinks,

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the exaggerated vice that is found in most civilised communities. The low status of women may generally be taken as a conclusive proof that society has not advanced far beyond its rudiments, and their treatment may be considered as one of the best tests of progress in civilisation. In Africa they are invariably degraded almost to the level of the brute creation. In Latooka, although the people are in many respects in advance of the neighbouring tribes, the condition of women is lamentably low.

'Women are so far appreciated as they are valuable animals. They grind the corn, fetch the water, gather firewood, cement the floors, cook the food, and propagate the race; but they are mere servants, and as such are valuable. The price of a good-looking, strong young wife, who could carry a heavy jar of water, would be ten cows; thus a man, rich in cattle, would be rich in domestic bliss, as he could command a multiplicity of wives. However delightful may be a family of daughters in England, they nevertheless are costly treasures; but in Latooka, and throughout savage lands, they are exceedingly profitable. The simple rule of proportion will suggest that if one daughter is worth ten cows, ten daughters must be worth a hundred, therefore a large family is the source of wealth; the girls produce the cows, and the boys milk them. All being perfectly naked (I mean the girls and the boys), there is no expense, and the children act as herdsmen to the flocks as in the patriarchal times. A multiplicity of wives thus increases wealth by the increase of family. I am afraid this practical state of affairs will be a strong barrier to missionary enterprise.

'A savage holds to his cows, and his women, but especially to his cows. In a razzia fight he will seldom stand for the sake of his wives, but when he does fight it is to save his cattle.'

The 'traders' with whom it was Mr. Baker's fate to be associated, having by their excesses exasperated the natives of Latooka beyond endurance, at length raised the country against them, thus greatly endangering the safety of Mr. Baker and his party. At dead of night the boom of the great war-drum, or nogara, was suddenly heard, and the signal was answered from the neighbouring mountains and plains. The whole country was in arms. Collecting his scattered force into a small enclosure, Mr. Baker made preparations for defence; Mrs. Baker, in charge of the reserve ammunition, taking her part in the measures for meeting the expected attack, by laying out on a mat, in readiness for the approaching conflict, ball-cartridges, powder-flasks, wadding, and percussion caps. The Turkish drums beat to arms, their steady and continual roll responding a defiance to the great nogara. The natives finding the whole party well prepared and well posted, declined the engagement, justly thinking that fifty men armed with muskets

and rifles would be safe against a host whose only weapons were arrows and lances.

The tedium of a protracted residence in the country of Latooka was alleviated by those field sports which Mr. Baker has always so keenly enjoyed, and as the Latookas refused to sell their cattle the party was chiefly indebted to his gun for its supply of animal food. Feathered game abounded, and he was often able to bag a dozen wild ducks and geese before breakfast. For more exciting sport, elephants were to be met with within a few miles of the capital. From one of these he narrowly escaped with his life: instead of hunting, having been himself hunted for a considerable distance by a huge elephant, which was constantly within twelve yards of his horse's tail, with trunk stretched out to seize it; but the elephant suddenly gave up the chase, in which, if he had persevered for another hundred yards, he would certainly have 'bagged' both Mr. Baker and his horse, which immediately afterwards sank down from exhaustion.

Quitting the Latooka country, Mr. Baker and his party proceeded to the country of Obbo, the natives of which he describes as being very different from the Latookas in language and appearance. They are not, like the Latookas, quite naked, unless when they paint their bodies in stripes of red and yellow for war; but their usual covering consists of the prepared skins of antelopes and goats slung over the shoulder, forming a not unpicturesque costume. Their head-dress is very neat, the woolly hair being matted and worked with thread into a form like a beaver's tail. Like the more martial head-dress of the Latookas, it requires many years to complete. The scenery of the Obbo country must be particularly attractive. Winding through mountain gorges clothed with forests, with bare granite peaks towering above to the height of 5000 feet, Mr. Baker and his party traversed valleys situate between hills from 1500 to 2000 feet high; on the tops of each of which were perched villages, their positions evidently having been chosen for security. The air was invigorating, and perfumed by countless wild flowers, while festoons of the wild grape hung suspended from every tree. The town of Obbo, 4° 2' N. lat., was forty miles south-west of Tarrangolè Mr. Baker's head-quarters in Latooka.

After descending from these highlands the country became uninteresting, the fertility of the soil being so great that the population was almost overpowered by the superabundant vegetation. Pines ten feet high, interwoven with creeping plants, formed a network that only elephants, rhinoceroses and buffaloes could break through, and there was no possibility of traversing the

the country except by the narrow paths made by the natives. Of the people Mr. Baker gives a rather favourable account. They never asked for presents. The Chief maintained his authority principally by his hold upon the superstition of his subjects. He professed to be a great rain doctor, and pretended to apportion the supply according to the liberality of the people; his maxim being 'No goats no rain.' He had one hundred and sixteen children living, and each of his villages was governed by one of his sons, thus the entire government was quite a family affair. Although devoid even of the conception of a Supreme Being, the whole people were under the dominion of the most abject superstition. Mr. Baker, nevertheless, ventured to leave Mrs. Baker at the capital while he made an excursion to the River Assuva, which he would be obliged to cross on his route to Unyoro. The King pledged himself to watch over her safety, placed a spell upon the door of her hut that nothing evil might enter it during her husband's absence, and ordered his sons to mount guard before it by turns, night and day. :

Having lost all his camels and horses, and the only means of transport left being eight donkeys, Mr. Baker, weakened by repeated attacks of fever, prepared once more for his journey south. He and his wife had both suffered greatly from the climate of Obbo, where they were detained far longer than was pleasant. The last donkey having died, and travelling on foot being impossible in his weak state, Mr. Baker purchased and trained three oxen for riding instead of horses. The Turkish party, over which Mr. Baker had now acquired great influence, consented to accompany him to Unyoro, the country of King Kamrasi, on the promise that he would obtain from him a quantity of ivory that would make his fortune.

In passing through the country of the Shooa, which Mr. Baker describes as a land flowing with milk and honey, fowls, butter, and goats were abundant and cheap. Beads to purchase them were of great value, few having before been seen in the country. The people were gentle in their manners and obliging. The cultivation was superior to any that had been previously seen on our journey. In January, 1864, the party left Shooa, invigorated by the fine air and abundant food of the country, and entered on a wide expanse of prairie country, then a wooded district, but so choked with tall grass that it was impossible to proceed without burning it before them. From an elevated position Mr. Baker saw on the morning of the fourth day after leaving Shooa, at sunrise, a bank of fog hanging over a distant valley, and in the evening he reached the 'Somerset River' (Speke's Nile), which he found about 150 yards in width, and

running in a succession of falls and rapids between high cliffs clothed with groves of palm and banana. Ascending the right bank of the stream he at length approached the Karuma Falls, the termination of Speke's discoveries and the place at which he quitted the river in his march to Gondokoro. We quote the account of his reception by the people there:—

‘The heights were crowded with natives, and a canoe was sent across to within parleying distance of our side, as the roar of the rapids prevented our voices from being heard except at a short distance. Bacheeta now explained, that “*Speke's brother* had arrived from his country to pay Kamrasi a visit, and had brought him valuable presents.”

“Why has he brought so many men with him?” inquired the people from the canoe.

“There are so many presents for the M’Kamma (king) that he has many men to carry them,” shouted Bacheeta.

“Let us look at him,” cried the headman in the boat. Having prepared for the introduction by changing my clothes in a grove of plantains for my dressing-room, and altering my costume to a tweed suit, something similar to that worn by Speke, I climbed up a high and almost perpendicular rock that formed a natural pinnacle on the face of the cliff, and, waving my cap to the crowd on the opposite side, I looked almost as imposing as Nelson in Trafalgar Square.

‘I instructed Bacheeta, who climbed up the giddy height after me, to shout to the people that an English lady, my wife, had also arrived, and that we wished immediately to be presented to the king and his family, as we had come to thank him for his kind treatment of Speke and Grant, who had arrived safe in their own country. Upon this being explained and repeated several times, the canoe approached the shore.

‘I ordered all our people to retire, and to conceal themselves among the plantains, that the natives might not be startled by so imposing a force, while Mrs. Baker and I advanced alone to meet Kamrasi's people, who were men of some importance. Upon landing through the high reeds, they immediately recognised the similarity of my beard and general complexion to that of Speke; and their welcome was at once displayed by the most extravagant dancing and gesticulating with lances and shields, as though intending to attack, rushing at me with the points of their lances thrust close to my face, and shouting and singing in great excitement.’

The Karuma Falls are not imposing, being only five feet in height, but descend regularly over a ledge of rock, extending like a wall across the river. The party were ferried across the stream and entered the territory of King Kamrasi. It is remarkable that in proportion as the equatorial region of Africa is approached there is an evident advance in civilisation, as indicated, at least, by the partial adoption of clothing. In the country of the Unyoro



the people prepare goat-skins with great skill, making them up into mantles with a neatness and finish that would not discredit an European tailor. Articles of dress would be taken to any extent in exchange for ivory in Unyoro; beads also are valuable, being extremely scarce.

The journey in the direction of the great lake of which Mr. Baker was in search now became very exciting; its position was well known to the natives with whom he communicated, and it was always described as being much larger than the Victoria Nyanza. The capital of Kamrasi is merely a large village of grass-huts. The king's character is described as being a compound of avarice, duplicity, and cowardice. In his abject terror at the arrival of a Turkish party in his dominions he ordered his brother to personate him. The representative was as false and treacherous as his august relative, informing Mr. Baker that the Lake 'M'wootan N'zigé' was a full six months' journey from the capital. On hearing this all the porters deserted. One of the officers of the court, however, told the truth, under the influence of a bribe, informing Mr. Baker that the lake was only a ten days' journey from the capital, and that he had himself reached it in that time. Arrangements were at length made for the journey to the lake, and a sufficient supply of native porters having been obtained, not, however, until the king by his deputy had extorted everything of value from Mr. Baker but his watch. He had coolly requested that Mrs. Baker might be left behind at court while the party proceeded to the lake, offering Mr. Baker as many wives as he chose to select. In this short journey to the lake Mr. Baker was subject to the greatest trial to which he had yet been exposed. His gentle but heroic wife was struck down by a *coup de soleil*; brain fever and delirium ensued, and so hopeless was the prospect of her recovery, that in the crisis of her illness one of the escort put a new handle to his pickaxe and sought for a suitable place to dig her grave. Mrs. Baker nevertheless recovered, after every ray of hope had disappeared, to partake of her husband's triumph, now on the point of being achieved:—

'For several days past our guides had told us that we were very near the lake, and we were now assured that we should reach it on the morrow. I had noticed a lofty range of mountains at an immense distance west, and I had imagined that the lake lay on the other side of this chain; but I was now informed that those mountains formed the western frontier of the M'wootan N'zigé, and that the lake was actually within a march of Parkāni. I could not believe it possible that we were so near the object of our search. The guide Rabonga  
now

now appeared, and declared that if we started early on the following morning we should be able to wash in the lake by noon!

'That night I hardly slept. For years I had striven to reach the "sources of the Nile." In my nightly dreams during that arduous voyage I had always failed, but after so much hard work and perseverance the cup was at my very lips, and I was to *drink* at the mysterious fountain before another sun should set—at that great reservoir of Nature that ever since creation had baffled all discovery.

'I had hoped, and prayed, and striven through all kinds of difficulties, in sickness, starvation, and fatigue, to reach that hidden source; and when it had appeared impossible, we had both determined to die upon the road rather than return defeated. Was it possible that it was so near, and that to-morrow we could say "the work is accomplished"?

'*14th March*.—The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water,—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7000 feet above its level.

'It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labour—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honour of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about 1500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake "the Albert N'yanza." The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

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'The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife in extreme weakness tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the Sources of the Nile.'

We have in the number of the 'Quarterly Review,' to which we have before referred, freely expressed our sense of the importance of this great geographical discovery, together with our view of its bearings on the great problem of the source of the Nile. That much remains yet to be accomplished before the honour of having discovered the sources of the Nile can be unhesitatingly assigned to any explorer is unquestionable. Captain Speke was as positive that he had discovered 'the source of the Nile' in the Victoria Nyanza as Mr. Baker is that the Albert Nyanza is the fountain head; or rather, to use his own language, 'the great basin of the Nile, that receives *every drop of water*, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent, that drains from Central Africa towards the North,' 'the one great reservoir into which everything *must* drain,' and which 'monopolises the head-waters of the Nile' (vol. ii. pp. 103, 104). He denominates the river which flows into the Albert Nyanza from the Victoria Nyanza the 'Somerset River,' and it is so marked on the map of his route which Captain Speke put into the hands of Mr. Baker at Gondokoro, which certainly seems to indicate that Captain Speke did not himself believe that river to be the Nile. He alone, it has been said, discovers who proves; and the proof of the discovery of the source of the Nile is as yet far from complete. We do not know the extent of the Albert Nyanza to the north-west, nor are we in possession of any precise information with respect to its effluent, which, in conformity with physical laws, we should naturally expect to find at one of its extremities rather than at its side. The lake at Magungo, the furthest northerly point reached by Mr. Baker, contracts to about seventeen miles in width, and further north appeared a 'tail-like continuation' of the water and a valley of high reeds, and through this valley Mr.

Baker

Baker informs us the Nile flows; but he does not, if we rightly understand him, affirm that he actually saw the stream itself, or that it was possible to see it from a distance of eighteen miles, and the lake he distinctly says extended for an unknown distance further to the north-west.\*

We are most grateful to Mr. Baker for his heroic perseverance, and are aware that it was absolutely impossible for him to fulfil his own wish, which was 'to descend the Nile in canoes from its exit from the lake, with his own men as boatmen;' but it is to be regretted that he was thus prevented by uncontrollable circumstances from completing his researches on the Albert Nyanza, and that he has for the present left its connexion with the Nile to rest on evidence short of actual and positive proof. Tradition, not less than modern discovery, certainly points to the high probability of the ultimate issue of the Nile from a lake, or rather from a chain of lakes. Ptolemy assigns its origin to two lakes connected with each other. The Arabian geographers, although it is not to be supposed that they were able to determine the situation of places by correct astronomical observations, have in their rude maps of equatorial Africa uniformly represented the Nile as emanating from a lake. The recent discoveries, as far as they go, remarkably confirm the general accuracy of these mediæval geographers, and it can scarcely be doubted that the Arabian settlers on the east coast of Africa had become more or less accurately acquainted with the interior of the continent, and with its inhabitants. We stated in a former paper on this subject,† that an Arabian map of about the year 800 had been recently brought to light from Lelewel's '*Géographie du Moyen Age*,' representing the source of the Nile as being in a lake. A still later map, by an Arabian geographer, Edrisi, (A.D. 1154), has recently been published in a German work,‡ in which three

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\* To prevent mistakes we subjoin Mr. Baker's words:—'Due N. and N.E. the country was a dead flat, and, as far as the eye could reach, was an extent of bright green reed, marking the course of the Nile as it made its exit from the lake' (p. 133). 'The exit of the Nile from the lake was plain enough' (p. 134). 'I now saw the river issuing from the lake within eighteen miles from Magungo' (p. 135). 'We saw from our point at Magungo the Koshi and Madi countries, and the Nile flowing out of the lake through them. We must of necessity pass through those countries on our road to Gondokoro direct from Karuma, *via* Shova; and should we not meet the river in the Madi and Koshi country, the Nile that we now saw could not be the Nile of Gondokoro. We knew, however, that it was so, as Speke and Grant had gone by that route, and had met the Nile near Miani's tree, in lat. 3° 34', in the Madi country, the Koshi being on its western bank; thus, as we were now at the Nile head, and saw it passing through, &c. &c.' (p. 137).

† The Nile. Speke and Grant. '*Quarterly Review*,' No. 227.

‡ '*Geschichte der Erdkunde bis auf A. von Humboldt und Karl Ritter, von Oscar Peschel*.' München, 1865.

great lakes are represented as connected with each other, and the Nile as issuing from the most northerly. This, as indicating the three great lakes, the Victoria Nyanza, the Tanganyika, and the Albert Nyanza, corresponds with modern explorations, so far as they have yet gone, and the map may be regarded, if the engraving be substantially accurate, as a confirmation of the hypothesis we had formerly ventured to put forth of the connexion of those great lakes with each other.

The Albert Nyanza exceeds in grandeur any of the great lakes that have been discovered in the interior of Africa. It is surrounded by mountains, 7000 feet in height on its western side, and is, according to Mr. Baker's estimate, at least sixty miles in width from the point where he first saw it, and of great but unknown extent. It must undoubtedly be considered as a very important feature in the basin of the Nile. Even at the great distance which Mr. Baker stood from the opposite shore he could plainly distinguish waterfalls which, seen from a distance of sixty miles, must belong to very considerable streams. Gorges were also visible, through which, doubtless, other large rivers flow. Of the countries to the west of the lake very little information was obtained beyond the fact of the existence of a great kingdom called Malegga, governed by a powerful king who possessed canoes and carried on a trade with the opposite coast. The furthest southern point reached by Mr. Baker was lat.  $1^{\circ} 13'$ , from whence he navigated the lake along its eastern shore for thirteen days, when he arrived at Magungo, the spot where the river Somerset, which flows from the Victoria Nyanza, enters the Albert Nyanza. This stream was found to be still water for a distance of twelve miles from its embouchure. On ascending it further the banks became loftier and more picturesque, and the roar of a waterfall was heard in the distance. Upon rounding a corner of a cliff a magnificent sight suddenly burst upon the view. Between wooded hills, three hundred feet in height, and compressed within a gorge scarcely fifty yards in width, the river made a clear leap of a hundred and twenty feet perpendicular into the abyss below. This great waterfall Mr. Baker named the Murchison Falls.

After a detention of two months in a pestilential country, in which both Mr. Baker and his wife suffered cruelly from privation and fever, the real King of Unyoro, Kamrasi himself, condescended to show himself.\* Mr. Baker, to appear in as favourable

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\* This was about the same spot whence they had started upon their journey to the lake.

a light as possible, doffed his ragged garments and arrayed himself in full Highland costume. The King of Unyoro, who was sitting in a kind of porch in front of a hut, hardly condescended to look at his visitor for more than a moment, then turning to his attendants, made some remark that appeared to Mr. Baker to amuse them considerably, as they all grinned 'as little men are wont to do when a great man makes a bad joke.' Mr. Baker describes the king as a remarkably fine man, with a handsome face and a dark-brown complexion, but with a peculiarly sinister expression of countenance. He was beautifully clean in his person, and was dressed in a mantle of black and white goat-skins. The king fully maintained the character which Captain Speke had given of him, namely, that of an importunate and insatiable beggar, demanding Mr. Baker's Highland suit as a proof of friendship, then his rifle and his watch.

Mr. Baker, while residing at the court of King Kamrasi, rendered an important service by hoisting the British ensign on the occasion of an attack on his capital by a band of Turks, in alliance with a native tribe, who retired on being informed that the country was under the protection of the Queen of Great Britain. The king was astounded at the effect which the display of the British flag had produced, and accordingly asked for it as a talisman against future aggressions.

We have very briefly followed Mr. Baker through his long journey and exciting adventures. His return to Gondokoro from Kamrasi's country was almost a triumphal march. The quantity of ivory which the leader of the Turkish expedition had obtained from him, in a great degree through the good offices of Mr. Baker, required seven hundred porters to carry it and the provisions.

This narrative of Mr. Baker's wanderings in the centre of Africa is the most picturesque description of the country and its inhabitants that has yet been presented to the world. It is written in excellent taste and in an animated and vigorous style. It abounds with striking incidents, remarkable situations, sporting adventures, and valuable geographical information. The best parts of the English character have rarely been more admirably exemplified than by Mr. Baker in his manifold trials, perplexities, and privations. Deterred by no difficulties, self-possessed in the midst of danger, inflexible in resolution, and with a keen perception of character and a consummate skill in turning it to account, he possessed a combination of qualities, the absence of one of which might have rendered the enterprise a failure, and led to the sacrifice not only of his own life but of one far more precious

precious in his estimation than his own. In closing this short notice of his work we cannot but give expression to the hope that he may long enjoy the fame which he has so fairly earned as one of the most energetic and successful of African explorers.

ART. VI.—1. *The Life of Bishop Wilson.* By the Rev. John Keble. Parker, 1863.

2. *The Manx Society Publications*, 1858-1865. Douglas.

WE have here two holy men, one the biographer of the other, and in character not unlike him: twin Suns of the Church of whom the world has not often seen the equals, and is not likely soon to see again. It behoves us to approach them reverently, to weigh well our words, and suspect our verdict.

Like a familiar melody of our childhood, through how many a year of life's burdens

“ in this loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime ”

has not the music of the ‘Sweet Psalmist’ of Hursley braced and soothed us! Alas! how hard to believe that the voice which uttered it is now hushed for ever. Nor is it a light thing for us to handle—we would say *presume* to handle—the life, and measure the character, of such a man as Bishop Wilson. Need were, we should ascend some aërial eminence, above the din and commonplace of our own age, and survey from thence all the children of men. Think of the long length of his patriarchal age, and venerable sway, wholly and solely devoted to the service of his Lord; think of the atmosphere of prayer in which he ‘lived and moved,’ and of the phylactery of holy thoughts which ever guarded him, and we shall apprehend the difficulty of our task.

The test of a righteous man lies in the spirit of his prayers. Wilson was emphatically a man of prayer: and therefore he could write good prayers. In the ‘*Sacra Privata*,’ the mariner embarking on his deep-sea fishings, and uncovering himself (as is still the custom in Man) in prayer for a successful draught—the convict languishing in the condemned cell—the bridegroom glorying in his bride—the husband and wife helping one another in the trial-journey of life—the husband leaning over the sick couch of his wife, and the widower in his agony—the parent invoking God’s mercies on a child, and the child on a parent—are all provided for. The loyal subject zealous for his sovereign—the chaplain interceding for his patron, or the godfather for the godchild—the bishop preparing for his installation,

lation, and the candidate for ordination—the physician hanging in hope and fear over his patient—the traveller beginning a long journey—the client anxious for his lawsuit, and the conscientious judge praying that he may administer justice—here find their wants anticipated in the most apt and devotional language. When we meditate upon these wonderful effusions fitted for all occasions to the end of time, and of all but inspired excellence, we feel that we are holding communion with one who is immeasurably our superior, who was armed with a spiritual panoply that few men can put on, and who walked forth to the contests of life with an unassailable power.

Another, and we think most loveable, characteristic of Wilson's mind was his intense realization of the Divine presence on every occasion, and his recognition of all the common and special providences of life: witness the following devout and touching sentiment which Mr. Keble not unaptly places at the beginning of his work:—‘If Christians would but accustom themselves to render to God the glory of His mercies—to take notice of, and to give Him thanks for, the many favours, deliverances, visitations, or chastisements they every day meet with—they would most surely engage the Divine goodness and providence to multiply those blessings upon them, which they put a stop to by their ingratitude.’

Wilson was not a great man, yet his praise has ‘gone out into all lands,’ and his place will know him long after the memories of more distinguished men have passed entirely away. He was not, we think, in some respects a wise man, and yet he did more for the good of his fellow-men than most wise men have done. Like most courageous and unflinching men of principle, he was not popular in his generation, and yet as long as England is England, few names will be named, ‘wheresoever the Gospel is preached in the whole world,’ more revered. He took no pains to ingratiate himself with others—neither with the multitude nor the powers that be—quite the contrary. He took no part in English politics; he never filled his honorary place in the House of Lords, holding that a Bishop has no business with politics. He refused more than one offer of promotion; for Man has usually been a stepping-stone to other Sees, and might have been so in his case. He made a conscientious vow never to be a pluralist; he was in frequent collision with the civil powers; he seldom stirred from his home, which was in an inaccessible corner of the British isles. Whence then this power, this fame, and influence? One answer seems to be, he went straight to his point without compromise, unmindful of personal consequences, and that point was with him always one of conscience.



Numerous as have been the biographies of Wilson, we cannot say that we are satisfied with any one of them. The records of his childhood, and indeed of his early life generally, are, in all, disappointingly meagre; nor has Mr. Keble been able to add to the scanty stock of information. Almost all we are told is that he was born at Burton in Cheshire, in 1663, of respectable though humble parents; that he was sent to school at Chester, and finished his education in the not very showy academical position of a sizar of Trinity College, Dublin; that in 1686 he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Kildare; and the next year licensed to the curacy of Winwick, of which his uncle, Dr. Sherlock, was rector. Here he remained six years. Taking his priest's orders in 1689, he was appointed domestic chaplain to William, the ninth Earl of Derby, in 1692, and tutor to his son, Lord Strange, who died young. In 1697 he was appointed by the Earl to the Bishopric of Man, being then only thirty-four years of age; one of the youngest bishops on record. The following year he was married to his cousin, Mary Patten. All the rest of his long life he may be said to have lived among his own people, his only absences being his twelve voyages on business which took him to England, and on which, by-the-bye, he frequently embarked on a Sunday—necessarily, as Mr. Keble says, as the chance vessels which alone then made the passage always preferred that day.

Yet how interesting it would have been to know something of the mould in which was cast a character so much in advance of his age, anticipating as it did by a century the higher clerical standard of our own; whether the gentle spirit which so distinguished him was, as is so often the case, the reflection of a mother's grace; and who instilled into him those sound views of practical religion and that love of primitive Christianity which characterized him through life. His friend Hewetson, the Archdeacon of Kildare, to whom we are indebted for directing his mind from medicine to Holy Orders, can hardly have been the man to effect this great impression; whilst as to Bishop Pearson, whose preaching he often heard when at school at Chester, and whose gratitude to God that he had been brought up in a household where family prayer was observed, he recollected in after life, Wilson was probably too young for his mind to have taken a permanent complexion from that casual influence. It seems likely that the example of Sherlock had most to do in forming his character. And this must make us look with additional respect upon that excellent divine. We know that he made his parish a pattern to all around, that he was singularly humble and devout, yet bold in rebuking vice, and exercised in extreme cases ecclesiastical discipline.

All these points we find afterwards in Wilson. It should also be remembered that Wilson found the old laws of church discipline already established, or at least extant, in the island, and a ready groundwork for that more detailed system of Church polity which became law as his 'Ecclesiastical Constitutions.'

The Bishop of Sodor and Man was an important officer of State as well as of the Church. He was a member of the Governor's council, the Court of Chancery and Exchequer, and the sole Baron of the island. He held courts in his own name for his temporalities. If any of his tenants were tried for his life the Bishop might demand them from the Lord's court, and try them by a jury of his own, and on conviction the offender's lands became forfeited to the see.\* In order therefore to understand the part which Wilson took in the conflicts with the temporal powers which form so prominent and painful a portion of his biography, it will be well to remind the reader very rapidly of the civil history of this miniature kingdom.

From the remains which are found on the island, though not in any abundance, the Romans appear to have been masters of it. Throughout the fifth century it fell to the Scots. It then passed under the sovereigns of North Wales as part of Powysland, Maëlgwyn, its king, having wrested it from Scotland. From this time it was shuttlecocked from Wales to Scotland, and back again several times, until Harold Harfager, in the ninth century, added it to Norway, and Orry the Dane, in the beginning of the tenth century, reconquered it from Norway. In his line it continued till 1077, when Goddard Crovan, also of Danish extraction, defeated Goddard, the reigning king, and founded a dynasty of his own, which held it as a virtually independent kingdom, though nominally doing homage to Norway, till the reign of Magnus in 1266, in whose time, Alexander III. of Scotland having vanquished Haco Hakenson at the battle of Largs, it was again ceded to that country, together with the 'Isles.' It was, in all probability, during the Crovan dynasty that those splendid Runic monuments were reared, for which the island is so famous.

After the Norwegian disaster at Largs, we find England and Scotland alternately disposing of Man *ad libitum*, as each acquired local ascendancy over the other. In 1290 the insular

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\* Mr. Train in his history says (vol. ii. p. 13):—'The Bishop had the jurisdiction of life and limb with the right of erecting a cross gibbet on his land for the execution of malefactors.'

Bishop Wilson on the other hand (Wilson's works ('Anglo Catholic Library'), vol. vii. p. 260) says:—'In case of conviction of one of his own tenants the lands are forfeited to the Bishop; the goods and person are at the Lord's disposal.'

prepossessions seem to have been unmistakably in favour of England—(of this the knee of its coat-of-arms kicking at Scotland, spurning at Ireland, but kneeling to England is significant)—by the formal surrender which the inhabitants made of themselves to the protection of Edward I. Names familiar to English ears now rapidly succeed each other—miniature kings, who all held it as an English fief,—John of Balliol, the Bruce, the Earls of Salisbury, of Wiltshire, and Northumberland, on the service of carrying the sword of Lancaster at the English coronation; and Sir John Stanley in consideration of a cast of falcons; all of whom, as Mr. Sacheverell has proved, enjoyed the insignia of royalty, with the exception, perhaps, of the orb and sceptre, as truly as any of the feudatory continental sovereigns. From this period, the period of the thirteen Stanley kings, begins in real earnest the history of the island. Of these, three figure in that history as its chief legislators, Sir John, steward of the household of Henry VI., governor of Carnarvon castle, and one of the judges of the county of Chester, who first reduced the magistracy and law courts to a regular system; James (known as the Great Earl), whose noble features will be remembered by those who have visited the National Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington—who shared with Charles II. the perils of the battle of Worcester, and was with him at the ‘King’s oak,’ but afterwards falling into the Parliamentary army, was beheaded at Bolton; and James, the tenth earl, who was trained to war with his relation William of Orange, and embarked with him in the Admiral’s ship from Helvoetsluys Bay, at the Revolution of 1688, in command of the Dutch guards. On his death without issue, the island fell to James, second Duke of Atholl, the grandson of a daughter of the Great Earl, and remained in that family till 1765, when the British government purchased it; the Duke reserving certain manorial and feudal rights, until the Crown acquired the whole of his remaining interest in 1829 for the additional price of 416,114*l.*, of which 100,000*l.*, was the purchase money for the Bishopric, and fourteen of the seventeen advowsons of the island.

The constitution, at the time we are speaking of, consisted of the Crown, that is the Derby king, the Council, and the House of Keys. The ‘Keys,’ so called, according to Bishop Wilson, from their unlocking the difficulties of the law, but according to Mr. Train and others, from ‘*keesh*,’ the Manx for ‘tax’—were twenty-four in number. They answer to our Lower House; but the members are self-elected, the House nominating, on death or resignation, two as eligible, of whom the Governor chooses

chooses one. The Council, consisting of the Governor and two Deemsters (so called either from their 'deeming' or expounding the law, or from their recording the 'doom' or sentence of the judges), the Attorney-General, the Clerk of the Rolls, the Bishop, the Archdeacon, the two Vicars-General, the Water Bailiff, and Receiver-General, constitutes the Manx Upper House, and are, like the Keys, invested with judicial as well as legislative functions, having in the former capacity an appellate jurisdiction, and in the latter having power to originate Bills, and reject or amend those brought from the 'Keys.'

So here, within a stone's throw of our own shores, we have the singular phenomenon not of a colony, but an integral part of ourselves, governing itself by laws made in a Parliament of its own, and not governed even by them until proclaimed aloud in open air from the Tynwald Hill, in both languages. What can be more interesting than that lonely greensward mount—raised, it is said, with earth taken from each of the seventeen parishes of the island—with its tiers of turf-cut steps, on which for 1000 years the island population has loved to meet. The pageant in former days is described as having been 'surpassingly grand, and as dazzling the people with its splendour,' when 'coming in his royal array, as a King ought to do, in his chair of state covered with a royal cloth and cushions, his visage unto the East, and his sword before him with the point upwards, the Earl opened the Tynwald.' It was this constitution that earned for the Manx the encomium of 'remarkably illustrating that spirit of freedom and political ability which animated the men who in ancient times emigrated from Norway and the rest of the Scandinavian North.' And hither even still, for the same good purpose of proclaiming to the people the laws they are to obey, the Governor, attended by a military escort, sets out from Castle-town every St. John Baptist's day, first hallowing the work of legislation by prayer in the adjoining Chapel of St. John's.

Surely the records of such an island are worthy to be preserved; and we are very glad to hail the appearance of the Manx Society, established in 1858, for the publication of the National Documents, and to congratulate them on the ability of the papers they have already issued. And we say this without any disparagement to the existing histories of Mr. Train and Mr. Cumming (who is, indeed, one of the contributors to the new serial), Mr. Bullock, Mr. Waldron, Bishop Wilson himself, and others. These papers cannot fail to be a great acquisition to the permanent literature of the island.

At the same time that we approach the subject of this article with the unfeigned respect we have expressed, we must not be deter-

tered from approaching him, and we think Mr. Keble might, with advantage, have given us both less and more of the Bishop. He says, indeed, that it was 'impossible to tell the truth concerning him with less minuteness;' and, considering how a right judgment on the various legal points of his history depends on an accurate report of them, we can partly believe it. Yet for all this there is repetition, and we begin to weary of our subject before we reach the end; whilst on the other hand, of his domestic history we could have borne with a good deal more. We should have liked to know something more of the feelings with which he approached the sphere of his fifty-eight years' labours; of the impression which a life so singular made upon a mind so singular. We should like to have known something more of his life at Knowsley during 'those five best years of it which he devoted to young Lord Strange,' instead of knowing just one anecdote of his 'extraordinary management' of him during that not very short period, namely, how he dropped—not unintentionally—some burning sealing-wax on his finger in the way of gentle rebuke, for signing a paper before he had read it! We should have liked to have felt, and to be able to say, we knew him better before parting with him; and to have had some picture of his character (which we are left to infer from his memoranda and writings), and even of his person and daily habits of life. But we apprehend he was emphatically reserved and undemonstrative, without much love of the beautiful in art or nature, and did not give even those who knew him best much opportunity for knowing him intimately. His Prayer-book is his best biographer. To God at least—and perhaps alone—he poured out his inmost soul.

We think, moreover, that Mr. Keble has carried his admiration too far, when he attempts to justify his conduct in every circumstance. We are unable to detect a single instance in which Mr. Keble admits that he did, or may have done, anything amiss, or that he could have acted otherwise. Now, considering that in his long life of ninety-three years he was often placed in circumstances of the utmost difficulty and delicacy, and that his acts and opinions were generally in opposition to those of the majority, we think this is going rather too far. For the weak point with Wilson, the failing which often spoiled his best exertions, and prevented his attaining that still higher position which his piety, graces, and energy would otherwise have commanded, was his want of a sufficiently practical knowledge of *life*. He saw it through his own glasses, which were not always the most powerful; and of what he did see, he did not take a very extended view.

We cannot but think the touching case of Henry Halsall an instance of this, though it does not strike Mr. Keble in that light, who places all the blame on the conduct of the civil authorities. This young soldier, an officer of the Governor's guard, waited upon his clergyman and confessed voluntarily to an undue familiarity with the Governor's housekeeper. The Bishop ordered him to be confined seven days in St. Germain's prison and to perform three Sundays penance; all which was duly done and certified. The Governor then resolved that it was an offence against martial law for Halsall, as one of the garrison, to submit to the censures of an Ecclesiastical Court without his leave—which it does not appear was ever obtained—and he was accordingly tried before a jury, found guilty of that offence, and sentenced to be imprisoned again, and afterwards to run the gauntlet through the garrison, (though that part of the punishment was remitted), and to be drummed out of it, his hat and shoes off. In the following September he died from a fever contracted in the gaol, aggravated, there is little doubt, by the humiliation he had undergone.

Now nothing could be sadder than all this; but it appears to us rather unfair to saddle the *whole* odium arising from it upon the punishment ordered by the Governor. Mr. Keble does not pretend that the allegation of a breach of martial law was false, and if not false the Bishop must have been supposed to know the law, and to have known also that he was lending himself to such a breach by punishing Halsall as he did. Was it, then, a judicious exercise of his power (we go no further than to quarrel with his judgment), even allowing him not to have strained the law, to subject Halsall, to an imprisonment which involved a violation of his military duties? It seems reasonable enough that a voluntary withdrawal from those duties, or (which is much the same) a voluntary act which was pretty sure to result, and did result, in a withdrawal from them, for seven days—being virtually a desertion—should constitute a military offence, in which case the Governor would have no option but to animadvert upon it.

On the other hand, in a case, in which *à priori* we should have expected the Bishop, both from his own Church views, and also from the intrinsic merits, to have upheld the ancient discipline and resisted any attempt to undermine it, he surprises us by the ease with which he gave way. And this was on no less an important subject than the dissolubility of marriage. We refer to Hampton's case. This man's wife had been transported for felony, and had sworn never voluntarily to return to the Island without the Lord's permission, although the sentence seems to have been only

one of transportation to Jamaica for seven years ; whereupon the husband wishing to marry again, coolly petitions the Bishop to give him leave to do so, and the Bishop (we must say, still more coolly) grants him the permission ! Mr. Keble evidently feels oppressed by this decision, and seeks to get rid of it (though not in the way we should have thought the most effective and creditable to the Bishop, namely, by admitting that it *was* an indiscretion) by supposing the story to be too unlikely to be true ; and that the permission attributed to the Bishop must have been a forgery. Yet he takes no exception to the evidence on which it rests ; nor does he allege any reason for considering it to be spurious except its improbability. It appears as well authenticated as any other case. Hampton's petition is taken from the Episcopal Registry, so there can be no doubt about it ; while the Bishop's answer, though not stated to be taken from the records of any court, must be presumed to be as authentic as any other of his MSS. which are printed in the pages of Mr. Keble. The old English law, it is true, had always attributed civil death to a man banished for life, or who went into a monastery and became a monk professed ; and though this disability gradually was extended—at least as to general civil contracts—to banishment for a term of years certain, we can remember no instance in which it was held to reach the case of marriage : still less any in which an ecclesiastical court would have pronounced a dissolution *a vinculo matrimonii* upon it. Suppose, in the present case, the woman had returned to the Island with or even without the lord's permission, what would have been the result ? Her disability having ended for all other purposes and in all other respects, was it to continue for the purpose of absolving her from the marriage tie alone ? Were life-long obligations to be superseded by a temporary incapacity which had ended ? If a sentence of seven years' transportation (which a pardon might have put an end to at any moment) dissolved the tie, why not two years ? In short the question was full of anomalies, when closely considered, and there was no end to the difficulties, not to say absurdities, to which Wilson's doctrine might have led.

To return, however, to Halsall's case.\* This case only formed part of a system which Bishop Wilson determined to carry out as a whole, and therefore it may be said that he could not, in justice to others or in consistency with himself, have acted otherwise than he did. It is necessary, therefore, to look at that system a little more closely. Great allowance, it must be confessed, should be

\* Supra p. 178.

made for him in what his enemies called his excesses of church discipline. The Bishop of Man had, as we have seen, peculiar privileges. He had a right to summon a yearly convocation of his clergy, without licence from the Crown, and to pass laws on spiritual matters, which, with the assent of the Tynwald Court, bound the whole island. He presided over the oldest fixed bishopric of the British nation, and a national church, of which Lord Chancellor King had said that 'if the ancient discipline of the Church were lost, it would be found in all its purity in the Isle of Man.' In every parish church there was a throne for him. Above all, he was supported by the attachment, and what Mr. Keble considers the faith, of a people, whom indeed the Reformation had reached, but reached later, and leavened with less of visible change, than any other part of Great Britain. Such was the strength of the Bishop's position, and such the advantages with which he went forth to his mission. And yet, after making full allowance for all this, what man with an ordinary knowledge of life—we had almost said what man of common sense, who looked only to a reasonable chance of obtaining his object—would have dealt with the people committed to his charge in such a manner? Granting his sole end to have been the glory of God, the advancement of his Church, and the salvation of the sinner—to force the discipline of the apostolic age upon the libertines and freethinkers of the seventeenth century was surely a Quixotic enterprise, and only escaped instantaneous discomfiture because practised on a simple and ignorant people in a country which few comparatively cared for or thought about. Imagine the Bishop of London dressing up penitents in white sheets and sending them the round of the City churches, attempting to put down the 'great social evil' by dragging offenders up and down the Thames at the 'boat's tail,' or putting an iron bit into the mouth of a West-End gossip or a Billingsgate scold! Nor can we find that the *régime* was justified by the result. Everywhere licentiousness was rampant; purity of morals made no progress; clerical as well as lay delinquencies multiplied, and at the close of the Bishop's long reign appear to have abounded as much as at its commencement; for the discipline ceased, not because it had done its work, but because there was no one to carry it on.

The Ecclesiastical laws of the island at the time of which we write, which laws were, of course, the bounds of Wilson's authority, consisted (1) Of 145 'breast laws,' i. e. rules of the Ecclesiastical Courts of the island, which had originally rested in tradition or custom only, and the application of which had



resided in the 'breast' of the Judge, in the same way as our own Equity Law, before the tyranny of precedents had reached its present formidable height, was said to depend on the conscience of the Chancellor and the length of his *foot*. These 'breast' laws had, however, been fixed and made certain by being reduced into writing under the reigns of Sir John Stanley and the Great Earl. They related principally to church dues, wills, and administrations, church officers, criminal matters, prerogative, ritual, and marriage, and seem to have stood in the same relation to the general body of Manx Church Law that the unwritten immemorial usage of our Anglo-Saxon and Norman ancestors in ecclesiastical affairs, *i. e.* our common Ecclesiastical Law, stands in to the body of our own Ecclesiastical Laws. (2.) All the local canons passed in diocesan synods of the island before the Reformation, which were not repugnant to it; to which must be added Dr. Wilson's own Ecclesiastical Constitutions of 1703, which related principally to 'Confirmation,' the Holy Communion, schools, &c. It should be observed that the Act of Uniformity, and therefore our English Prayer-book, does not bind Man, which was not named in it, and the Bishop has, therefore, power of appointing any occasional prayers. The Manx Church, however, adopted our English liturgy, the only alteration being the very appropriate one for a seafaring population to make, namely, the addition of a suffrage to the Litany, 'That it may please Thee to restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea, so as in due time we may enjoy them;' and they have always adopted the offertory system. It seems also the better opinion that the canons of 1603 did not bind Man: for they were passed only in a convocation of the province of Canterbury, and did not bind York, of which Man was made a suffragan in the reign of Henry VIII. But at all events they did not bind the laity of Man.

Under the shelter of the above law and peculiar privileges, Dr. Wilson soon proceeded to launch the great weapons to which he trusted for working the reformation of offenders, Excommunication and Penance.

Hendricks' case formed such an important passage in the Bishop's life, and involved principles of ecclesiastical and civil polity so important to the island, that we must do more than refer to it. Mary, wife of John Hendricks of Douglas, was prosecuted at the Chapter Court for adultery with Isaac Allgood, and sentenced to penance in the usual way. Being 'in contempt of court' for disobeying the sentence, she was, after various admonitions and cautions, excommunicated by the Bishop; and, according to custom, where the party remained obstinate a certain time after excommunication, she was ordered to be committed

to Peel Castle. Of this there was nothing to complain against him; an ancient ordinance, still in force, had said, 'When any is disobedient to the Sumner and Ordinary, then the Ordinary hath used to send for aid to the constable of the castle or of the Peele, who presently ought to send a soldier to bring such offender to the Bishop his prison—and the same soldier to have for his pains of every such offender at the discretion of the Ordinary.' However, she proved restive and appealed to the lord of the Isle, and the bishop being cited to appear in such appeal in London, refused to do so on the ground that the appeal lay not to Lord Derby, but to the Metropolitan See of York, and he accordingly was fined for his non-appearance, and thus the question was distinctly raised whether the civil power had appellate jurisdiction in questions of ecclesiastical cognizance. The point, however, was not judicially decided, for the Earl gave way, and the fine was remitted. There was an Act 33 Henry VIII., c. 21, which appeared to be express upon the point, for it had annexed the diocese of Man to York instead of Canterbury, 'to every effect and purpose according to the ecclesiastical law of this realm in all points as Chester was:' and therefore, it was successfully pressed by the Bishop, it must have been intended to give an appellate jurisdiction to York from the Insular Ecclesiastical Court. Yet even this was met on the Earl's part—for what point of law do not legal doctors find conflicting authorities!—by a clerical law within the Isle, and the opinion of the law officers upon it, that 'any inhabitant finding himself aggrieved by any censure or proceeding in the Spiritual Court may appeal unto the Lord or his Staff of Government (*i. e.*, the governor and council), for it is a prerogative: upon which appeals the temporal may prohibit the spiritual officers from all further proceedings and censures until a different tryal be had.' To this, however, it was open to the Bishop to rejoin, that the clerical law, even though it had all the authority which the Insular Parliament could give it, could not supersede the prior act of the Imperial Parliament which had expressly concerned Man, and which, having carried and united it to York, carried with it also the right which another Act, 25 Henry VIII., had given to all Bishops' Courts, and which it seems the better opinion the common ecclesiastical law of the land would, without any statutory enactment, have given to them, namely, an appeal to the Metropolitan.

So much for Excommunication. Dr. Wilson's other arm of the Church was Penance. To stand barelegged and bareheaded in each of the churches during divine service on Sundays, and at the

the market cross on week days, wrapped in a long white sheet and wands in their hands, with a schedule of their offences round their necks, and repeating a prescribed form of humiliation ; this was the process which seemed to the venerable diocesan calculated to deter men from sin and win souls to heaven. And doubtless he had here again much to advance in his favour. Penance was a punishment known to our English courts, and prescribed alike by canons and by statute. The statute of '*circumspectè agatis*' had directed mankind to use themselves circumspectly concerning the Bishop and clergy, not punishing them, if they hold plea in Court Christian of such things as are merely spiritual, as of penance enjoined for deadly sin ; and our own Communion Service declares to this day, that it is a thing much to be wished for that the ancient discipline of penance observed in the Primitive Church were restored. It had been expressly ordered by the canons of King Edgar, and had been anciently exercised in our own as well as in foreign churches, with much the same ceremonial as that which Wilson prescribed, and seems to have fallen into desuetude with us, rather than to have been abolished by any law. It was one of those safeguards of the elder church which he could not part with, and could not bring himself to suspect the beneficial use of. Here at least there could be no deception. Every one might judge of the sincerity of the penitent, by the way in which he underwent his sentence. Every eye was upon him : the churchgoers on the Sunday, and the marketgoers on the week day. And confession was the process from which flesh and blood most revolted. The exactness of the punishment squared with the methodical turn of the Bishop's own mind. Accordingly, it was largely resorted to. There were the still more unpleasant varieties of it for extraordinary occasions, the bridle for the tongue which 'no man can tame, and the boat's tail, in imitation of the cart's tail for criminals ; but these were even in Man specialities, and reserved for the most incorrigible. Even in Wilson's keeping it is clear that such a terrible amount of power was not safe. But most Bishops have not been Wilsons.

Mrs. Puller's case, as it was called, was a good illustration of his favourite test of guilt and innocence—Purgation. She had been refused the Holy Communion by Archdeacon Horrobin upon the accusation of Mrs. Horne, the governor's wife, that an undue familiarity had existed between Mrs. Puller and a Sir James Poole. But both the accused parties having begged the Bishop to permit them to take their oaths, on the Holy Evangelists on their knees, of their innocency, and having sworn to it accordingly, and several friends and witnesses having

also

also deposed on their oaths in a similar manner to their belief that the parties were innocent, and that they had deposed the very truth in the oath of purgation, Mrs. Horne was adjudged guilty of slander, and ordered to acknowledge her offence in church, asking forgiveness for the same. This she refused to do. Other parts of the case proceeded further, as we shall presently show; but thus much is sufficient for our present purpose. This was in 1721.

Canonical purgation, so called to distinguish it from the kindred and older expedients of ordeal and trial by battel,—one of the last remnants of the age of superstition, and of which it has been well said, ‘one cannot but be astonished at the folly and impiety of pronouncing a man guilty unless he was cleared by a miracle, and of expecting that all the powers of nature should be suspended by an immediate interposition of Providence to save the innocent whenever it was presumptuously required’—was this. When the laity who could read had, after branding, and the real clergy had, before it, been discharged by reason of the *privilegium clericale*, or benefit of clergy, from the sentence due to their crimes in the temporal court, and were delivered over to the Ordinary to be dealt with according to the ecclesiastical canons, the Ordinary, not satisfied with the proofs adduced in the ‘profane’ secular courts, set himself to work the purgation of the offender by a new canonical trial; whereby the party was required to make oath of his own innocence, and to produce the oaths of twelve compurgators who swore they believed he spoke truth. The doctrine had, it is true, been abolished in England, but not till 1662, the Act of 13 Charles II. c. 12, having provided ‘that no Bishop or Ecclesiastical Judge should administer to any person any oath whereby he might be compelled to confess, accuse, or purge himself of any criminal matter whereby he might be liable to any censure or punishment.’ But the Act does not appear to have extended to Man: and even in England it had been held that it did not exclude persons from voluntarily offering to purge themselves, which was the case of Mrs. Puller.

The Bishop, indeed, grounded his defence of the practice on Scripture. The Jewish dispensation had said, ‘Then shall an oath of the Lord be between them both, that he hath not put his hand unto his neighbour’s goods; and the owner of it shall accept thereof, and he shall not make it good.’—Exod. xxii. 11. Therefore it was good to observe it under the Christian dispensation. And he defended it in these words: ‘It is far from being complained of as a grievance, for if common fame has injured any one, he has an opportunity of being restored to his good name,  
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and a severe penalty is laid upon any that shall after revive the scandal. On the other hand, if a man will not swear his own innocency, or cannot prevail with others to believe him, it is fit he should be treated as guilty.'

But letting alone the absence of any conclusive reason for thinking that the Jewish ceremonial law can be any precedent to us, we must protest against the latter portion of the Bishop's reasoning; an idea more abhorrent to the spirit of English jurisprudence it is impossible to conceive. Thank God the inference of our law—and may it ever be so—is just the other way, and it presumes a man's innocence until he be proved to be guilty. Well might a learned English judge of the seventeenth century declaim with indignation at the vast complication of perjury and subornation of perjury in this solemn farce of a mock trial, which resulted in the almost constant acquittal of felonious clerks.

And yet even here how difficult it is to hold the scales of justice evenly between the contending parties; between, on the one hand, the 'just Lot vexed with the filthy communication of the wicked, vexing his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds,' and feeling bound in conscience to carry out the system entrusted to him as a sacred deposit; and on the other, 'precious human nature refusing to be driven, although, perhaps, willing to be led; kicking against the pricks, and claiming the right of man to go the broad road to the bottomless pit if and as he chooses!'

Now we do not say that the Bishop's conduct in the case just stated was *illegal*, though it was certainly a rather high-pressure system. Neither does it appear to have been surmised as one of the grounds of appeal in Hendricks' case\* that he had exceeded the bounds of law so far as the excommunication went, though some question might have been made (and in a similar case was afterwards made) of his right to deliver the party to a soldier; which amounted, in fact, to penal servitude for life, or until the offender reconciled himself. Excommunication was at that time in force even in England, as the Prayer Book in the preface to the burial service teaches us that it still is. By this law, which was of two sorts, no excommunicated person could sue to recover land or goods, be a witness in a court of justice or serve on a jury,—the lesser excommunication excluding him also from the participation of the sacraments and divine worship, the greater, from the company of all Christians. Nor was it until 1813 that the civil disabilities were in any way removed. Even then the Act which lessened them, so that no person could henceforth be

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\* *Supra* p. 181.

imprisoned under it for more than six months, left excommunication in other respects (where pronounced as a censure for offences of spiritual cognizance), much where it found it; and the Act was expressly confined to England.

But it does appear to us that the repeated and wholesale enforcement of the sentence (we have taken only one case, as having been from its consequences the most remarkable,) is a proof of that ignorance of human nature which so often betrayed itself in the Bishop's acts. The value of excommunication, if any, as a punishment, depended surely on the tone of society and on the way in which society received it, and upon the general standard of morals. When the first Christian company were all of one mind and one heart, and had all things common, and there was in reality as well as in name one communion of fellowship among them—a company gathered out of the world, and not, as in the case of professedly Christian nations, embracing all society—to be cut off from that company, like a lopped-off bough, and to be cast out of the synagogue, was a terrible sentence, and had a mighty significance about it. But when iniquity abounded—when the world was no longer professedly heathen, but Christian—when lay and clerical delinquencies were rife, and adultery, adultery, adultery, was the prevailing sin of the island, and the one cry that rose to God for vengeance against it, as the records of the Consistory Court and Mr. Keble's pages prove to demonstration—how could a man of reasonable judgment expect that excommunication would be anything but mere *brutum fulmen*, the launching of which did but alienate those minds which it was the Bishop's duty, as we doubt not it was his wish, to attach to himself.

But however delicate the adjustment of such questions as the foregoing, it is impossible not to speak with indignation of the conduct of his enemies in that most trying ordeal of his life—his imprisonment. A prelate of thirty years and an elderly gentleman of sixty-three, taken from his palace by force, and hurried off by three common soldiers to a felon's dungeon for nine weeks, for an alleged disobedience to an illegal order of an illegal tribunal! These serious consequences arose, as is well known, out of Mrs. Puller's case.\* On February 2nd, 1721, the Bishop was called on by the Governor to appear on the 9th at Castle Rushen and answer to the three charges of having summoned convocations at his pleasure, of having proceeded against a Mr. Bridson, for calumny, and of having 'censured' persons alleged to be exempt from spiritual jurisdiction—viz. Archdeacon Horrobin, who was the

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\* Supra, p. 183.

Lord's chaplain, and Mrs. Horne the governor's wife. And yet to meet in convocation without licence from the Crown had ever been one of the privileges of the Manx Church, of which it was deservedly proud. Bishop Wilson's own canons are a remarkable instance of this. Bridson, himself a clergyman, had been suspended, as he richly deserved (what English Judge would not have done the same?), for having flatly called the Bishop a liar, admitted a person to the Holy Communion while under the Bishop's censures, and otherwise conducted himself in 'an insolent manner;' whilst as to the exemption of the lord's household, though the following Report of the Vicars General in 1610 (specially met to consider the subject with the Governor, Deemsters and Keys) looks at first very much like an authority against the Bishop, at least as regards the Archdeacon: 'The punishing of soldiers or any other that receive pay of the Lord for criminal causes doth not by law belong to the Bishop, or spiritual jurisdiction; this we say doth agree with the ancient law of the Lord,'—yet the Bishop's counsel could produce, on the other hand, a better precedent in an actual customary law, that no appeal shall be made from Church censures to the Staff (*i. e.* the governor and council), and *none to be privileged from them.*' The Bishop, thereupon, demanded a reference to the House of Keys and Deemsters as to the points in dispute, and refused to 'answer' till the law had been so 'deemed.' The governor and four of his officers met at Castle Rushen on February 9, and, the Bishop not answering the impeachment, the Comptroller coolly asked him whether he understood the consequences of *stat mutus*, that is, in effect, threatening him with the punishment for refusing to plead, the most terrible penalty known to the law, and which Blackstone describes as consisting in being remanded to prison, put into a low dark chamber, and there laid on one's back on the floor naked—in having placed on one's body as great a weight of iron as one could bear, *and more*—in having no sustenance save only the first day three morsels of the worst bread, and on the second day three draughts of standing water, that should be nearest to the prison door, and in this situation this to be alternately his daily diet till *he died*, or answered! The Governor and four officers proceeded *ex parte* to condemn him on the three charges above mentioned, and ordered him to retract and cancel his proceedings against Bridson, Mrs. Horne, and the Archdeacon. This order of February 9 was not made known to the Bishop till May 24. On the 25th June the governor and his four friends assumed to hold a Tynwald Court, or rather, after the proper court had broken up (and the Keys, an important part of it, had gone to their homes), staid behind, the former putting his

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hand singly to an order fining the Bishop 50*l.* and his two Vicars General 20*l.* each, for having failed to obey the order of February 9! For the nonpayment of this fine the Bishop was arrested on June 29 and committed to Castle Rushen. The Bishop now presented his appeal to the King in Council, which was referred to the Crown lawyers, who reported in favour of his release on bail, that is, on payment of the fine, *such payment not to prejudice the appeal.* The Report having been approved in Council on August 7, the Bishop was set at liberty on August 31.

A delay of five weeks now ensued before the governor and his officers put in their answers to the appeal, and the cause did not come on till July 18th, 1723. It then took an unexpected turn; for an objection being taken on behalf of Lord Derby (who had been made a party to the appeal) that it ought to have been made to him and not to the Crown, in the first instance, that objection was sustained, and the petition of appeal dismissed. Further delay now ensued in laying the appeal before Lord Derby, who at last refused to entertain it, on the ground that it was too late, and the Bishop thereupon throwing this fact into the form of a fresh petition, renewed his appeal to the Privy Council, who undertook to go into the whole question, and Lord Derby was now ordered to 'answer' it. He pleaded that the Appeal ought, according to the laws of the Island, to have been tendered to him within a month of the original sentence, and that the petitioner had waived his right of appeal by submitting to the sentence.

The plea however was overruled on both points, the Crown officers holding that neither of those circumstances was fatal to the Appeal. The case at length came on for a final decision on July 1st, 1724, when the court (although giving no decision on the important and more interesting questions of the metropolitical jurisdiction of York and the exemption of the lord's garrison from church censures) reversed all the proceedings of the governor as arbitrary, oppressive, and unjust, on the ground that the pretended Tynwald was not a duly constituted court, and the order of June 25th no order at all. The costs of the Appeal, however, were not given to the Bishop, who was for long after much pinched by them, notwithstanding the liberal subscriptions of his friends. Thus this case went off, as so many similar ones have since gone off, on a side-wind technicality, without the court committing itself to any statement of doctrine or discipline. It was a great triumph to Wilson—if he had been disposed to triumph—though it ill repaid him for the anxiety and indignity he had suffered; and it shows what he had continually



tinually to endure from the ill-bred officials with whom he was thrown.

Whatever may have been the effect upon the Island of the Bishop's Church policy—about which opinions may vary—there can be no doubt whatever about the beneficial character of many measures by which he assisted in promoting its temporal interests. Such was the part he took in that Act, which, after the great exemplar which about this time was founding a constitution for England, the Manxmen loved to call *their* 'Act of Settlement.' Man was essentially a fief, and the king or lord the feudal lord. In the earliest times this subjection had been shewn by each occupier bringing a bundle of meadow grass at Midsummer. Under the Crovan dynasty the whole became a royal demesne, part of which was granted out in baronies, the rest was occupied by tenants, who had to do homage annually as a sort of free tenantry of a manor, the ultimate right of the lord to the soil of the whole Island being undisputed. In process of time these tenants took upon themselves to create a sort of tenure under them, assuming to dispose of their lands by the delivery of a straw, thence called the Tenure of the Straw, without any reference to the lord. Thus the lord was prejudiced by alienations without his licence, and the tenants were impoverished by losing their own seignorial rights by the successive subinfeudations. The Act of Settlement reverted to the principle previously laid down in 1643, that Tenants by the Straw might receive leases given them for three lives or twenty-one years, on paying certain fines; and established, that the fines taken by the Earl on the alienations or successions of the tenants should be certain and moderate. Thus the occupiers were strengthened in their possessions and encouragement was given to agriculture, whilst the lord was at the same time no longer defrauded of his seignorial rights.

Successfully, too, did Bishop Wilson labour in the Improprate Tithe question. Earl Charles the owner of the impropriate tithes of ten out of the seventeen parishes in the Island, had, in 1666, granted them on long leases to trustees for the benefit of the Manx clergy and schools, and, as a collateral security, had granted a charge on his own estates in Lancashire in the event of the trustees being disturbed in their possession. The trustees *were* disturbed by the Duke of Atholl, who, coming in under a Parliamentary title, disregarded the deed of Earl Charles as being beyond his power to make. There is great reason to suppose that, if it had not been for the stand made on this occasion by the Bishop by bringing the matter into the English Chancery, and establishing by a decree of Lord Hardwicke

wicke the validity of the collateral security, the clergy and schools would have lost for ever the benefit of Earl Charles's provision.

Wilson played a noble part in arresting the famine of 1741, when he gave his own corn, and bought up a supply at high prices to retail it at low ones to the people. This was only a part of that magnificent principle which had from the first made him dedicate a tenth (afterwards increased to one-fifth) of his yearly income to the poor. A gracious act, which could nowhere be more appreciated than amongst the people whose favourite religious proverb was, "When one poor man gives to another, God Himself laughs out loud for joy." The proverb might with truth be applied to the Bishop, who must indeed have been 'passing poor' on a See, the income of which with all demands upon it was only 300*l* per annum.

The topography of the island is of course redolent of him. 'The stones cry out' his praises. He wrote its history; and could traverse the entire diocese, even in those times, in a day; and doubtless often did. A sketch, therefore, of that topography would not appear unsuited to our subject, at all events of that ecclesiastical portion of it which was most identified with his daily life—his cathedral, his parish church, and his home.

But first, a few words as to the Bishop's name. As the words denote, the Bishopric of Sodor and Man—the full title of which is the 'Bishopric of Man, of Sodor, of Sodor *and* Man, and of Sodor *of* Man'—is an united See. That union, now nominal only, was for many generations a reality; Man was the elder title. Indeed, it is said to have been a See 150 years before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons. The ancient armorial bearings of the See were a figure of St. Columba in a boat at sea, pointing to a blazing star; at present they are the Virgin Mary on three ascents, standing distended between two pillars; on the dexter, a church, with the arms of the island in the base. Its early history is meagre and full of myth. In 838 Pope Gregory instituted the See of Sodor, which however still continued distinct from Man, until Magnus of Norway united them in 1050, and they remained united until the battle of Largs restored Man to Scotland, when Alexander III. again added the See of Sodor to the national Church of Scotland. This ecclesiastical union synchronized however with a civil separation, for it was about the time that Man lost to Somerled, the great Argyllshire chief, a large portion of the Isles, that the 'Sodor' was superadded to the See. The name of Sodor was given to the younger See, according to some from Sodore, a small village in Iona, or from the cathedral church there, which

was dedicated to our Saviour (Σωτηρ); but is derived, surely, from the Norwegian Sudreyjar, 'Southern islands,' that language having impressed itself in so many instances on the local nomenclature of these isles.

Thus much for the name; but it is not very clear what was the territorial jurisdiction of the original See of Sodor. The term Sudreyjar appears to have had different meanings at different periods. In the earliest times it included all the isles on the west coast of Scotland, from Lewis to Man inclusive, all which were south in relation to the Orkneys and Shetlands (the Nordreyjar). In this sense alone it was that Sutherland, the most northern British mainland, could rightly obtain its name. Sometimes, however, a different division was adopted, and only the islands south of Mull were comprehended in the word Sudreyjar (Man itself not being included in it), and all north of Mull were called Nordreyjar: and an imaginary line was drawn through the natural fastness of Cairnburg, one of the fantastically-shaped group of the Treshnick Islands, which the Staffa passengers on the red-funnelled Hutchinson line of steamers will notice (if not too sea-sick) as their vessel first begins to feel the swell of the veritable Atlantic, on emerging from the sound of Mull. According to this, the Sudreyjar included not only Staffa and Iona, and

'Ulva dark, and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round;'

And 'Jura's rugged coast,' and

"Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore  
Still rings to Corrievrecken's roar,"

but also Bute and the two Cumbræes, and that most picturesque and romantic of all the Scotch group, Arran, with its serrated volcanic peaks and deep Andes-like corries.

Upon a rugged islet of slaty schist, five acres in extent, the Holm of Peel, the Isle of St. Patrick, to which the name of Sodor was given after the separation of the two sees, and perhaps in memory of their former union,—in fact, in the most inaccessible part, if we except the Calf of Man, of the whole island,—stands the cathedral, a ruin now, and not even a ruin of the first structure, of which not a trace remains. The building which we now see is a cruciform one, begun by Bishop Simon about 1226 A.D. To him we owe the chancel, which is Early English, with some Norman, similar to that at Drontheim, in Norway, then the metropolitical see. Though smaller and less ornamented than many village churches in England,

England, its commanding situation and the adaptation of its style to the castellated buildings which surround it (indeed, the eastern wall of it ranges with, and forms part of, the fortress-wall) invest it with a grandeur not exceeded by edifices of far higher architectural pretensions: for although in its origin the structure was not improbably devoted to ecclesiastical purposes alone, its position as a military station was too tempting to admit of its remaining long unoccupied. Accordingly it soon united the purposes of a castle and of a church, and on more than one occasion was used as a state prison. A more fitting place for such a purpose, and to make life miserable, it would be hard to imagine, or one which it is easier for a superstitious people to invest with præternatural horrors. The scene is singularly grand as the spectator, standing on the narrow table-land, looks over the waste of waters of the Irish Sea, which lies beneath him, hardly whitened by a single sail, with the faint outline, if it be a fine day, of the Down mountains rising in the extreme west, at the distance of fifty miles, and the Scotch coast at the distance of twenty-five, on the north.

This venerable building has of course not escaped the vigilant eyes of church restorers in England. But it has been pronounced by a competent judge in these subjects that its inconvenience of access renders it the least suitable position on which to build or restore the church for the use of the neighbouring population, and this difficulty of access, there can be little doubt, was the cause of its original desertion and ruin.

But it was not a ruin in the earlier part of the long life of Wilson; and it must have been a solemn sight to have seen the young Bishop of thirty-four enthronized in such a spot among scenes so sublime, with that mighty surge around,

‘ that ebbs and swells,  
And still between each awful pause  
From the high vault an answer draws,  
In varied tone prolong’d and high,  
That mocks the organ’s melody.’

One of those singular round towers so common in Ireland, nearly fifty feet high, of rude masonry, and formed of the old red sandstone which crops out along the coast for a few miles to the north of Peel, stands in tolerable preservation, also within the area of the castle, and forms a conspicuous beacon both for land and sea, whilst contiguous to it are the scanty crumbling ruins of the Church of St. Patrick, probably once the parish church of the town. Till of late years the passage from the

mainland to the islet, though only a bow-shot wide, was difficult, if not dangerous. They are now connected by a causeway, formed rather for the protection of vessels in the roadstead than for accommodation to the castle.

Bishop's Court, the episcopal residence, situate about one mile north from the village of Kirk Michael, on the road to Ramsay, has nothing palatial about it. It was rebuilt by Wilson, and has been since modernised and improved by the prelates who have so quickly succeeded each other in this see, without interfering with the quiet quaintness of its original character. Surrounded with substantial offices and a thriving homestead, with plenty of wood about it—among which is the elm avenue planted by Wilson—it possesses, perhaps more than any other in the island, the appearance of an English country-gentleman's seat.

Little remains to be told of Kirk Michael church, the parish church of Bishop's Court. It is an unpretending building, but one of the most interesting spots in the island, for there lies all that is mortal of Thomas Wilson, and it was the scene of his constant preaching. At the gateway and in the churchyard five tall upright Runic monuments—covered with inscriptions which, interpreted with some difficulty and not with perfect agreement, show them to mark places of Christian sepulture—form a singular contrast to the surrounding lowlier tombstones. Nevertheless from them the eye wanders instinctively to a plain square tomb, within iron rails, which stands beneath the eastern gable of the former church. A slab of black limestone from the quarries of Poolvash bears the inscription:—‘Sleeping in Jesus, here lieth the body of Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of this island, who died March 7, 1755, aged 93, in the fifty-eighth year of his consecration. This monument was erected by his son, Thomas Wilson, D.D., a native of this parish, who, in obedience to the express commands of his worthy father, declines giving him the character he so justly deserves. Let the island speak the rest.’ Is not the eulogium too modest? May not the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world ‘speak the rest?’

This thought leads to the great question of interest in the life of our Bishop, with which we will conclude, and which we will now proceed to consider. Is he one of our divines who has left an imperishable memory, and has exercised a lasting influence for good on the mind of the English Church?—and if so, what rank does he hold in that ‘goodly fellowship?’ The first question we have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative. The terms of endearment with which his name is still associated, even in the minds of those who are among the least of his admirers, ‘the

good Bishop Wilson,' and 'the Apostolic Bishop'—names of praise hardly accorded to any other of our divines—seem to point to this. If a king stepped forward from among courtiers in the presence chamber to 'beg his prayers;' if from admiration for the Island-Bishop a French Prime Minister, who had never seen him, obtained, in time of war, an order that no French privateer should ravage Man; if crowds flocked round him as soon as he arrived in London from the poorest and obscurest of British sees, crying, 'Bless me, too, my Lord;' if labourers suspended their labours in the fields, as he passed them, to ask his benediction; if they never began their harvest until he began his, persuaded that a larger share of Heaven's blessings rested upon him; if the fastidious Johnson could say of him, in one of the neatest phrases which that great master of the pen ever turned, 'to think on him with reverence is to agree with the whole Christian world: I hope to look into his books with other purposes than those of criticism, and after their perusal *not only to write but to live better*;'—he assuredly could have been no ordinary man. He was not, it is true, the type of any religious idea in the Church. He never led a party or identified himself with any particular school. This was forbidden to him by the circumstances of his position, his busy and practical life, and his own retiring disposition—retiring, when duty did not call him forth, but firm and uncompromising when it did. Like his own island, he stands alone and apart. Patriarch-like he lived emphatically 'among his own people.' Yet not the less on that account does his example appear to have influenced the Church at large. He may have brought to the study of his Bible a less capacious intellect and a less accomplished scholarship; but surely man never studied it to better purpose, or exemplified its precepts by a holier life. The very simplicity of his nature preserved him from many rocks against which great geniuses split and go to pieces. As Bishop Horne well says of him, 'he is the best physician who cures the most patients; and at the last great day may they who value themselves on their language and eloquence give as good an account of their stewardship.' We believe that his teaching and writings are particularly valuable in the present age of sensational religion. His sermons are severely simple, but in them we find, at least, the undiluted Word of God. In these days of head-knowledge, and self-seeking scientific scepticism on the one hand, and fussy melodramatic religion on the other, Wilson will be found to the devout Christian pastor a safe and faithful Mentor—for his is the theology of the heart, and he teaches us by example.

Four great Dissenting bodies had lately influenced English society, and their tenets were spreading far and wide, when Wilson first entered on his episcopate and was in the prime of his manhood—the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Quakers—to which it must be added that the Bangorian controversy was also rife, and Hoadleyism sending forth its pestilent pamphlets and preachers. In that great upheaving of opinions and unchurching of churches which followed close on the Revolution, what a majesty there is in the spirit in which Wilson resolved to meet them; preaching on, praying on, labouring on, instructing on, undismayed and unmoved by the great intellectual and moral throes around him.

To uproot that harvest of the seed of Puritanism, to quench the libertinism of Versailles morals, and thaw the coldness of Dutch theology, to be a witness against the place-seeking spirit of the age—which had grown to such a head as to justify the rebuke of a Queen to her Bishops so complimentary to Wilson, ‘See here, my Lords, is a Bishop who has not come for a translation!’—who stood in the breach like him, not indeed by platform oratory or controversial pen, but by the mightier logic and eloquence of a blameless life? For although, as we shall see presently, his own diocese still remained staunch, under his own fostering rule, to the faith once delivered, he might well entertain doubts of its fidelity after his removal; and experience has shown how many a form of error has since taken root there. Moreover, his comprehensive heart took in the trials of the Church without, and mourned over her sufferings. To keep inviolate, then, the tried paths, to build up his people in their most holy faith, and to present ever before their eyes Scripture, prayer, and a self-denying life, these were the simple principles, but the omnipotent instruments in Wilson’s hands, and the secret of his ascendancy. He revived indeed the dying zeal of the Church and the flagging piety of its members; but he revived them not with incense and chasuble, not with genuflexions and ecclesiastical millinery, but with the honest, unaffected piety, the open-handed, large-hearted integrity of a truly Christian life. He carried his churchmanship, as some would say, to an extreme, and perhaps may have over-rated the adjuncts of external worship; still, there was nothing overbearing in his harshest measures. Even those who smarted under them saw that they were directed against things, not persons. His High-Churchmanship was the upraised heart, and the Heaven-borne spirit, the lofty aspiration, and the wisdom ‘that is from above.’

He required no adventitious aids to dress religion attractively,  
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and make Church principles popular ; and that they were popular we have his own declaration, that there 'had not been for many years one Papist, a native, in the island, nor indeed any Dissenters of any denomination, except a family or two of Quakers, unhappily perverted during the late civil war, and some of them had of late been baptized into the Church.' 'These spiritual masters,' confesses Waldron, speaking of the Manx clergy, 'are, in a manner idolized by the natives.' But he adds (we grieve to say) a statement which, as a cotemporary of Wilson's, and a resident in the island, he must have known to be untrue, that they 'yet take care to maintain their authority by keeping the laity in the most miserable ignorance.' For he must have known all that Wilson was doing to educate and enlighten, to establish schools, and found libraries. More truly does Miss Strickland describe him when she says that 'without taking any part in the furious discussions of the day, he bent all the energies of his saintly life to civilize and reclaim a miserable and neglected population by whom he was infinitely beloved.'

He impoverished himself by building churches. The convocations of his clergy were annual. He composed model prayers for his candidates for ordination, and entertained them for a year previous in his house. He only left his diocese twelve times during fifty-eight years. He rejected offers of translation made to him by Queen Anne and George I.

After all, does it not come to this, that the man who exercises the greatest influence, and produces the most lasting impression on the Church, is he who possesses in the largest measure, and can exhibit for the longest period, that which the Church most needs in her hierarchy—a holy and consistent life? Pascal died at thirty-nine, Gustavus Adolphus at thirty-eight, Falkland at thirty-four. What was their life, indeed, with all its promise, but a 'vapour that appeareth for a little time?' But to 'endure unto the end' of fourscore years and ten ; to persevere through an episcopate of eight-and-fifty years in the untiring service of one's Master ; this, while it marks a triumph of Divine grace rarely accorded to the sons of men, must have produced an incalculably larger total of effective good to succeeding generations than it has fallen to the lot of most of our divines to accomplish.

There is something almost melancholy in the last years of the good Bishop. He, of course, long survived all his cotemporaries, and many of whom he was old enough to be the father. Sherlock had gone, and Hewetson, and Finch, the successor of Sherlock at Winwick, and Archbishop Sharp ; and Walker, his tried friend and Vicar-General for seventeen years. And last, that rare woman of Christianity who so valued

and



and honoured him, of whom the portrait of Aspasia by Congreve in the 'Tattler' was taken for a living likeness; who baffled Sir Godfrey Kneller in his attempt to portray her beautiful features; whom Steele in another number of the 'Tattler' describes as 'the first of the beauteous order of love, whose unaffected freedom and conscious innocence gave her the attendance of the Graces in all her actions;' and to whom Robert Nelson applied the text, 'Many daughters have done virtuously but thou hast excelled them all'—The Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of Theophilus seventh Earl of Huntingdon.—All this was to be expected, or at all events was not remarkable. But he had also survived all his children except one. He had known only six years of married life,—his wife having been taken from him at the early age of thirty-one,—and he had never married again. Even his old servants were all gone or taken before him. Yet, even where this is the case, extreme old age is often enlivened, and is seldom so happy as when enlivened, by the merry faces and mirthful company of children to the third and fourth generation. This was not the case here. No grandchild ever prattled on those kind old knees. Alone, and among strange faces and almost untended, he looked his last on the world, and calmly awaited his change. But strong in the hope of immortality, to him more than perhaps to any of the sons of men might the aged apostle's assurance be without presumption applied, 'He had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, he had *kept the faith*: thenceforth there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness.'

And now, at last, what were the specks of imperfection which we have noticed but motes in a sunbeam, mere faults in the rich vein of ore. Of the grandeur and beauty of his character, so uncompromising, and yet so gentle; so firm and unyielding, and yet so full of charity; so tenacious of the dignity and authority of his position, and yet so humble and lowly in himself; of his extraordinary beneficence, his unwearied energy, his patient perseverance amidst almost overwhelming difficulties, and the most vexatious embarrassments—'what shall we more say'? 'If simplicity and pathetic earnestness and watchful sympathy with all men do yet in any degree characterize the teaching and devotion, especially the household devotion, of our clergy and laity; if veneration for the Universal Church and unreserved faith in the Bible do yet in any degree prevail in our popular theology; to him perhaps more than to any single divine of later days, with the single exception of his great cotemporary Bishop Butler, are these good effects owing.'

This

This seems to us no exaggerated panegyric. Whilst penning it, however, Mr. Keble was faithfully, though unconsciously, taking the likeness of another than Wilson, for what Wilson did in his day, has not Keble done in our own? If the Ecclesiastical history of the eighteenth century could ill have spared the one, neither would that of the nineteenth have been perfect without the other. Oxford has never been slow to recognize the claims of those whom she delights to honour; and she will not fail, we are persuaded, to rear within her a memorial worthy of him, whom she will ever regard as one of her brightest ornaments—over the fresh sods of whose lowly grave the summer winds are now for the first time sighing in the churchyard of beautiful Hurley.

ART. VII.—1. *Up the Country*. By the Honourable Emily Eden, 2 vols. London, 1866.

2. *Œuvres Complètes d’Alexis de Tocqueville*, tomes vii., viii. Paris, 1865.

HOW far a nation which has worked out its own freedom is fitted to exercise despotic power over conquered nations; how far the conquered nations can be admitted to the enjoyment of the constitutional privileges of the conquerors; whether the experiment, if wisely conducted, shall end in rendering the subject people capable of self-government, or by what errors of judgment the conquerors may be deprived of their ascendancy; these are problems of great consequence to us all. Their importance was by none more clearly perceived than by M. de Tocqueville, and it is tantalising to learn from his biographer, M. de Beaumont, that he had undertaken to write on the settlement of the English in India; that he collected materials for such a work; nay, that it was in part written, but was never finished; and that M. de Beaumont considers himself prohibited by the injunctions of his deceased friend from publishing the fragments, valuable as they certainly would be. De Tocqueville’s idea of writing on India had, in fact, been laid aside for some years, when the terrible calamity of the mutinies of 1857 renewed all his interest in that country; and by no one in Europe was the course of events followed with deeper sympathy, or the issue of the struggle more hopefully anticipated. The general accuracy of the opinions which we find scattered through his correspondence at this period shows how weighty would have been the warnings and counsels which such a master-mind would have conveyed.

We do not know how he would have regarded the moot points of Indian policy—whether, for instance, he would have sided with Mr. Kaye, in his *trenchant* attack on Lord Dalhousie's policy, or with Sir Charles Jackson's able and vigorous defence of it; how he would have regarded the imposition of the income tax, or the revenue settlement, which, with the example of Lord Cornwallis before us, we are so rashly carrying into effect in these days of depreciation of the currency.

But there is one point upon which even the imperfect and detached thoughts which are within our reach tell us clearly what was the opinion of De Tocqueville, and it is a point upon which Englishmen are by no means agreed—we mean the question as to whether her Indian possessions are a source of weakness or of power to England.

'Where I must be permitted no longer to concur with you,' wrote de Tocqueville to Lady Theresa Lewis, when the mutinies were at their height, 'is when you say that the loss of India would not weaken England, and that it is only out of heroic vanity that the English people is resolved to retain the government of that country. I have often known this opinion expressed by very enlightened Englishmen, and have never been able to share it.

'It is very true that speaking of material wealth the government of India costs more than it returns, that it calls for efforts at a distance which may at certain moments paralyse the action of England in matters which touch it more nearly. I admit all this. Perhaps it would have been better to have hanged Clive than to have made him a peer. But I do not the less think that at the present day the loss of India would greatly lower the position of England among the nations of the earth. I could give many reasons for my opinion, but I will content myself with one. There has never been anything under the sun so extraordinary as the conquest, and above all, as the government of India by the English; nothing which more draws the eyes of men from all points of the earth to that little island of which the Greeks did not even know the name. Think you, Madam, that a people after having filled this immense space in the imagination of the human race can retire from it with impunity? For my part, I think not. I think that the English follow an instinct, not only heroic but wise, a feeling of true self-preservation, in wishing to retain India at all costs, since they possess it. I add, that I am perfectly certain that they will keep it, although, perhaps, under less favourable circumstances.'

Such was the opinion of this profound thinker, even in the midst of our greatest disasters, and on the supposition that India drained rather than contributed to the resources of England. Had his life been spared to the present time, had he been allowed to

to resume his task, and to conclude his work, by a description of India restored to tranquillity, of the British Government more strongly established than before, and of the material and intellectual progress of the last seven years, under the careful and enlightened administration of Sir Charles Wood, how great would have been his surprise if he had still found that many of the well educated English are yet unaware how much India is contributing to the wealth and power of England, and how much the prosperity and safety of England are bound up with her gigantic Indian empire.

It is our purpose in the present article to bring into one view some of the principal facts by which the importance of India to England is demonstrated, and to endeavour to remove the impression which De Tocqueville had received, and which is still retained by perhaps the majority of Englishmen, that India is a drain on the resources of England. But, before doing so, it will be useful to consider how such different opinions on the subject of India come to be taken by the philosophic foreigner on the one side, and by practical Englishmen on the other: and we believe that this arises mainly from the fact that the minds of Englishmen are affected by a bias, from which the mind of De Tocqueville was free: we refer to the effect produced on the minds of Englishmen by the results of the American war, and to a habit of viewing India as a colony, and applying to India the results of our colonial experience.

The contest with our American colonies taught us two lessons: that it is useless to endeavour to hold in subjection a powerful people capable and desirous of self-government, and that a separated colony may contribute more largely to the wealth of the mother country than one held in reluctant subjection. Assertions that England's greatness depended on her maintaining her sway over her colonies, and predictions that by their independence the trade of England would be annihilated, were so entirely falsified by subsequent experience, that the public mind is now strongly prejudiced against anything which appears to be a repetition of our former errors. This feeling is now dictating our policy in regard to our colonies, and justly does so when the circumstances are similar and the analogy is complete. But before this reasoning is applied to India, it should carefully be considered whether there is really any analogy between the subjects of our conquests there and a people who have gone forth from among ourselves, and carried with them our habits of self-government. A conquered country and a colony are very different things. India and America bear little resemblance to each other.

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The commerce of England with India is at the present time greater than England's commerce with any other nation in the world, not excluding the United States of America. No one can for a moment suppose that the loss of such a trade would be anything but a serious national calamity; and it can only be under the impression that, if the connexion with India should be severed, our trade with it, as with America, would still continue, that any one can entertain a doubt whether the loss of India would be a great national disaster. But is it in the least degree probable that, if a successful rising in India should drive the English to their ships, and the re-conquest of the country should be abandoned, any settled Government would be found under which our trade would flourish as it does now? Far from this, it is morally certain that, unless some other European Power should step in and assume the post which we had abandoned, a long period of anarchy must precede the establishment of any settled Government. In either case the trade of England would be destroyed, and to the loss of the national *prestige* described by De Tocqueville would be added the loss of an amount of national wealth, yearly contributed by India to England, of the extent of which we propose to form some estimate.

The second source of error arising from the habit of viewing India rather as a colony than as a conquered dependency, and endeavouring to find there the same elements of self-government, we shall revert to hereafter; and shall do so more conveniently, when the importance of the two countries to each other has been considered.

For the purpose which we have in view, it will be useful to consider the connexion between England and India in two distinct points of view: the one regarding India as a country with which we carry on mercantile transactions—the other as a country which we rule.

The advantages to England of its trade with India are sufficiently apparent from the mere statement of the fact that that trade is greater than our trade with any other country, and from the evidence of the enormous power of extension which the statistics of late years afford. To quote the words of a writer who has watched the progress of the country for some time back :—

‘The trade of India during the last ten years shows, by its vast increase, the abundance of the resources now available for the comfort of India's population. The following brief table will show how steadily the trade has continued to grow during the last thirty years :—

1834–35

	£.
1834-35 the entire trade	14,342,000
1849-50           ,,	31,980,000
1853-54           ,,	45,246,000
1855-56           ,,	61,170,000
1860-61           ,,	89,074,000

'The trade has thus more than doubled during the last decade, being from about forty millions to eighty-nine. . . .

'If the whole trade produce of various kinds, especially rice, silks, sugar, indigo, tea, jute, and cotton, was sent to England to the value of twenty-two millions sterling. . . . The cotton alone despatched to England in 1861 weighed 369,140,000 lbs. (3,295,000 cwt.), and was sold for nine millions and a half sterling. So great are the resources of this vast country, that in almost any difficulty that arises with other nations, India is able at once to step in and substitute its own goods for the failing supplies. A notable instance of this occurred during the Russian war, when the Indian fibres rushed in to take the place of Russian hemp, and have successfully maintained the ground they won.'

We have selected this passage from a popular work, published no farther back than 1862, that the rapid progress of the last two years may be compared with that which then attracted the writer's surprise. The imports of Indian cotton into Great Britain, which are there shown to have amounted to 369,000,000 lbs., in 1862, rose in 1864 to 502,241,712.\*

The extent to which India has supplied the place of America in furnishing the materials for our manufactures was thus lately noticed:—

'If the gross amount of the cotton trade is recovering its former condition, nothing can be more remarkable than the revolution which has taken place in its course. In 1860 the United States sent us the enormous sum of 1115 million pounds of cotton out of a total of 1390 millions. In 1864, out of a total of 898 millions, the United States sent us only 14 millions; and India, which sent us in 1860 only 206 millions, sent us last year 506 millions. India, in fact, is now the principal source of the cotton supply, and occupies a place little inferior in proportion to that which was formerly occupied by the United States.'†

\* To estimate the amount and value of this supply, we may note that if we turn to McCulloch's 'Commercial Dictionary' we find that the average importation of cotton-wool into Great Britain was, in 1837, 260,000,000 lbs.; so that the supply now sent by

\* See Parliamentary Papers, 25th April, 1865.

† 'Times,' September 6th, 1865.

India alone amounts to about double the whole of the demand of England at that period.

In a late letter from the Governor-General of India<sup>a</sup> to Sir Charles Wood, we find four other articles of commerce mentioned as showing remarkable development, and increasing in the following manner:—

	1860.	1861.	1862.	1863.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Jute .. ..	409,243	571,736	811,108	1,598,084
Wool .. ..	478,544	862,672	1,477,214	1,511,644
Tea .. ..	101,693	131,314	179,618	222,035
Coffee .. ..	249,095	402,994	426,489	518,768

Although all these figures give but an imperfect idea of the existing trade with India and its future probable development, they are sufficient to show that it is a trade which adds materially to the prosperity of Great Britain. We shall now endeavour to show what advantages England derives from her rule over India, independently of her commerce with a country vast in extent, of matchless fertility, and peopled by industrious millions.

Let any of our readers glance over the families of his acquaintance, and we believe that he will find very few whose resources are not derived in some degree from India, or who are not looking to India as a provision for some of their members. Let him inquire at any of our large schools, and ascertain the proportion of their income paid by remittances from India, and he will be surprised to see how large that proportion is: or let him visit the sites of those educational establishments to which retired Indians are attracted for the education of their families, and let him remember that the sums there expended by Indian families are actual contributions from India to the wealth of England, for which the only return made by England has been the services of her civilians and soldiers, and he will see not only how large is the aggregate of those sums, but how they are contributing to the prosperity of the middling classes of England.

But to bring these facts into one point of view, and to place the matter in a light intelligible to all, and to derive our information from the most authentic sources, let us turn to the 'Parliamentary Papers,' which show the payments now made at the Bank of England, on account of the Secretary of State for India, and compare them with those made on account of the national debt of England.

We there find \* that the charges paid in England by India

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\* Parliamentary Papers, 15th May, 1865: 'East India Finance and Revenue Accounts,' p. 80

(excluding the value of stores supplied to India) for the year ending 30th April, 1864, amounted to 6,446,913*l*. We select from the payments of which this sum is composed those made in England from the revenues of India for services rendered, or as interest for money lent:—

	£.
' Dividends to the proprietors of Indian stock .. ..	629,970
Interest on loans contracted in England .. ..	1,372,599
Civil pensions and retired allowances .. ..	246,918
Military pensions and retired allowances .. ..	1,165,043
Marine pensions and retired allowances .. ..	53,951
Guaranteed interest on the capital of railway and other companies, deducting net traffic receipt .. }	1,669,283
	<hr/> 5,137,764 <i>l</i> .'

We have selected these items as forming a standard of comparison with those made at the Bank of England on account of the National Debt. It is the annual dividend due by India to England for money lent, or for services performed, by those who have retired from the service to reside and spend their incomes in England. We find that these payments amount to nearly one-fourth of the dividend on the National Debt. At the English rate of interest (or three per cent.), they represent a capital of 173,000,000*l*. About 25,000,000*l*. should be added for capital, the interest on which is paid by the earnings of the railways, and the whole may be taken at the round sum of 200,000,000*l*., or more than one-fourth of the National Debt of England. But this gives still an inadequate idea of the flow of wealth from India to England. India—be it observed—pays the whole cost of the government, and so long as India is governed as at present, the following payments in England are also annual contributions to the wealth of the governing country (p. 99):—

	£.
' Home establishments .. ..	171,120
Civil furlough and absentee allowances .. ..	72,092
Military ditto .. ..	161,410
Marine ditto .. ..	2,654
	<hr/> 407,276 <i>l</i> .'

Even to this we have to add a vast amount of miscellaneous charges; for everything that is in any way connected with India is charged to India. Not only is the salary of Her Majesty's Secretary of State charged to India, but the new Office now under construction in St. James's Park is paid for by the people of India. In one year we find India is charged with

25,489*l*.



25,489*l*. 17*s*. 6*d*., being the expenses connected with the institution of the Order of the Star of India. As soon as a regiment is ordered for service in India, the cost of the depôt in England is charged to India. Thus we find in the account such entries as the following:—

	£.
' Home civil establishment .. .. .	171,120
Miscellaneous charges, including new India Office and new Stores Warehouse .. .. .	132,254
The Imperial Government for troops serving in India	550,000'

The above, it should be observed, are average annual charges. The whole sum paid by India in England has lately averaged about 13,000,000*l*., the whole of which is consequent upon our connexion with India as the ruling power; but as a large portion of it is in payment of railway materials, military stores, and other similar purchases, and in return for goods of equivalent value, we do not include it in the estimate. Omitting all these, the sum paid annually by India for the services of civilians and soldiers, and the interest of money lent, spent in England, forming a clear addition to the wealth of the country, is about 6,000,000*l*. a year.

But we have still only referred to the *official* remittances from India. In these are not included the savings and remittances through private channels of thousands of officials, civil and military, now engaged in the Indian service, a very large proportion of whom are remitting a share of their salaries for the support and education of their children in England, and as a provision for their declining years; but all are sums which come to England as the governing country, or as creditors of India. Were England to cease to govern India, the larger portion would be lost; were India to cease to have a civilised and solvent Government, the whole would be annihilated.

But, perhaps, to some minds a yet stronger impression of the greatness of our Indian empire and of its importance to England may be conveyed by a glance at the steam fleet by which our communication with India is carried on. For keeping up this communication is required a flotilla exceeding the national navy of any foreign European power, excepting France and Russia. The fleet of the Peninsular and Oriental Company consists of sixty-four ships, aggregating 90,545 tons and 18,649 horse-power. Although this splendid navy is the property of a private company, it owes its existence to the fact of England being the governing power in India. Every ship of this navy is available to England in time of war; but it is paid for by India. It adds enormously to the strength

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of England, gives employment to her dockyards, educates her seamen, and trains her engineers, without cost to England. It is from the Indian correspondence that the postal subsidy is defrayed, and from Indian salaries that the passages are paid; it is to the existence of a governing body of Englishmen in India that it owes its existence; if England ceased to govern India, this fleet would cease to be.

But though owing its origin to the exigencies of the English Government of India and its resident servants, this fleet subserves the wants and interests of England in China, Australia, New Zealand, and Mauritius, and forms a chain of communication throughout the world, of which India is the most important link.

If now we endeavour to form an estimate of the number of persons resident in England, who are creditors of the Indian Government for the above-mentioned income of 6,000,000*l.* a year, we may make an approximation in the following way:—In Mr. Danvers' 'Report on the Railways of India for 1864-5,' it is stated (p. 6) that the holders of shares in these railways amounted to 36,533, of whom all but 777 are resident in England. The aggregate amount of capital was 58,000,000*l.*

Adopting this proportion as a guide, the whole of the 200,000,000*l.* held by persons in England would be divided among 126,000 people. This would give to each proprietor a capital of about 1600*l.* It is true that as much of the Indian dividend as is paid in the form of annuities is in large masses; but if it be considered as divided among those who are supported by these annuities, the families and relations of the pensioners, the above number of 126,000 is probably a moderate estimate of those in England who have a considerable stake in the payments made at the Bank of England on account of the Government of India.

All this, let it once more be noted, is independent of the advantages which England as a commercial nation derives from her trade with India, to which we have referred above. Here, then, we see two vast streams of wealth flowing from India to England—the one dependent on there being in India a civilised Government of some sort—the other on England being herself that governing power. Can it be said that there is any analogy between this state of things and the connexion between England and her Colonies? Or can it for a moment be thought that the government of India could be renounced by England without an enormous amount of ruin and disaster?

The above facts must, we think, convince the most sceptical that England derives vast advantages from her connexion with

India, and that these advantages are secured without cost to England. But if England thus gains by her connexion, is this result obtained by an equivalent loss on the part of India? We are happy to think that so far from this being the case, great though the gain of England be, the gain on the part of India is far greater.

If a change from a state of anarchy to one of internal and external peace; if an improved police and purer administration of justice; if freedom of trade and the construction of roads and bridges; if the introduction of the railway and the telegraph; if the diffusion of education, be national blessings; and if increasing population, extended agriculture, advancing knowledge, diminished crime, diffusion of social comforts, and enormously increased exports and imports be signs of national prosperity, those blessings India possesses, and those signs she exhibits—and the whole she owes to her connexion with England. It would be very easy to accumulate proof under each of these heads, from the most authentic sources, did our limits allow of it; but we can only refer to one or two. We have already mentioned the fact that the trade of India has increased in thirty years from 14,000,000*l.* to 89,000,000*l.* sterling, as a proof of national progress; and if we add that this enormous trade is balanced by the importation into India, in one year, of bullion to the value of 21,000,000*l.*, some idea may be formed of the enormous and increasing wealth of India dependent upon the maintenance of her present Government.

We do not attach the same importance to the balance of trade as shown by the course of the precious metals as the first economists did, but in India the influx of the precious metals has a peculiar significance. Bullion is the luxury of the rich and the hoard of all classes. The influx of the precious metals leads to the same inferences in India as the increase of luxury and the rise of savings' bank deposits do in England. Bullion is the means by which the vain man displays and the cautious man conceals his wealth. It is therefore no slight proof of increasing national prosperity that the imports of bullion into India (rendered necessary to balance the trade between India and England) from the year 1800 exceed 256,000,000, while those of the two last years exceeded nineteen and twenty-one millions respectively.

The average value of exports from England to India from 1830 to 1835 was 3,342,381*l.*\* In 1864 India was our largest customer, and purchased our goods to the value of more than twenty millions of pounds sterling.

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\* See McCulloch's 'Commercial Dictionary.'

Such are a few of the signs of national progress. Those of moral advancement are necessarily less easily reduced to a small compass. But there is annually laid before Parliament a 'statement exhibiting the moral and material progress and condition of India,' being, in fact, a *resumé* of the action of each department of the Government of India, and of the progress of each separate province. The course of legislation, the administration of justice, the operation of the police, the progress of education—in fact every department of Government—is scrutinized, and every subordinate government gives in its account to the Supreme Government. Every collector of a district gives in his report of its fiscal progress to the Board of Revenue of his Presidency, and every magistrate a report of its penal statistics to the High Court. By these authorities the whole is digested and laid before the Government. The whole forms a most valuable body of information annually laid before Parliament, and is the source from which the future historian of Indian civilization will derive his most authentic materials. It bears, in fact, a strong resemblance to the '*Exposé de la situation de l'Empire*,' which by France is annually presented to the Senate and Legislative Chamber.

We believe that it is impossible for any one to glance at these 'statements' without being satisfied that each year a great advance is being made in India in all that secures the well being and elevates the character of a nation. To peruse the whole would task the patience of any one not personally engaged in Indian administration. But if selection be made of any one department or of any one province, the reader will soon be satisfied that in that department or that province there is a body of administrators trained from their youth to the work, labouring zealously and wisely for the improvement of their charge, and that amelioration is going on with sure and steady steps. For the body of administrators so employed, India pays. But no one with a candid mind who studies the work on which they are engaged, or sees the results of their labour on India itself, will say that India pays too dearly. If it is a gain to England that her sons should be thus employed and thus trained to the highest and noblest duties that can occupy the human mind—and surely a more admirable outlet could not be found for the sons of our professional classes—it is a far greater gain to India that she should secure the services of such a body of men. While some of the ripest intellects of England are engaged in the reform of the laws, an able body of administrators is spread over the provinces as fiscal officers and magistrates, developing their resources and repressing fraud and wrong.

A skilful

A skilful body of engineers is covering the country with a network of railways, canals, and telegraphs, but beyond all this, a staff of able officers employed in the educational department is engaged in training the people of India to perform these functions for themselves. There may be occasional errors, there may be disappointments, there may be shortcomings, but every department shows signs of energy and of progress.

But supposing it to be proved, as we believe it to be by these facts, that many great advantages accrue to England from her connexion with India, it is still important to inquire whether this is secured by any strain on the resources of England which counterbalances these advantages, and renders India in reality a splendid weakness. This is the more necessary because the writings of many of our public journalists are calculated to give rise to this impression, and when the value of our connexion with India is not denied, it is often spoken of as if it were purchased at a cost which threatens to tax the resources of England beyond their power.

Now what is the call which India makes upon England in return for the wealth she confers? It is merely the permission to employ, and to pay for, the civilians and soldiers necessary for the public service. It is estimated that a force of seventy thousand English soldiers is required for the security of India; and the number of recruits required to supply the wear and tear of this force is reckoned at something under five thousand a year. England, who yearly sends forth 208,000 emigrants, is only required to allow five thousand of these to follow the profession of arms, to be trained and employed entirely at the cost of India. This is the only strain upon England's resources; and in return the splendid army, trained, paid, and kept in active discipline at the cost of India, is available for the service of England. India has been the training field of our best generals and our best soldiers, and in the Russian war and the China war England found a large portion of her resources in the army of India. Unless England is prepared to withdraw altogether from her place among the nations of the world, her connexion with the East must be maintained. But it is the army of India, for which India alone pays, which maintains it. This army garrisons Aden, and protects our communications with China, by forming the real strength of Galle and Singapore. During our last naval wars, the dockyards of India supplied our best ships, and in any future struggle her teak forests and her harbours will be of incalculable value.

The case is often much misrepresented, and a very false  
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impression is consequently conveyed. The prevalent idea certainly is that England is obliged to maintain and pay for a large standing army in consequence of her possession of India. Thus, in a recent number of the 'Westminster Review,' the writer of an article on India (in which, by the way, Sir John Lawrence is attacked with singular and most undeserved acrimony,) exclaims:—

'Are the people of England prepared to maintain seventy thousand men, the greater proportion of all the armies of the kingdom, in permanent garrison in India?'

And again—

'But supposing that it were decided upon in all contingencies to maintain the British force in India at its highest athletic standard, so as to render a second rebellion impossible, the danger to England would only assume another and perhaps more fatal form. This we cannot more appropriately indicate than by quoting, in conclusion, the words of Mr. Bright, which, though uttered years ago, are equally applicable now: "I hope it will never be said that the time had come when the arms of England were irresistible in India, but that India was avenged, inasmuch as she broke the power of England by the intolerable evils she imposed upon her, the vast amount of men and money required to keep India in subjection being a burden she was unable to bear."'\*

Do not such expressions as these imply that England has long been bearing, and still bears, the expense of maintaining an army for the use of India? Whereas the truth is that India is maintaining a vast army which, though paid by India, is available at any moment for the service of England. Of these troops, paid from the revenues of India, no less than 10,000, on the average, are actually stationed in the Home depôts, and form a part of the defences of England available at all times.

Some public journalists write as if the strength of the English army was wasted by the unhealthy climate of India, and its discipline demoralised by cantonment life in a distasteful service under a tropical sun. That there are disadvantages in the Indian service, and that there is much to be improved in the management of our troops in India no one can deny. But no one who studies the history of the past century can believe that the Indian army has been the weakness and not the strength of England. Egypt, the Isle of France, the Cape, Java, Ceylon, the Crimea, China, and Persia, all bear witness that in case of emergency England can and does draw a portion of its

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\* See 'Westminster Review,' July, 1865, p. 219.

resources from the army of India, maintained in efficiency and readiness by the revenues of India until called for by England.

If, then, the connexion between England and India is found to be conferring benefits on both countries, and any impression that India draws largely on the pecuniary resources and strength of England has been removed, we may with advantage revert to the second subject, which we have said we believe to be the source of much misconception in England with regard to our Indian possessions, we mean our colonial experiences, and the habit of drawing deductions from that experience and applying them to India. When interests so large are at stake, it must be our duty to consider how the connexion between the two countries can be best preserved and strengthened until that time shall come when India is prepared for self-government. This is the more necessary at the present time, when the relation of England to her colonies is undergoing much discussion, and measures will probably be adopted which will guide the policy of England for many years to come. There is abroad at present a prevalent desire to contract our responsibilities with reference to our outlying dependencies, and to throw them upon their own resources, and it is in this respect that it is so important that we be not misled by a false analogy between our colonies and our Indian possessions into measures both prejudicial and unjust. Our connexion with India involves responsibilities of which England cannot divest herself until India is ripe for self-government. We did not hang Clive, but made him a Peer, and declared the countries which he conquered to be the possessions of the Crown of England, and we must take the consequences of having done so.

To fulfil these responsibilities towards India it is most important to observe the wide distinction which exists between her position and that of our colonies. Whatever may be the future of India, her present position differs widely from that of our colonies. The government is entirely the Government of England. Every member of the local government is a nominee of the British Crown. By England the taxation is determined. The foreign relations of India are dictated by England, and by England the duties on the trade between the two countries are determined. In short, although the whole cost of the government is imposed upon India, India is governed by the English Ministry, through Her Majesty's Secretary of State. India is in no respect self-governing, and at present is not capable of being so.

To grant independence to a colony ripe for self-government is most desirable, and to train our conquered dependencies for self-government will be the glory of England. But to give to a nation the form of independence without the reality, to give it the semblance and responsibilities of a freedom which it neither possesses nor is capable of possessing, may be a serious injustice. This error we have not altogether escaped in our past policy, and it is for this reason that it is highly important to mark the distinction between our colonies and India.

Now, to show how great that distinction really is, let us suppose a bill made out by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, not only for the expenses of all the regiments serving in the colonies, but for their depôts and ineffectives in England; and, besides this, for his own salary and office expenses; and let him add the expenses of investing colonial governors with orders of merit, and the cost of a new colonial office, to be erected in St. James's Park, and, in short, let him include every charge incurred in England on account of her colonial possessions; and having apportioned this to the several colonies, let him direct their governors each to collect his share and remit it to England—let him further depute an officer as financial minister, to determine by what taxes the necessary revenue shall be raised. He will then do exactly what is done with regard to our Indian possessions—till this is done there is no analogy between the two.

Or, again, let us draw a comparison between two countries in which war has been lately going on: we mean New Zealand and Bhotan. In New Zealand the policy and acts of the local government, over which England has a very imperfect control, have involved the country in war, but of this war England must bear the responsibilities, and a large portion of the expense. In India it is exactly the reverse—the policy with regard to Bhotan is entirely that of the English Government, in which the people of India have no voice whatever, but of the cost England does not pay a farthing. The whole is defrayed from the revenues of India, and it will not be seen named in Mr. Gladstone's budget.

These two facts are sufficient to illustrate the difference between the position of our Indian dominions and our colonies. Whether our policy with regard to our colonies has been altogether wise, we need not here inquire. Perhaps we have been premature in conceding to the local legislatures a degree of independence which may in many cases be embarrassing, so long as we undertake to carry on the defence of the colonies. Perhaps the real  
criterion



criterion as to the fitness of a colony for action independent of the mother country, is its readiness and capability to undertake its own defence. However this may be, the position of our colonies and that of India, with reference to the mother country, are widely different; and this difference should be carefully noted, if our policy is to be correctly deduced from existing facts.

We can best illustrate the importance of accurate views on this subject by showing what have hitherto been the results of a determination to find in India the same materials of self-government as exist in our colonies, and of a premature desire to relieve ourselves of some of the responsibilities which our conquests have entailed upon us.

In the desire to plant in India the seeds of self-government there was created in Calcutta the similitude of a Legislative Council, through which all Bills (including money bills) had to pass before they became law. Every member of this Council was a nominee of the Crown of England, or an official appointed by the local governor, nor was there the slightest appearance of an elective body, except that from each of the minor presidencies was sent one member, an officer in the civil service, nominated by the governor of the presidency, and supposed to represent the interests of his presidency. Anything less like a representative body could scarcely be conceived, and yet into this Council were introduced many of the parliamentary forms, and much of parliamentary language. We believe that the form given to this Council, and the reports of its debates, have been the source of a vast amount of misapprehension in the minds of Englishmen in regard to our Indian empire.

To show how entirely unlike is the government of India to that of our colonies, and how far India still is from having a government of its own, we need only refer to the history of this Council. Upon this subject we dwelt at some length in a former number,\* and we are content to say in this place no more than that the utter incongruity of the mock parliament with the real state of India became so irresistibly apparent, that the Council was remodelled, and the semblance of a representative and independent body was wisely done away with.

If it were more clearly understood that the real government of India is the people of England, through the Queen's Ministry and the Parliament, that there is no other government, that the Governor-General and his Council are but their

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\* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cix., p. 598.

nominees, and that the solvency of the Indian exchequer is the solvency of the Crown of England, there could not be the same apathy in regard to Indian questions that now prevails. Something more accurate than a general idea that India is costing England an enormous sum of money, and that if we could only get rid of it we should get rid of a weakness, would prevail among well informed Englishmen. The real facts of the case, the enormous wealth and national advantages derived from the connexion of the two countries, the noble duty towards India which England is bound to discharge, and is in a great degree discharging, would be generally understood. In fact, the views of De Tocqueville, with which we commenced this article, would be those of every enlightened Englishman, accompanied by the assurance that instead of drawing on the national resources of England, as De Tocqueville was led to believe, India at the present time largely contributes to them.

It should be remarked that except through their representatives in the British Parliament, those who have property in India, whether in the form of salary or pension, of Indian security, or trading capital, have no control whatever over their own property. The 126,000 persons resident in England whom we have shown to have a large pecuniary interest in India, are entirely unrepresented in India and at the India Office. There is not in Europe a government more despotic than that of the Secretary of State for India, except for such control as is exercised by the Parliament of England. However imperfectly India is represented in the House of Commons, it is to the Parliament alone that the Indian creditor looks for his security. Before the government of India was assumed by the Crown, the Indian interest elected its own representatives at the India House, and had some control over the Indian administration, but this has been swept away, and why? because the government of India is now vested in the Ministry, responsible through Parliament to the people of England.

And not only do the English who are interested in the government of India look to the Parliament and Ministry of England—the government under which they live; the Princes and people of India do so too, to a degree that people at home are by no means aware of; and as education and knowledge extend, and intercourse between the two countries increases, this will be more and more the case.

When facts are rightly stated, it will be seen that there is not a Government, with the exception of England, whose finances are in so satisfactory a state as those of India; none whose resources are

are more capable of development, and none, we believe, whose people are so lightly taxed. As a good deal of misapprehension prevails on this subject, the following few observations on the accounts laid before Parliament may assist to give a clearer view of the real state of the case.

The revenue of India amounts to 46,547,483*l.*, and after defraying local charges upon it to 36,895,318*l.* The costs of administration, including interest on the public debt, amount to 29,814,211*l.*;\* there is, therefore, a surplus of no less than 7,000,000*l.* sterling. This is the real state of the Indian finances; but the Government is carrying on extensive works of improvement, such as roads, bridges, railways, and works of irrigation. These works would in England either be carried out by private companies or by local associations, whether counties or parishes, and most of them would be executed on borrowed money. In India they are either executed by Government from current revenue, or, as in the case of railways, by money borrowed on Government guarantee, the interest being charged to current revenue. It is only because the sums of 5,685,817*l.* for public works, and 1,395,285*l.* for interest on railway and other companies are charged against revenue, that a small deficit of 263,377*l.* appears in the estimate for 1865; and this when the expenditure is swelled by the cost of the Bhootan war. Now, the revenues of India have steadily increased by no less than 1,000,000*l.* a year since the mutinies. To quote the words of Mr. Laing:—

‘The total revenues of India, which for three years before the mutinies (1854–57) averaged 31,980,000*l.* a year, was last year (1861) 43,000,000*l.*; and for the current financial year (1862–63), after remitting 1,300,000*l.* of taxation, it will exceed 44,000,000*l.* Of this increase of above 12,000,000*l.*, not above 4,000,000*l.* is due to new taxes, so that the revenue of India has expanded by a million a year for the last eight years from its own inherent elasticity.’

We do not precisely understand what was meant by ‘inherent elasticity,’ and we conceive that a great deal is due to the decreasing value of the precious metals; but, at any rate, two years have now to be added to the series, and as the revenue of 1864–5 is estimated at 46,500,000*l.*, the increase has still been upwards of 1,000,000*l.* a year.

This revenue is raised in a manner as little oppressive to the people as any national income in the world. One-half is the share possessed by the State in the rent of land. The whole

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\* See Parliamentary Papers, 15th May, 1865, Part II., Nos. 2 and 3.

taxation is reckoned by Mr. Laing at only 3s. 6d. per head in Bengal, and 4s. 6d. in Madras; and if half of this be viewed as rent, about 2s. per head is all that is raised by taxation properly so called.\*

When it is remembered that the works upon which for many years past 5,000,000*l.* a year have been expended are gradually becoming remunerative, that the net receipts from railways already pay 1,300,000*l.* of the guaranteed interest: that in one Presidency alone—that of Madras—cultivation has extended at the rate of half a million of acres a year for the past seven or eight years,† no fears can arise as to the future solvency of the Indian exchequer.

The future resources of India are quite incalculable. We have already seen her replacing with her produce the hemp and linseed of Russia, and the cotton of America. She is rapidly preparing to substitute her tea for that of China. Should England ever be cut off from her usual sources of supply of sugar, coffee, silk, wool, or iron, in a few years India could make good the deficit. Even now, India supplies a fair proportion of these articles, and Indian labour produces a large proportion of the supply from our colonies. So long as England and India are allied, England is independent of the rest of the world.

The area of land available for cultivation, but still uncultivated, is enormous. We have said that the cultivation of the Madras Presidency has expanded at the rate of half a million of acres a year for the last eight years, but still a large proportion of the cultivable area is uncultivated; and not only is the area of cultivation capable of this extension, but the produce of cultivated land may be enormously increased. Wherever water is applied to the soil of India, the produce is multiplied tenfold, and the revenue raised by the Government is greatly increased.

With wealth thus augmented, India will purchase the manufactures of England, and especially the fabrics of Manchester, to an extent of which the present demand is but a fraction. A report made by Colonel Baird Smith, on the famine in the North-West

\* The annual taxation per head is in Great Britain, 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Holland, 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; France, 2*l.*; Austria, 1*l.*; Spain, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Russia, 16*s.* 8*d.*; Italy, 1*l.* See 'Quarterly Review,' No. 236, p. 401.

† The annual Reports of the Board of Revenue show the following increase in the cultivated area of the Madras Presidency:—

Increase in 1859-60 over the previous years				Acres.
Ditto	1860-61	ditto	.. ..	550,593
Ditto	1861-62	ditto	.. ..	343,612
Ditto	1862-63	ditto	.. ..	424,539
Ditto	1863-64	ditto	.. ..	694,198
			.. ..	708,051

Provinces

Provinces in 1861, affords some valuable data on this subject. It fell within the scope of his commission to inquire into the state of trade with England, and especially the trade in Manchester piece goods, and the following interesting facts were elicited by him :—

‘The chief consumers of English cloths are all classes near to open and easy lines of communication, be they by land or water; a comparatively small section of agriculturists, being the upper grades of the class, at a distance from such communications; a very large proportion of the inhabitants of towns and cities everywhere; and of course the whole of the European community. The mass of the agricultural, and the poorer non-agricultural classes, have scarcely yet become the customers of Manchester at all, though it is merely a question of time and internal improvements of roads and rivers when they shall become so.’—p. 19.

‘Few causes act more directly on the free spread of Manchester goods than communications of any kind. It is along the best of these that English cloths have most largely commended themselves to the people, and the interest of the manufacturing districts is most direct and personal in the state of the roads and rivers of India.’—p. 17.

It will give, then, a strong impression of the possible extension of this trade, and one highly gratifying to our insular selfishness, to learn that in the most favoured districts, having direct communication by water with Calcutta, Colonel Baird Smith found that about half the population are already clothed in the fabrics of Manchester! Even there the other half of the population will become the customers of Manchester as the means of communication are extended; and the increase of trade must be immense when a system of roads, canals, and railways shall have been constructed to open out provinces remote from the natural advantages possessed by the districts on the banks of the Ganges and the Gogra. Again, to quote the words of Colonel Baird Smith :—

‘Every reduction in the price brings a new stratum of society into the class of consumers;’ and ‘I sincerely rejoice in the financial policy which will in time relieve the Manchester goods trade from the pressure of customs duties greater than are required for revenue only.’

These extracts will give some idea of the increase which is possible, when a wise policy shall have encouraged to the utmost the agriculture and commerce of the country.

We cannot here refrain from a short digression on an important question which has lately occupied the public press, namely, whether

whether the future development of India will be best effected by the direct action of Government, or by the encouragement of private enterprise.

It is now admitted on all hands that to confine the execution of public works to the limit of the available surplus of current revenue must be to retard the improvement of the country, and postpone to an indefinite date the execution of numerous works, which would be at once largely remunerative. The aid of private capital is therefore admitted to be necessary. But the question whether this should be raised by public loans to supplement the revenues of the State, and be applied through the operation of the Public Works Department, or whether many of the works should be handed over to private enterprise, has lately been much discussed. On the one hand, a plan has been laid before the Government, drawn up by the Chief Engineer, for the execution of works to be at once undertaken on capital raised by public loans; on the other, it is urged that the system adopted for the construction of the railways, through Companies having a moderate dividend guaranteed by the State, is the sound one, and should be extended to other works. The recent publication, by authority, of a statement showing the large returns realised from works of irrigation in the Madras Presidency, has revived this discussion. The advantage of personal interest over official action is insisted on on the one side, while on the other it is observed that there is no occasion to give away the profits which belong to the State, and which the return proves the Government to be perfectly able to realise. A private Company with a guaranteed dividend involves, it is said, a sacrifice of State property without securing the energy of private enterprise.

We believe that the last remark is true. But there is a middle course which we feel sure is in this case the right one. There are in India a vast number of works, which the Government alone can undertake, because they are not sufficiently remunerative to tempt private enterprise. They are spread over the whole country, and the largest army of Engineers which the Government could collect and superintend, would be amply employed on these works alone. It will only be when civilisation has extended much farther than at present, and the people have made some advance in self-government, that the Government will be able to divest itself of the charge of the thousands of miles of road, the hundreds of mountain passes, and the countless bridges necessary towards the first stage of improvement; all of these are works which will amply remunerate the State, but offer no temptation to private capitalists. It must then be  
important

important to relieve the Government from such works as private Companies are willing to undertake, and these are only such as promise profits both certain and large. It is, therefore, an important question, whether these may not be offered to private enterprise in such a way as neither to detract from the energy of self-interest, nor to squander heedlessly the resources of the State.

It is only the guarantee of a certain profit, independent of the success of the project, that is said to have the effect of weakening the motives to exertion and economy. But such a guarantee is not a necessary part of the arrangement. If private persons, persuaded of the certainty of profit, are willing to undertake works at their own risk, it is surely wise to call their energy into play. It is then only necessary to provide against undue prodigality in making over the resources of the State to private individuals. A provision that, after the works have yielded an ample return for the enterprise and capital of the Company, the surplus profits shall be the property of the State, effectually obtains this object.

This plan has been already adopted in one instance, and we hope that its success may be such as to encourage its extension throughout India. The Madras Irrigation and Canal Company was formed on the principle of a State guarantee; but the East India Irrigation Company was started under the same direction, without any guarantee. The Company raised its capital on the faith of the subscribers in the profitable nature of the works undertaken. In making over to them an extensive series of works, extending from Cuttack to Calcutta, it has been provided that when the profits from irrigation exceed 25 per cent., the surplus shall be equally divided between the State and the Company. The profits of navigation are left to the Company alone. The works of this Company are already far advanced. An able staff of engineers is employed under the Board of Directors, and a million sterling of English capital is reaching the labouring classes of India, for in works of this nature nearly the whole of the capital is spent in India itself. In regard to railways, the bulk of the expenditure is incurred in the purchase and freight of foreign materials, whereas in the case of canals, nearly the whole is expended in India and among the poorer classes. It is much to be hoped that the result of these works may shortly be such as to encourage other similar enterprises, and we feel sure that India affords an ample field for them as well as for the most energetic action on the part of the Government.

There are still other grounds which render this course of action by private enterprise highly desirable. One of the greatest dangers

dangers of despotic government is excessive centralisation, and this has already proved one of the evils of our Indian Government. One of the greatest difficulties of our rule arises from the slowness of the people to take a part in their own government. Now every Company places before them an example of representative government; it is, as it were, a working model of our constitution. Even if larger profits could be secured to the State by a Central Department absorbing all the remunerative works of the country, we believe that the profits would be dearly purchased at the cost of suppressing all spontaneous enterprise on the part of the people. Admitting that the investment of the surplus capital of the country in the Government loans is a great safeguard to the State, we believe that the investment of such capital in works, the profit of which depends upon local tranquillity, is a greater safeguard still.

To return from this digression. We believe that the connexion between India and England has already conferred the greatest benefits on both countries, and is full of even richer promise for the future. We have spoken in this article chiefly of material progress, but there are many indications that before long the intellectual and moral progress of that wonderful country will be still more striking. But of the future of India who shall presume to speak? What parallel of history shall we endeavour to draw? To what examples shall we look? From what analogies shall we draw our inferences? And even if the history of the world afforded any parallel in other respects, there is still one element in the modern instance which must be wanting in the ancient. Even if history told us that, in every instance of conquest, the disruption of the nations was always certain and always violent; still, who can say how far the introduction of the Christian religion into the question must destroy the comparison? and how infinitely greater is the likelihood of the adoption of Christianity by the natives of India, if they feel that the rule of the professors of Christianity, though firm, is not harsh and mechanical and over-centralised, but mild and sympathetic, as (for instance) it is in the Punjab at this moment. To recur once more to the opinions of the sagacious French author mentioned at the commencement of this article, '*Le grand but à poursuivre dans l'Inde est bien de répandre dans ce pays les bienfaits de la civilisation Chrétienne.*'

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Papers relating to the Affairs of Jamaica.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. February, 1866.
2. *Papers relating to the Disturbances in Jamaica.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Parts I., II., III. February, 1866.
3. *Report of the Jamaica Royal Commission, 1866.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Parts I. and II.

**I**F any moralist or preacher desired to inculcate the lesson that the scenes on which acts of great injustice had once been committed were liable to repeated visitations of Divine retribution, he could not adduce a more appropriate instance than that of Jamaica. The most beautiful, and nearly the most fertile of the Antilles, this island has, from the days of its earliest settlement, witnessed the repetition of strife, jealousy, and tumult. It would seem as if the reckless cruelty of its Spanish masters had subjected their successors to the vengeance of Heaven for the extirpation of the people whom they first deprived of their possessions and then of their lives. The substitution of the Negro for the Carib population has caused most of the conflicts and disturbances by which Jamaica has been so pre-eminently distinguished. From the time that the negroes began to constitute any considerable portion of the inhabitants, they have, at recurring intervals, convulsed the colony with their actual or apprehended risings. When the depression of the West India interest and the development of other colonies diverted the attention of European observers from Jamaica, the relations of the white and black races still continued to impress their distinctive mark on the local politics of the island. Though they failed to attract observation in England, they were as important and as exciting as ever in their own sphere. Nor can any society offer more striking points for reflection than a community composed of Africans and Europeans, the former to the latter in the proportion of more than thirty to one. On one side are the few representatives of the dominant race, with the pride and prejudices natural to ancient masterdom; on the other side are the myriads of alien race and blood, the representatives of former bondsmen,—men without an ancestry, without a history, and almost without traditions—raised as it were in a moment to the dignity of freedom and the enjoyment of equal civil rights. To suppose that, without some controlling and constraining power the two peoples can live together in unbroken harmony and mutual good will, is to suppose a thing wholly inconsistent with experience.

experience. Whenever any two populations of different bloods are brought into close and enduring contact, the feeling of race is sure to be engendered in each. Jealousy, contempt, or resentment, or suspicion, in greater or less degrees, characterises their mutual intercourse. This feeling shows itself in those towns of England where English and Welsh dwell in close proximity; and more strongly in those suburbs which are inhabited by English and Irish families. It shows itself, too, where Neapolitans and Piedmontese or Walloons and Flemings live close together. In all these cases there are national peculiarities of character and sentiment which provoke conflict and collision. As time goes on, if the two nations are not fused by intermarriage, their respective peculiarities assume a more offensive aspect, and the mutual jealousy or repulsion gains strength with each successive generation.

If this condition of things exists amongst peoples which, although derived from different stocks, have yet for centuries lived under the same government and spoken the same tongue, it naturally exists in a fuller degree among peoples which belong, not only to different races, but to races widely different in type, and which, till within a brief period, have only been known to each other in the relation of proprietor and chattel. All the differences which separate the Englishman from the Irishman or the Frenchman, are as nothing to the differences which separate all Europeans from all Negroes. It is not only dissimilarity of type, but dissimilarity of type intensified and exaggerated by entire dissimilarity of colour; and both these in their turn made more significant by the contrast between past slavery and present freedom. Let any one imagine two such populations, with such traditions, growing up together in one island: the Englishmen with their pride of country, their general contempt of all alien people, and a special contempt for people of colour; the Africans, with no recollection of the country of their sires, with no traditions beyond a few superstitious myths, with no civilisation brought from Africa, and only a semblance of civilisation picked up in Jamaica; with an imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, and a more imperfect imitation of English manners; with a consciousness, too, of their own increasing numbers, and the decreasing numbers of those who were once their masters, and with a self-conceit which no amount of censure can rebuke, and no amount of ridicule shame down; let any one imagine these two classes living side by side, the one multiplying rapidly, the other stationary or diminishing; and but a slight knowledge of human nature is sufficient to demonstrate the general results of such a juxtaposition. Nor, in estimating these, should we omit to consider a third element, which

which is the invariable consequence of this contiguity,—the mixed race which springs from the intercourse of whites and blacks and from their many-tinted progeny. Inheriting, as this does, some of the qualities of each ancestral stock, it plays an important part in the social and political history of every tropical colony. To the intelligence and often to the acquirements of the white race it unites the impulsive waywardness of the negro, and adds a sensitiveness of its own, which is a perpetual vexation to itself and every one else. Its peculiar characteristics qualify it to lead any movement of the disaffected negroes; for it participates in many of their sentiments, is affected by many of their prejudices, has an education superior to them, and regards itself as very ill-treated because it is not admitted to social equality with the white people. We are now speaking of the average mulatto class. There are a few others nominally belonging to it, and doubtless connected with it by blood, but whose complexion betrays hardly a vestige of colour, while their manners, acquirements, and general demeanour raise them to a level with the educated gentlemen of any country. Such men are not disposed to be the promoters or the leaders of negro disaffection. This work is left to the ordinary Mulatto, who undertakes it, not, generally, from any special liking for the negro, but from spite to the white man. A contiguity of these elements in an island, once subjected to the laws of slavery, is sure to bring about mischief sooner or later. It has done so in other islands, as, recently, in Antigua and St. Vincents, in both of which, however, the proportions of whites to blacks is greater than it is in Jamaica, and where other compensating influences mitigate the collision of the races. Such people as kept up any correspondence with Jamaica knew perfectly well that life was there disquieted by a want of amity and confidence between the different sections of the people, and that (except in certain localities blessed by a more genial and kindly spirit) the whites complained of the growing insolence and offensiveness of the negroes. But this was known only to a few. The vast majority of Englishmen have long been equally ignorant and indifferent about Jamaica; and, out of political or commercial circles, the only persons who took any interest in its history were the friends of the missionaries. England, therefore, was smitten with amazement when in the November of last year the West India Mail brought news of a negro rising, accompanied by great atrocities, and suppressed with considerable carnage. When sufficient time had been allowed to peruse and examine the successive accounts of this unexpected catastrophe, the

the following circumstances gradually impressed themselves on the popular mind.

It appeared that, in the month of January, 1865, Mr. (or, as he is named in the Parliamentary papers, Dr.) Underhill, an official of the Baptist connexion, addressed a letter to the Secretary of State, in which he took advantage of the distress caused by a long drought in certain districts of Jamaica, to infer the existence of a general poverty and depression, and to attribute these to certain political grievances, which he specially described. We shall examine the details of this letter later. At present, we content ourselves with remarking that many of his assertions are highly exaggerated, some utterly untrue, while his conclusions are often illogical, and his suggestions impracticable. But at the same time we are bound to admit that even had the letter been originally published in Jamaica, and addressed to the colonists, instead of being addressed to the Secretary of State, it could not, consistently with the precedents of English law, have been brought within the provisions of any Act directed against treasonable or seditious publications. It was a foolish letter, inconsiderate and mischievous, calculated to foment discontent and disaffection amongst an unreflecting and untaught race; but it was not, technically speaking, a seditious letter. That it did lead to much mischief is true. That it should not be published or made known was desirable enough. But the difficulty of dealing rightly with such effusions is only a part of the general difficulty which besets the adaptation of English principles and modes of thought to nations and tribes which have an entirely different standard of ethics, and take an entirely different view of human affairs. Perhaps nothing in modern history so strongly illustrates the one-sidedness and imperfection of English legislation as the make-shifty and hap-hazard looseness with which some 800,000 black semi-barbarians were at one bound—without commensurate training or preparation—admitted to the full civil rights of English citizens, and subjected to the ordinary routine of English administration. They were, in the first instance, wisely subjected, by the Emancipation Act prepared by Lord Derby, then Secretary for the Colonies, to a seven years' apprenticeship; but the impatience of the philanthropists, represented by the late Sir E. Wilmot, vexed the Government with motions which led to their complete Emancipation from control ere four of the seven years had expired. Whatever difficulties or annoyances we may hereafter have with our tropical colonies, will be mainly due to the want of a governmental machinery adapted to the gradual transition  
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of African slaves to the condition of jurymen, municipal electors, voters for a colonial Parliament, and members of a colonial Parliament. The French have done very differently in their sugar colonies, where the newly enfranchised negro is hemmed in with restrictions that effectually prevent him from doing any harm to himself or others. But this is a wide subject, and we forbear to pursue it further. The letter of Mr. Underhill which gave rise to this digression was addressed to Mr. Secretary Cardwell in the month of January, 1865. Mr. Cardwell, in the same month, transmitted a copy of it to Governor Eyre. Governor Eyre then referred it for report to the Custodes of the different parishes—officers who are somewhat in the position of Lord Lieutenants of English counties—to the Judges, to the Bishop of Kingston, and to the heads or superintendents of the various religious denominations in the colony. In taking this course he acted perfectly in accordance with the dictates both of common sense and of prescription. There was no other course, equally frank and sensible, which the Governor could have taken. That a letter thus submitted for criticism and examination should long remain a secret, was wholly impossible. To suppose that a document officially addressed to the Secretary of State about the constitution of a colony, and animadverting strongly on the policy of its government, should be sent out to its governor, should be circulated among a dozen or two dozen persons in the colony, should be criticised and reported on by them, and then that these reports should be sent back to the Governor, without the knowledge or privity of any other persons, is a supposition inconsistent with the natural condition not only of any colony, but of any human society. That happened which might have been expected to happen. The whole affair got wind, and Mr. Underhill's letter found its way into the colonial papers. To accuse the Governor of breach of confidence or want of discretion is childish in the extreme. He could not have prevented the publication of the ill-omened letter, except at the risk of greater mischiefs than, in fact, it eventually did produce. Garbled portions, filled out with significant inuendoes, would have done more harm than the unmutilated whole. As it was, its effects were soon enough perceptible. A petition, evidently based upon its contents, was sent to England. The signers of this petition described themselves as poor labourers, and complained generally of the cost of subsistence, and the smallness of their earnings. Meanwhile the references made by Mr. Eyre to the local authorities had elicited numerous replies, the general tenor of which was to deny the truth of Mr. Underhill's allegations. These were forwarded to the Secretary of State, who, in July, directed

Mr. Eyre to inform the subscribers 'that the prosperity of the labouring classes, as of all other classes, depends in Jamaica, and in all other countries, upon their working for wages, not uncertainly or capriciously, but steadily and continuously at the times when their labour is wanted, and for so long as it is wanted.' The purport of this despatch was communicated to the custodes, justices, and ministers of religion in different parts of the island. The Baptist ministers declined to further its circulation, and avowed their sympathy with the terms of the petition and Mr. Underhill's letter. Under their auspices meetings were held of an inflammatory, if not actually a seditious nature. At the end of July Mr. Eyre received warning that a negro rising was contemplated on the 4th of August, and took measures of precaution accordingly. Among the appeals addressed at this date to the negroes was one from which we extract the following paragraph:—

'Poor people of St. Ann's. Starving people of St. Ann's. Naked people of St. Ann's. You who have no sugar estates to work on, nor can find other employment, we call on you to come forth; even if you be naked, come forth, and protest against the unjust representations made against you by Mr. Governor Eyre and his band of custodes. You don't require custodes to tell your woes; but you want men free of Government influence; you want honest men; you want men with a sense of right and wrong, and who can appreciate you. Call on your ministers to reveal your true condition, and then call on Heaven to witness, and have mercy.

'People of St. Thomas-in-the-East you have been ground down too long already. Shake off your sloth, and speak like honourable and free men at your meeting. Let not a crafty, jesuitical Priesthood deceive you. Prepare for your duty. Remember the destitution in the midst of your families, and your forlorn condition. The Government have taxed you to defend your own rights against the enormities of an unscrupulous and oppressive foreigner—Mr. Custos Ketelhodt. You feel this. It is no wonder you do. You have been dared in this provoking act, and it is sufficient to extinguish your long patience. This is not the time when such deeds should be perpetrated; but as they have been, it is your duty to speak out, and to act, too! We advise you to be up and doing; and to maintain your cause, you must be united in your efforts. The causes of your distress are many, and now is your time to review them. Your custos, we learn, read at the last vestry the Despatch from Mr. Cardwell, which he seemed to think should quiet you. But how can men with a sense of wrong in their bosoms be content to be quiet under such a reproachful Despatch?'

It is clear that the letter was doing its work, that considerable excitement prevailed among the negroes, and that the majority of the Baptist ministers encouraged rather than allayed this excitement.

ment. But although August and September passed over without any outbreak, October was not destined to enjoy a similar tranquillity.

The history of the outbreak we prefer to give in the words of the Official Report lately presented to Parliament:—

‘THE ORIGIN AND OUTBREAK OF THE DISTURBANCES.

‘The first resistance to lawful authority occurred on Saturday the 7th October, 1865.

‘On that day, which was also market day, a Court of Petty Sessions was held at Morant Bay.

‘The business which came before the magistrates during the early part of the day was of an ordinary description, consisting principally of charges of assault, and of the use of abusive language by negroes towards persons of the same class.

‘Among other cases of this description, there was a charge of assault, brought by a woman against a boy. He was found guilty by the magistrates, and sentenced to a fine of 4s., and the payment of the costs, which amounted to 12s. 6d.

‘When the defendant was called upon to pay this amount, a person of the name of Geoghegan interfered, and told him to pay the amount of the fine only, and not to pay the costs.

‘This caused so much disturbance in the court that business was for a time suspended, and the magistrates ordered that Geoghegan, who was speaking very loud and causing the disturbance, should be brought before them. The constables laid hold of Geoghegan for that purpose, but he was rescued by bystanders, and left the Court House. He was followed by the police, who attempted to retake him; but a considerable number of persons having come to his assistance, the police were beaten, and compelled to retreat without effecting their object. When order was in some degree restored, a summons in which Lewis Miller was the defendant was called on for hearing. This case, from the interest which was felt in it, had caused a numerous attendance at the Court House on that day.

‘It arose out of a dispute relating to an estate in the neighbourhood of Stony Gut, not far from Morant Bay, a portion of which had been leased out to small occupiers. Some years ago the occupiers had refused to pay rent for their holdings, on the ground that the land was free, and the estate belonged to the Queen.

‘The question was then tried, and decided against the occupiers. During the last summer there seems to have been a disposition again to raise the same question, and a refusal to pay rent was accompanied by the statement that the land was free.

‘It was for a trespass on a part of this estate that Miller, who was one of the occupiers, was summoned.

‘The case was heard and decided against him, and notice given of an appeal against the decision.

‘On the following Monday, informations having been taken upon

oath, warrants were issued for the apprehension of two persons of the name of Bogle, and several others who were stated to have taken an active part in the riot of the previous Saturday.

'These warrants were placed in the hands of a policeman who, with five other policemen and two rural constables, proceeded early on Tuesday morning the 10th of October to Stony Gut, a Negro Settlement about five miles from Morant Bay, where Paul Bogle and some other of the alleged rioters lived.

'They found Paul Bogle in his yard, and told him that they had a warrant for his apprehension.

'He desired to have the warrant read to him, which was done. He then said that he would not go, and upon one of the policemen proceeding to apprehend him he cried out, "Help, here." At the same time a man named Grant, who was with him, and was addressed as "Captain," called out, "Turn out, men." Almost immediately a body of men, variously estimated at from 300 to 500, armed with cutlasses, sticks, and pikes, rushed out from a chapel where Bogle was in the habit of preaching, and from an adjoining cane-field, and attacked the policemen.

'The policemen were, of course, overpowered. Some of them were severely beaten. Three of the number were made prisoners, and detained for several hours, and were ultimately released only upon their taking an oath that henceforth they would "join their colour," that they would "cleave to the black."

'It was stated by Bogle, in the presence of the policemen, that they had expected to go to Morant Bay that day, but that it was then late; that on the morrow there was to be a vestry held at the Bay, and that they expected to come down. It was said by others that they intended to come down to the Bay "to kill all the white men and all the black men that would not join them."

'Information of what had taken place, and of the threat to come down on the following day, was on the same Tuesday evening given to the Inspector of Police at Morant Bay, and to Baron Ketelhodt, the Custos of the Parish. In consequence of this information the Custos summoned the Volunteers of the district to assemble at Morant Bay, and at the same time wrote to the Governor for military aid.

'On Wednesday the 11th of October the Vestry, consisting of certain elected members, and of the Magistrates, who were members ex officio, assembled in the Court House at Morant Bay at about 12 o'clock, and proceeded with their ordinary business till between three and four o'clock, when notice was given that a crowd of people was approaching.

'The Volunteers were hastily called together, and almost immediately afterwards a body of men, armed with cutlasses, sticks, muskets, and bayonets, after having attacked the Police Station, and obtained possession of such arms as were there deposited, were seen entering a large open space facing the Court House in front of which the Volunteers had been drawn up. Baron Ketelhodt went out to the steps, and called to the people to know what they wanted. He received



received no answer, and his cries of "Peace, peace," were met by cries from the crowd of "War."

'As the advancing people drew near the Volunteers retired till they reached the steps of the Court House. The Custos then began to read the Riot Act. While he was in the act of reading it stones were thrown at the Volunteers, and Captain Hitchins, who commanded them, was struck in the forehead. The Captain, having received authority from the Custos, then gave the word to fire. The order was obeyed, and some of the people were seen to fall.

'There was some conflict of evidence on the point, whether stones were thrown before the firing commenced. That fact, however, was, as it appears to us, clearly established by the testimony of a large number of witnesses, although there were some who stated that they did not see any stones thrown until after the firing.

'One witness fixes the time of the throwing of the stones. He saw stones thrown, and immediately left the place before the firing commenced, which he heard but did not see.

'Another, again, who did not see the stones thrown, saw the face of the captain bleeding before he gave the order to fire.

'The apparent contradiction may, we think, be easily reconciled. It is possible that the eyes of those who did not see the stones thrown were fixed on the main body who were advancing towards the Volunteers, while the stones were apparently thrown by women, who had been observed carrying them, and by others who were walking at the side of the main body.

'At the time of the discharge of the rifles, the mob were close upon the Volunteers. The rioters instantly rushed upon them, and succeeded in disarming some of them. The rest they compelled either to flee or to take shelter in the Court House.

'Here were assembled the Magistrates and other members of the Vestry, with such of the Volunteers as had succeeded in effecting an entrance.

'Some escaped at once by the back windows, but the greater part remained for a considerable time, being pelted with stones and fired at from the outside; such of the Volunteers as had retained their guns also firing from the inside.

'A cry was then heard, "Go and fetch fire;" "Burn the brutes out." Bogle in particular said, "Let us put fire upon the Court House. If we don't, we will not manage the Volunteers and the Buckra."

'Very shortly afterwards men were seen to set fire to the School House, which adjoined the Court House. Then, after a time, the fire spread from the roof of the one building to that of the other.

'As the roof of the Court House was beginning to fall in, the inmates were compelled to leave the building, and it being now dark they sought to conceal themselves in different places in the vicinity.

'Some remained undiscovered throughout the night, but others were dragged from their hiding places, and one by one either beaten to death or left for dead on the ground.

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'The number of persons killed by the rioters in or about the Court House appears to have been 18, and the number of the wounded to have amounted to 31.

'After this the town remained in possession of the rioters. The gaolers were compelled to throw open the prison doors, and 51 prisoners who were there confined were released.'

Such were the occurrences which the West Indian mails of last November made familiar to the English people. The same mails also brought an account of the measures which Mr. Eyre adopted to stay the progress of the outbreak. He had first heard of the apprehended danger by a letter from Baron Von Ketelhodt, on the 11th of October, the very day on which the Baron's worst apprehensions were realised, and his life was lost. Immediately on the receipt of this letter, an Executive Committee was convened at Spanish Town, and a requisition sent to Major-General O'Connor, at Kingston, to despatch one hundred men to Morant Bay. The next day news was received that Baron Von Ketelhodt was massacred, and that the rebels were coming along the line of the Blue Mountain Valley. The requisition was increased to 200 men, and on the evening of the 12th the 'Wolverine' was steaming out of Kingston with 100 men to Morant Bay, and was not long afterwards followed by the 'Onyx' with another hundred. At the same time a body of white troops was sent along the line of the Blue Mountain Valley to intercept the rebels coming from the east. After directing these military preparations, the Governor held an Executive Committee; at midnight summonses were issued for a Privy Council. After midnight the Governor drove over to Spanish Town, and gave orders for preparing a proclamation of martial law; he then returned to Kingston, held a Privy Council at eight o'clock in the morning, and proclaimed the County of Surry (one third of the island), with the exception of the city of Kingston, under martial law.

These vigorous proceedings soon bore their fruits. Successive mails brought news of the utter dispersion and confusion of the disaffected blacks. They seem to have thought they were to have it all their own way, and never to have prepared themselves for the discomfiture of their plans. When, therefore, they had mutilated their first victims at Morant Bay, pillaged three or four neighbouring estates, murdered one manager, and attempted the murder of two or three other managers and magistrates, threatened one or two clergymen, and insulted two or three ladies, they broke loose in chaotic anarchy. They had no idea of facing regular troops. Rather, there seems reason for supposing that they indulged the hope that the regular troops

would

would side with them. When they discovered their mistake, the little cohesion which they formerly had gave way. They continued to go about in bands plundering the planters' houses, but for the most part observed a respectful distance from the soldiers, although they did not always keep out of the range of the Enfield rifle; and on two occasions they fired on the troops. It was the facility and the frequency with which they were shot or captured and executed, that turned the popular feeling in England, which otherwise would have been one of horror at their atrocities, into one of commiseration for their fate. And this feeling was further intensified by an incident which has impressed a most painful character on the whole affair.

Mr. Eyre had given directions to station troops at Port Antonio, and to march another body under Colonel Hobbs along the line of the Blue Mountain Valley. These, with the troops stationed at Morant Bay, hemmed the rebels in between the mountains and the eastern coast, preventing them from effecting raids in the Central, Western, and Northern districts of the island, all of which, it appears, had been threatened by them. The business of the troops consisted in intercepting and capturing negroes, and handing them over to courts martial. By these means the rebellion was confined to a district on the eastern part of the island and was there crushed. While these movements were going on, certain declarations made by rebels and some papers brought under the notice of the military authorities seemed to Mr. Eyre to fix the instigation of the outbreak on a mulatto named Gordon, a man of some substance and education, who had been a magistrate and a member of the House of Assembly. Gordon was a proprietor in the parish of St. Thomas in the East, where he had exercised his talents as a parochial agitator. Having made some allegations against a brother magistrate, which were afterwards disproved, he had been dismissed from his magisterial functions by the Governor. Subsequently, after having left the Church of England for the Baptist denomination, he was elected to fill the office of churchwarden; but, the custos and the vestry having refused to admit his qualification, he brought two successive actions against the custos, Baron Ketelhodt, and was defeated in both. These defeats, quarrels with the rector of the parish, and heavy pecuniary obligations, seem to have soured his temper. He became a grievance-monger and a railer at the Government. When the disturbances were going on at Morant Bay, Gordon remained at Kingston. There, hearing that his name was mixed up with the outbreak, and that it was attributed to his instigation, he went of his own accord to the house of the Major-General commanding, and surrendered himself to the authorities. He

was at once put on board the vessel which was taking Mr. Eyre back to Morant Bay and was there handed over to the military authorities, who tried him by martial law, condemned him and executed him. When this was known in England, it turned the uncertain current of popular feeling strongly against the Governor. It was said that it was bad enough to send out armed soldiers to shoot down unarmed negroes; but it was downright murder to take a civilian who had never been in arms against the Government, remove him from Kingston, where martial law had not been proclaimed, to the proclaimed district, and there have him tried and sentenced by officers who did not know the rules of evidence, and who, if they had known them, would have been unwilling to follow them. Meetings were held; speeches were delivered, full of the most intemperate violence and monstrous exaggeration; delegates went to Downing Street, to bluster and browbeat the Secretary of State. The upshot of all was that a Royal Commission of Inquiry was appointed by the Government, which had itself determined on this step prior to the agitation. The Commissioners selected were Sir H. Storks, a military officer of considerable experience in civil affairs; Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London; and Mr. Maule, a rising Barrister of eminence on the Northern Circuit and Recorder of Leeds. Apart from the consideration of the policy of this measure, no objection can be made to the constitution of the Commission itself. Sir Henry Storks is a soldier, who to a thorough knowledge of the English and continental armies adds not only a familiarity with the routine of civil administration, but also an unaffected courtesy of manner and a singular tact in treating delicate and difficult questions. He therefore possessed eminent qualifications for the arduous office with which he was invested. For he was selected not only to preside over the Commission, but to supersede Mr. Eyre, whose retention of the government was inconsistent with an inquiry into his conduct. And no one, perhaps, was likely to perform this very disagreeable duty with greater comity and consideration than Sir Henry Storks. Mr. Russell Gurney and Mr. Maule are lawyers, who bring to any investigation of facts the acuteness and precision which long practice at the Bar and no small experience on the Bench make normal habits of mind. Whether it was a true and right policy to entrust such an investigation to gentlemen whose professional habits might be supposed to limit the area of inquiry by the horizon of facts, was doubtful to many persons whose local experience taught them to discern the character of the crisis which had occurred. We are, however, bound to say that a perusal of the Report will dis-

abuse people of any anticipations they may have formed of a narrow and incomplete investigation. The inquiry has properly been restricted to facts, but the facts which it embraces include all that bears on the origin of the outbreak and the process of its suppression. And although we in part differ from the conclusions at which the Commissioners have arrived, we are bound to notice the patience with which they conducted the inquiry, the comprehensiveness by which it is characterised, and the fairness which distinguishes their verdict. They began to sit on the 25th of January, and continued their sittings almost without intermission till the 21st of March. They held their court generally at Spanish Town, but, during the prosecution of the inquiry, they visited Morant Bay, Bath, and Manchioneal, in order to test by personal experience the oral or documentary evidence which they had received of local occurrences. Nor were their labours easy. They had to examine people who had no notion either of the objects of the investigation or of the nature of evidence, or of time, or of distance; many of whom spoke in such a travestie of English that it almost seemed a foreign and barbarous tongue; many of whom, too, came for the purpose of claiming pecuniary compensation for losses which they had sustained, or of gratifying their own vindictiveness by informing against their personal enemies, or of supporting their own theory of the disturbances by evidence sometimes very imperfect, and sometimes wholly false. The witnesses amounted in all to 730, and the number of separate sittings to sixty. The questions and answers with the appendix fill a double-columned Blue Book of upwards of 1100 pages. This testifies to the persevering industry of the Commissioners, whose labours were performed in the hottest part of a tropical country, to the climate of which two of the three were quite unused.

The conclusions to which the investigation led them may best be given in their own words:—

#### ‘ CONCLUSIONS.

‘ Upon the subjects proposed for our inquiry we have come to the following conclusions:—

‘ I.—That the disturbances in St. Thomas-in-the-East had their immediate origin in a planned resistance to lawful authority.

‘ II.—That the causes leading to the determination to offer that resistance were manifold:

- (1.) That a principal object of the disturbers of order was the obtaining of land free from the payment of rent.
- (2.) That an additional incentive to the violation of the law arose from the want of confidence generally felt by the labour-

ing class in the tribunals before which most of the disputes affecting their interests were carried for adjudication.

- (3.) That some, moreover, were animated by feelings of hostility towards political and personal opponents, while not a few contemplated the attainment of their ends by the death or expulsion of the white inhabitants of the Island.

‘III.—That though the original design for the overthrow of constituted authority was confined to a small portion of the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East, yet that the disorder in fact spread with singular rapidity over an extensive tract of country, and that such was the state of excitement prevailing in other parts of the Island that had more than a momentary success been obtained by the insurgents, their ultimate overthrow would have been attended with a still more fearful loss of life and property.

‘IV.—That praise is due to Governor Eyre for the skill, promptitude, and vigour which he manifested during the early stages of the insurrection; to the exercise of which qualities its speedy termination is in a great degree to be attributed.

‘V.—That the Military and Naval operations appear to us to have been prompt and judicious.

‘VI.—That by the continuance of martial law in its full force to the extreme limit of its statutory operation the people were deprived for a longer than the necessary period of the great constitutional privileges by which the security of life and property is provided for.

‘Lastly.—That the punishments inflicted were excessive.

(1.) That the punishment of death was unnecessarily frequent.

(2.) That the floggings were reckless, and at Bath positively barbarous.

(3.) That the burning of 1000 houses was wanton and cruel.

‘All which we humbly submit to Your Majesty’s gracious consideration.’

Thus we see that the Commissioners hold that the disturbance was seditious, if not treasonable, in its character; that, among the projects of its authors, were the appropriation of estates, and the expulsion of the white people from the colony, if not their extirpation; that its rapid subjugation on the scene of its first outbreak prevented its further extension, and a still greater sacrifice of life and property; that its speedy termination was due to the vigour, promptitude and energy of Mr. Eyre, and to the effective action of the naval and military forces. They qualify this praise by condemning the duration of martial law, the frequency with which the punishment of death was inflicted, the recklessness with which flogging was resorted to, and the burning of 1000 houses. In a previous part of their Report they had acquitted Gordon of any complicity in the outbreak at Morant Bay, or of having been a party to a general conspiracy against the Govern-

ment. On the whole, then, they attribute to Mr. Eyre the credit of having by his vigour and energy crushed a very formidable rebellion; while, not indeed directly, but by implication, they blame him for the prolonged duration of martial law, for the toleration of unnecessary executions, and for the arrest and sentence of Gordon.

It seems to be the opinion of some people in this country that a rebellion is a very trifling affair, which requires only a little vigour on the part of the authorities to be stamped out at once, when peace will be restored and all things revert to their original condition. Men who know only of risings and civil war by books have been free in their condemnation of acts which, because they were not likely to be done in England, these critics hastily inferred ought not to be done in Jamaica. In their strictures they have given way to a feeling which is undoubtedly humane and right in itself, but which, unless controlled by reflexion, intelligence and knowledge, is apt to mislead. It did not occur to them that any rising of a people or a portion of a people against the constituted authorities necessarily implies, not a mere capricious impulse, but a settled and confirmed antipathy, which will rest satisfied with nothing short of an appeal to force. This is true where the governed and the governing parties are both of the same lineage and race; but it is far more strikingly true when the combatants represent distinct and antagonistic races, and when the theatre of the conflict is a country which the rebel thinks has been wrongfully taken from himself by his opponents. What do these critics believe would be the conditions of a Fenian rebellion in Ireland, or what is their impression of the past rebellions in that country? Do they imagine that the gall and bitterness which had fermented in the breasts of the rebels for years before they took up arms were modified by the success at Wexford, or subdued by the defeat at Vinegar Hill? Do they fancy that the civil war was carried on in a spirit of courteous forbearance on either side, and that the arms of the combatants were never stained with blood, except in the open battle-field? Have they so read the history of these transactions as to suppose that there was no inhumanity—no ferocity—no brutal assassinations—no revolting murders—no atrocities to young and helpless women, worse far than any murders—committed by soldiers on defenceless Irish, or by overwhelming Irish upon outnumbered or defenceless soldiers and loyalists? A perusal of the history of 1798 will disabuse them of impressions so baseless, and teach them what might have been supposed to be a superfluous lesson, viz., that civil wars are neither made nor ended with rose-water—that, when the blood of two contending races is on fire, their mutual animosity

animosity is proportioned to the closeness of their contiguity and the occasions of their collision. In the case of Jamaica, the feeling of race was intensified by the feeling of colour, by the traditions of different religions, or by different conceptions of the same religion, and by the recollections of slavery. The disparity of numbers, too, stamped a signal characteristic upon relations otherwise sufficiently unfriendly. In the colonies where men of dusky complexions are governed by white men, there is a defined limitation to the increase of the latter, while the former are indefinitely multiplying. This stimulates the hopes of the majority, while it excites the fears of the minority. The small garrison becomes an object of dislike, suspicion, and hatred to its outnumbering neighbours; while they, on their side, are a daily increasing terror to their nominal superiors. In this state of things any accident—as, for instance, a vestry squabble—suffices to bring about a collision. But when it is brought about, the fierceness of the aggression and the fierceness of the retaliation are in a direct ratio to the length of time during which the angry hatred has smouldered for want of opportunity to burst out. Then it is that acts are perpetrated which reveal the unextinguished savageness of the human heart, beneath the superficial gloss of a partial civilization. Then it is that—unless repression comes sternly at once—the pent-up wrath and hate of years find vent in the wildest excesses of murder, rapine, and lust. Then it is that the black man becomes almost a demon in the cruelty of attack, and the white man rivals his foe in the cruelty of his resistance. Whoever is aware of the deeds that have been done on former occasions, and knows their tendency to repeat themselves on every occurrence of insurrection, will naturally feel the utmost anxiety to see any insurrection effectually repressed, and, if he is in office, will exert himself vigorously in its repression.

We do not take upon ourselves to do that which the Commissioners have very properly abstained from doing, viz., to define with precision what was the exact measure of punishment due to the magnitude of the outbreak, and adequate to the prevention of its recurrence. We do not know that it is competent for any person to say with minute accuracy how many men ought to have been put to death. It appears too that Mr. Eyre and the military authorities were justified in thinking that the sudden dispersion of the negro rioters, and their utter inability to make a stand before the troops, were not of themselves sufficient reasons for putting an end at once to all severe measures of repression, so long as the negroes did not submit. In our opinion, they were justified by a knowledge of the negro character. The

negro



negro is a creature of considerable shrewdness on subjects that fall within the scope of his daily ken and observation. He will learn the tastes and predilections of those upon whom his well-being is dependent, and he will study to gratify or disgust them, according to his whim. But he has very indistinct notions of all things with which he has not personal acquaintance; and his deductions from the unknown to the known are singularly childish. The evidence presented by this Report contains abundant instances of his unreasoning credulity and fatuous conceit. He could not believe that the Commissioners were not sent out for the express purpose of giving him compensation and punishing Mr. Eyre. In the same way he believed that, if he rose in insurrection, the soldiers would either not be sent against him, or, if sent, would side with him. He had believed also that the "back lands," or waste appurtenances of the old estates, had been given by the Queen to the negroes, who were kept out of them by the grasping and unprincipled whites; that money had been sent out by the Queen, and kept back by the same whites; and that if he rose in rebellion he would get these back lands, and other lands, with the houses, wives, and daughters of their proprietors. Now, if the negro believed these things on no authority, save an idle word first, perhaps, jestingly spoken, it was quite likely that he would believe the rumour which would certainly have been circulated, and which he would have an interest in believing,—that the soldiers had never met the insurgents, never taken, or never shot any. The far more intelligent people of India could not for a long time be brought to believe in the arrival of reinforcements from England, or the victories they had gained. That the negro's credulity or incredulity is the offspring of his bias and wishes, there is abundance of evidence in the papers before us to prove. We take one sample. After Sir Henry Storks's arrival in the colony, he found it necessary to issue a proclamation forbidding the use of threatening language towards persons who were about to give their testimony before the Royal Commissioners. A clergyman read this to his country congregation in church, after the termination of the morning prayers. This created quite a disturbance; and as he was passing through the churchyard after service, one negro cried out that the 'parson was humbugging them,' and that he did not believe either the parson or the Government proclamation. In the same way the duped people would have stuck to their belief that the Queen was on their side, unless they had seen the Queen's soldiers acting vigorously against them. Mr. Eyre's vigorous measures confined the seditious outbreak to the Eastern and South-Eastern portions of

the island. But the intentions of the insurgents were not confined to those portions—they embraced the whole Colony. As will be seen, scattered amongst the voluminous evidence of the Commission, the Bogles and their followers spoke of driving the whites, not out of St. Thomas's in the East, but out of Jamaica. And we know that persons of position, both lay and clerical, received warning to be on their guard about the time at which the outbreak began. Mr. Harrison, for instance, was emphatically warned, so far back as July, to leave Jamaica, and not return till after Christmas. In Vere, Metcalfe, and St. Ann's, seditious threats were used before the outbreak in St. Thomas's in the East. Proprietors were coolly told that if they did not choose to rent their lands out, they would be deprived of them by force; that 'the people would soon be free, and the lands divided among them;' that 'all the coloured and white men's days would soon be over; they should not rule the country any longer.' No one after reading the Blue Books can doubt the diffusion of the bad feeling among the blacks of different districts. Had, then, the soldiers contented themselves with a military promenade to Bath, or along the Blue Mountain Valley, it is clear to us what must have been the impression made on the negro mind. It would have been that the negro soldiers were friendly, or the white officers timid, or the local Government incapable. Things would have remained quiet, so long as the soldiers were in the district; and, as soon as they had been removed, fresh plans for a rising would have been concerted, fresh aggressions on authority undertaken, fresh murders and rapine committed. And a second rising, after the lenient treatment of the first, would have been more audacious in its designs, stronger in its numbers, more complete in its organization, and more expansive in its extent, than the first had been. The design avowed by some of the negroes would have been executed, of breaking down the bridges and cutting off all communication with the camp and all chance of rescue for the besieged and isolated whites. This would have happened in the mountain districts, where the rebels were unapproachable by troops. But, if the rising had been deferred till the military force in the colony was considerably reduced, the rioters might have wrought fearful havoc in Kingston and Spanish Town before any body of troops could be collected to meet them, and then they might have retired to the mountains, whence it would have taken years, perhaps, to dislodge them.

When we recollect that, in the interval between the years 1732 and 1834, there were five or six formidable risings of negroes; that on some of these occasions plantations were fired and proprietors killed by the score; that one portion of the negroes (the

Maroons) were once strong enough to extort both a distinct settlement and a treaty; that other islands, especially Antigua and Barbadoes—and recently again Antigua and St. Vincents—had witnessed conspiracies of the negroes to get possession of them and exterminate the whites; that in Jamaica the negroes had been increasing in numbers, while the white population had decreased; that the example of Hayti's independence was a subject of common talk and reference, while the boasting braggadocio of Haytian sojourners was familiar to certain influential negroes; that the laxest form of dissenting discipline had been found too tight for the negro Baptists, who had substituted for it a discipline and teachers of their own, both singularly tolerant of political insubordination; when we recollect these facts, we cannot wonder that the first indications of a seditious organization among the negroes were sufficient to inspire the local Government with the most ardent resolution to prevent by all means the possibility of a second outbreak after the first had been put down. It was absolutely necessary that the rebels should be impressed with a conviction not only of the strength of the Government, but of the terrible dangers that they would incur by resisting it. The details of the evidence show that in this, as in every other similar contest, 'waiters upon Providence' abounded—men who waited to see which side would be successful; who were not disaffected themselves, and had no cause of disaffection, but who could not have withstood the violent current of sedition, if it had been allowed to run its course and been arrested by no signal force. The evidence in the Blue Books is clear on this point. Well-affected and kindly-disposed negroes, when asked what side they would take in the event of a general rising, replied in these terms: 'I could not fight against my own colour; under such circumstances we would all be obliged to submit;' and 'If any of the negroes wished to help you, they dare not do it;' and 'They would go with the strongest side.' On negroes of this kind one or two executions would have made no impression. They could have been known only to a few persons in the districts in which they took place. In other even contiguous districts they would have been discredited. Men would have been found to deny that they had ever been carried into effect, and to assert that the report of them was only a 'buckra's lie.' Indeed, we have a remarkable instance of this incredulity in a letter written by one Roman Catholic priest to another, after the affair at Morant's Bay, and published in one of the earliest Blue Books, wherein this paragraph occurs:—

'It is quite remarkable how common is the idea amongst the poor blacks that the accounts in the papers of the affair at St. Thomas in

the East are written merely to frighten them. They evidently believe that the white men have been successfully attacked and opposed, and are now frightened throughout the island. . . . At the Moneague the police told me the people are fully persuaded that the rebels have not been punished; and that the reports are merely to frighten them.'

And so it would have been if measures of only partial severity had been adopted. But, as yet, with such evidence as we have before us, and removed as we are far away from the scene of awful strife, we see no reason for discrediting the judgment of the Royal Commissioners that the number of 450 was 'excessive.' It is much to be deplored that a single drop of blood should have been shed without necessity. At the same time we do say that, considering what was the object proposed by any punishment, the safety of the white population and the loyal negroes would not have been secured by meteing out death to forty or fifty rebels as retribution for the deaths of the fifty volunteers and justices slain and wounded at and after the affair of Morant Bay. Yet this is the suggestion which has been made by philanthropic critics reading the Reports from Jamaica in the rooms of London clubs, or by professional spouters on religious platforms.

We wish to do justice to all the parties implicated in this unhappy business—to the Governor, to the military, to the negro. We know generally what a terrible state of things prevailed in Jamaica; but we do not realise all the features of the crisis. We may, therefore, make insufficient allowance not only for the actual exigencies of the case, but for the impressions of it made upon the minds of those who were suddenly called on to act under their influence. But we hold that it is the duty of an English Governor to rise superior to the passions and prejudices of those by whom he is surrounded, especially when these passions tend to acts of cruel retaliation; and to discourage and reprove all threats and expressions of wild vengeance. We think that Mr. Eyre has not completely cleared himself in respect of the duration of martial law, which was the real cause of the executions mounting up so high; nor in respect of his silent acquiescence in the reckless levity with which Colonel Hobbs and other officers spoke of their dealings with the negro. There is a third point which regards the execution of Gordon: of this we shall speak later.

With regard to the first point, there are two lines of defence, quite different in character. One of these Mr. Eyre takes; the other may be gathered incidentally from the proceedings before the Royal Commissioners. Mr. Eyre had proclaimed an amnesty at the end of October, a fortnight after the proclamation of martial law; but this did not affect the continuance of martial law,

law, which lasted till the full statutable month from the date of its proclamation. This Mr. Eyre justifies in his despatch to Mr. Cardwell of December 23rd, and in his evidence before the Royal Commissioners, on the following grounds:—There was a disturbed district, comprising more than 500 square miles, with a population of 40,000 inhabitants, tainted with disaffection; there were no gaols in the district; there were only 458 regular troops and 287 Maroons in the field. Mr. Eyre considered that the continuance of martial law was necessary to guard rebel prisoners and awe those who were disposed to sympathise with them, so that sedition should not spread into other districts. That there is a certain force in this plea we do not deny; but still the inevitable laxity of proceeding by military tribunals—the misapprehension of evidence by junior military officers—and the proneness of common soldiers to rush into acts of wild violence, during the abeyance of civil authority—all lead us to deplore the extension which Mr. Eyre gave to martial law. When, for instance, we read that one solitary soldier was proved to have taken four prisoners out of the custody of three constables, who offered no resistance—to have shot them on the spot, and to have shot six others the same day—we cannot feel assured that there was no alternative but the prolongation of a system which left the lives and properties of even innocent people for four weeks at the disposal of any lawless and undisciplined soldiers, roaming away from their stations. But although Mr. Eyre—who evades no responsibility—urges this plea, we infer from the papers before us that there was another reason, which Mr. Eyre would naturally hesitate to adduce. From his own evidence and that of Mr. Attorney-General Heslop it seems that Jamaica at this crisis suffered under a difficulty which other colonies have frequently experienced—viz., the difficulty of defining exactly the limits of the respective jurisdictions of the Governor and the officer in command of the troops. Nothing ought to be more explicitly defined, or more clearly known; but the one or two vague sentences in the Queen's Regulations and the Colonial Instructions leave it open to either of the two authorities concerned to put his own interpretation on the rules laid down. In the case of Jamaica, the Governor himself and his legal adviser seem to have thought that, martial law having once been proclaimed, the Governor had no authority to terminate it before the expiration of the full thirty days allowed by a local statute; and that, during its continuance, the Major-General in command, or the Brigadier, had absolute jurisdiction over every military proceeding.

The difficulty of solving this very important question would  
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seem to have been increased by the peculiar relation then subsisting between the Governor of the Colony and the Major-General on the Staff. The despatches written by Mr. Eyre towards the end of 1865 inclose a correspondence which ought never to have arisen, at such a crisis, between any Governor and any General. While Mr. Eyre was working night and day at the suppression of a rebellion, in addition to the normal business of his office, he found himself teased by the General about some petty trifles of official etiquette. Thus he was probably induced to avoid further occasions of disagreement with an officer on whose military cooperation he relied, and so left open a question which was of the highest moment not only at that time, but at all times. A similar delicacy may have withheld him from expressing his disgust at the shameful levity which characterised some of the military letters transmitted to him through General O'Connor; if he read them at the time. To us nothing in the whole affair is so painful and revolting as the tone in which some British officers thought fit to write regarding shooting or punishing negroes. But the most unaccountable thing is how ever these letters came to be sent to Mr. Eyre. Mr. Eyre probably had no leisure to peruse them at such a time and under such circumstances. His hands were full, and he would naturally content himself with the purport of the General's despatch in which the documents were enclosed, and would take for granted that reports submitted to the General officer were correct in all respects. But how could Major-General O'Connor—who had served forty years in Africa and the West Indies—think of transmitting letters which reflected such deep discredit on their authors? It was the General's duty on reading them to return them at once with the sternest reproof to the writers, and save them and the profession of which he and they were members, from the reproach which their publication has brought on both. We forbear to pursue this part of the subject further. The melancholy death of one of the officers against whom public indignation in England was once directed, makes it too painful for comment. We dismiss it, with a feeling of satisfaction that some of the worst cruelties attributed to the personal instigation of British officers receive the indignant denial of Brigadier Nelson. As to the flogging; we have no doubt that in some cases it was applied both with justice and with good effects. There is hardly anything that the negro dreads so much; and no punishment was better earned than this by negroes who were known to have sacked and plundered planters' houses and who were caught with plunder in their possession. But 600 seems to be an 'excessive' number, and women—bad as they were—should

should not have been flogged. As to the burning of houses, we regret that the Commissioners did not think fit to append to their Report a comment, in order to remove from the minds of English readers an impression which their language must make on all who are not acquainted with the West Indies. The burning of one thousand houses sounds a cruel and terrible thing. But the majority of houses of which the Report speaks cannot have been stone or brick houses, but erections of wattle plastered over with mud, and roofed with palmetto-leaves or other fibrous substance. A hovel of this kind might be built up in less than a week by a couple of men. It is a sad thing to have to destroy property in this way; but war unhappily necessitates proceedings of this nature. So long as a disaffected population hold their houses undisturbed, they offer a standing nucleus of sedition and annoyance to the authorities; and the destruction of the houses is often a necessary step towards the reduction of the population. In Jamaica the destruction fell mainly upon those houses in which plunder was stored.

In these observations we have assumed that there was a rebellion, and that it was a deliberate and preconcerted rebellion. In both these assumptions we have the support of the Commissioners, who place on record their opinion that the disturbances originated in 'a planned resistance to lawful authority,' and was equivalent to 'a design for the overthrow of constituted authority.' This is rebellion. And that no term short of this can be applied to the lawlessness of the rioters, the occurrences previous to the outbreak are sufficient to show. Concert and deliberation are relative. They are shown in different degrees by different people. The power of combination is very weak in the Negro, compared to the same power in Europeans. He has great difficulty in expressing his intention. If concert and conspiracy among negroes were to be measured by the same standard of definiteness that is applied to them in England, they could never be said to exist among negroes, because they never are indicated as they would be indicated by English or Irish plotters. A very few words, repeated over and over again—with marked emphasis on one phrase, and a reply of 'All right, all right!' often constitute the whole external communication of negro purpose. When numbers of negroes have brooded for some time over a grievance—a suggestion or menace, very elliptically and obscurely expressed, and bandied from one to the other, is the only intimation given that any action is meditated. Conspiracy among the negroes can never be proved with the same completeness that conspiracies among Italians or Celts could be proved: yet conspiracies among the negroes have been proved to exist at different times since the settlement of the West

Indies. In the present case, we believe that there was—not indeed among all the negroes or the majority of negroes in Jamaica—but among many negroes in different districts—as much conspiracy as the negro mind was capable of organising. The opinion of the Commissioners on this point is curious. They say: ‘On the assumption that if in fact there was a widespread conspiracy, Mr. G. W. Gordon must have been a party to it, the conclusion at which we have arrived in his case is decisive as to its non-existence.’ It is difficult to see the reasonableness either of this assumption or its conclusion. Surely it is contrary to all principles of reasoning to assume that if there was a conspiracy, any given person must be implicated in it: and equally so to infer that the absence of that person is decisive of the absence of all conspiracy. It would be just as logical to say that, had Gordon been present, his presence would have proved the conspiracy. Would the Commissioners have adopted this proposition? Or, would they have argued in the days of the Popish plot, that, if there was a plot, Guy Faux must be in it; and—if he were not—there could be no plot at all? To us it appears that Gordon was just the man to keep from appearing in any conspiracy, however active he might have been in originating or furthering one. He was intelligent, educated, nominally the proprietor of several landed estates, and altogether a man likely to evade the dangers into which his ignorant and duped followers might fall. He knew enough of law to avoid the technical meshes of an indictment for conspiracy. He knew how far to go; and, as he said himself, he had gone just as far as he could. He had by letters and speeches done all in his power to irritate the minds of the coloured people, first against the Baron Ketelhodt, Rector Herschel and others, and, secondly, against the Governor and the Government. But he was astute enough to keep clear of any overt act which could implicate himself in any conspiracy. We believe he did not conspire. And we are not sure that he had formed the definite project of making others conspire; but we believe that the Bogles and others did conspire, and that Gordon knew that they did; for they always spoke of Gordon as the ‘back’ of their project. He himself spoke to his own wife at Kingston of the massacre at Morant Bay on the very day of its occurrence, and the day before it was generally known in the city. This looks very like privity. In his own defence, too, he said he had been asked several times to head a Rebellion. If so, it is not too much to assume that he had been asked by the Bogles and others who took part in the affray at St. Thomas’s. A prisoner going to execution cried out, ‘See what Massa Gordon bring me to!’ Combine with these



statements the following expressions in his letters, 'that the reign of their oppressors would be short, and that the Lord was about to destroy them,' and read them in conjunction with extracts from anonymous letters like the following, addressed to managers of estates before and at the time of the outbreak :—

'When I come down I not going too burn task-house alone, for I going to burn from still-house, boiling-house, and your house and self too; for I means to cool all of you St. George's fellows, for all of the *solders* in the camp can't cool me, for my troops are *solders* too.'

And,

'I sent to inform all gentlemen in town that, if we don't get justices in this October Court, that we will burn down the town; and we have 1500 man consent to raise a riot at the Court House. . . . *Lif for Lif* will be taken that day. . . . Powder we have plenty, as much as to kill hold turn.'

And this—

'Beware of what you are about, beware; if the hair of the head of one of those that are taken be singed. . . . Hell and scissors—if these men be flogged, Kinston will be fired from east to west. If a stripe be put on Kelly Smith and Vaz, you can tell the Governor that from him downwards shall be shot like a fowl, unless he is going to walk or ride with a strong body guard.'

And the following, taken from a house at Stoney Gut :—

'Mr. Graham and other gentlemen, it is time now for us to help ourselves, skin for skin. . . . war is at us; my black skin is at hand from to-day to to-morrow. Every black man must turn at once, for the oppression is too great.'

Compare these with this language, sworn to have been used by Gordon in one of his speeches at Vere in the month of September :—

'The notice that is said to be the Queen's advice is trash. . . . I was told by some that your overseers said if you attended this meeting, they would tear down your houses. They dare not do it. It is tyranny. You must do what Hayti does. You have a bad name now; but you will have a worse name then.'

Read, we say, these extracts in conjunction with the meeting at Paul Bogle's on the 10th of October, the selection of the countersign, 'Colour for colour,' the repeated declarations of the insurgents that they meant to drive out, or kill, the buckras, and get the 'back lands' into their own possession; and bear in mind Gordon's striking observation to Mr. Ford, that in the event of a rebellion, white troops would fail in contest with the negroes of Jamaica, as the French troops had failed against the negroes

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of St. Domingo, no less than his observation to Mr. Sawkins, that there would be no whites in Jamaica after 1872, and there can, we think, be little doubt that there was a treasonable conspiracy among the disaffected blacks; that this had been fomented (either through pique or premeditation) by Gordon; and that he had a tolerably clear notion of the progress which it had made, though he adroitly contrived not to mix himself up in any incidents that bore directly upon its execution.

Under these circumstances, the moral certainty of Gordon's guilty knowledge and guilty purpose may have induced Mr. Eyre to override considerations of strict law, and to consign Gordon to the jurisdiction of the military tribunals which were to try his less cautious followers on the theatre of the outbreak. Great allowance must be made for the perplexing and harassing position in which Mr. Eyre found himself. It is to be remembered that the illegality which is patent to those who critically examine a proceeding after it is over, is not necessarily so clear to an anxious and over-burdened public officer in the midst of a fearful crisis. And it is not improbable that a mistaken conscientiousness may have suggested to Mr. Eyre that it would be both cowardly and unjust not to subject the prime mover of these disturbances to the same fate as the instruments of his agitation.

Mr. Eyre's successor, Sir John Grant, has a very difficult task before him; one sufficient to try both the distinguished abilities and the firmness of character which are justly ascribed to him. We do not doubt that he will judge of things fairly as he finds them. Such was the conduct of his most honoured predecessor, Lord Metcalfe, who saw occasion to retract some previous opinions, and re-cast several favourite prepossessions. For instance, as is well known, Lord Metcalfe carried to Jamaica his Indian predilection for Baptist missionaries, from which body he received a most cordial and grateful address on quitting India. But free from vulgar prejudices as was Lord Metcalfe's mind, benevolent as was his heart, his head was cool and his eye discerning. He was too clear-sighted not to view things as they were, and too honest not to report them as he saw them. It was not long before he found himself constrained to write as follows to the Secretary of State, after a serious collision between the people and the police, which the tactics of the missionaries had contributed to bring about.

'I am bound by my duty,' he wrote, 'to inform your Lordship that in my opinion the worst evil which hangs with a menacing aspect over the destinies of this island is the influence exercised with baneful effect by the majority of Baptist missionaries. It is the worst, because it is the most irremediable. Other evils and difficulties may yield to time,

time, which may also diminish the 'influence of the Baptist missionaries, or produce successors of a more Christian character; but long after their influence has ceased, its pernicious effect on the disposition of the people will remain. I entirely renounce the opinion which I at one time entertained, that they had done more good than harm. The good which they have done would have been done without them. The evil is exclusively their own.'

When Lord Metcalfe wrote these pointed words, he had not lived to see a class of Baptist missionaries which now has waxed strong in numbers and power; native Baptists, wholly illiterate, wholly fanatical, and inspired with the most thorough feeling of race. How much a class like this can try the temper and embitter the life of any administrator, or distract the peace of any community, it is needless for us to point out.

We turn from the sad history of the events against which Mr. Eyre has so bravely struggled, and from the contemplation of some of the troubles which await his successor, to the consideration of a question which now will absorb the attention and tax the genius of the ablest and boldest administrators.

What is to be the future state of Jamaica? What is it to be? For beauty and fertility, it is an Eden. Is it to become a desert?

The evils under which Jamaica labours are many and serious; but they are not precisely the evils which Mr. Underhill enumerates. Some of them, indeed, are of a character entirely different from those to which this gentleman ascribes the retrogression of the colony. In that letter, which has derived a melancholy notoriety from the consequences to which it ultimately led, the following are the grievances to which the greatest importance is attached, viz. :

1. The poverty of the people; which Mr. Underhill ascribes to the dearth of employment; and this again to the density of population. 'The labouring class,' he says, 'is too numerous for the work to be done.'

2. Mr. Underhill, by implication, ascribes the poverty of the people in part to over-taxation, and in part to immigration. As he vouches another person for his former charge, and speaks allusively only of the second, it is difficult to say how much weight he attaches to either of these. But as at the meetings convened under the auspices of Baptist ministers and Mr. Underhill's followers great stress was laid both on the import duties and on the immigration of Coolies, it is not unfair to infer that Mr. Underhill classes both among the causes of the colony's depression. By a parity of reasoning he may also be inferred to suggest

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as collateral grievances the unequal taxation of the coloured people and their deprivation of political rights.

The area of England and Wales contains 57,812 square miles. This gives nearly 347 persons to each square mile. Jamaica, with a population of about 441,000, contains 6400 square miles, or less than 69 persons to each square mile. Belgium, with an area of 11,313 square miles, supports 4,900,000 inhabitants, or 423 persons on each square mile. France has 178 inhabitants to each square mile. Consequently, while in France each person has only a little more than three acres, in Belgium not quite one acre and a half, and in England much less than two acres, in Jamaica there are nearly ten acres for each inhabitant. It is useless to depreciate this advantage by alleging the absence of any manufacturing industry. The soil of Jamaica is so fertile, its produce at different altitudes so various, its cultivation, if not universally yet in the main so easy, that it is impossible, on the admission of these premises, to accept Mr. Underhill's proposition. Jamaica produces not only sugar and coffee, the former of which is partly a species of manufacture requiring the application of capital, but it produces also yams, bananas, ginger, pimento, cinnamon, oranges, lemons, figs, and pomegranates. It yields also iron-wood, brazilletto, mahogany, and other valuable kinds of timber. Whatever, then, be the poverty of the people inhabiting such a colony, or whatever the occasional state of its trade, it is evident that something else than over-density of population is the cause of its depression.

From the information which Mr. Eyre collected on referring Mr. Underhill's letter to the custodes of the different parishes, to the clergy and to the magistracy, it does not appear that as a rule the people throughout the island are suffering from any want of food or of clothing. That the absence of the latter may be oftener noted than is desirable, or consistent with our ideas of decorum, may be attributed to customs long familiar to the negro, but not confined to the negro race alone. The negro is fond of finery, but he reserves it for his highdays and holidays. He will wear good clothes, and his wife fine silk or muslin dresses on Sundays and great occasions (unless when he has a special reason for doing otherwise, as we shall notice hereafter); but at other times he contents himself with the very slightest quantity of dress. The majority of the witnesses cited by Governor Eyre not only do not admit the existence of unusual poverty, but they ascribe such poverty as does exist to the follies or vices of the supposed sufferers. On these and the collateral points we proceed to quote the evidence collected by the Governor.

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We will begin with the evidence of Mr. Hosack, Custos of the parish of St. George's. This gentleman denies the existence of a general distress among the coloured population, though he admits the likelihood that partial distress must arise from a continuance of the existing drought. He proceeds to say that the extreme poverty of which Mr. Underhill complains 'is, in nine cases out of ten, the result of sheer idleness, and a growing dislike to steady industry, and a consequent preference of a dishonest mode of living, with the risks of occasional imprisonment, to one of honest labour with the remote certainty of independence.' . . . . It is notorious,' he continues, 'that a labourer, by working one day in a week, can, owing to the high productiveness of the land, keep himself in ground provisions all through the year; he therefore cannot starve unless he returns to primeval barbarism.' So far from agreeing with Mr. Underhill that the labouring population is too large for the work to be done, Mr. Hosack contends that it is not sufficiently numerous at the centres of industry; and he denies that the class of small coloured proprietors pays any more in the way of taxation than the other classes. The Bishop of Kingston gives, in the main, similar testimony. While he questions the expediency of continuing the *ad valorem* duty of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on cotton goods at a time when the American civil war had raised the price of the staple, he recognizes this as a general and not a special grievance. He distinctly rebuts, from his own observation, the assertion that the negro population are generally less well dressed on the Sundays than heretofore; and he says emphatically, 'Local and temporary distress, and a state of comparative poverty (though not by any means of discomfort or actual want as the ordinary condition) must prevail among a people satisfied, as many are, to remain in a semi-barbarous state, taking no thought for the morrow, and satisfied with such food as their own grounds (or their neighbours') can supply, or with such things as grow of themselves.' 'If Devonshire,' he says, 'were in Jamaica, the apple orchards would hardly continue to exist. The people—not all, but not a few—would steal the fruit before it was ready for the cider-press, cook it in some simple way, live on it as long as it lasted, and refuse to work for wages till they wanted money to buy food.' The testimony of Archdeacon Stewart is similar. He says, 'I have no reason to consider the labouring class poorer than they were three or four years ago. As a body, I think them better off than the peasantry of most other countries.' In refutation of their imputed destitution and raggedness, the Archdeacon describes a missionary meeting which he had recently attended, where, in many instances, the very expensive attire of

the negro women and girls, with their crinolines, ribbons, and artificial flowers, attracted the attention of the Europeans present. He agrees with Mr. Hosack that remunerative labour can be obtained for those who seek it, and that those who own grounds of their own can obtain more than competence. The Rector of Spanish Town confirms this statement. He affirms that though there is a great demand for labour, the negro will not work more than three or four days a week, and that when by task-work he could earn 1s. 6d. a day, he will rarely earn more than one shilling a day, and often less. Many other clergymen write to the same effect. According to their observation, labourers are generally inadequate to the demand, though they admit that the demand is—as it might be expected to be—variable, and dependent on the exigencies of seasons and cultivation. At the same time, they insist that this variability does not affect the question of the labourer's condition, as he can easily buy or rent land, the produce of which will amply support him during the period that he is not working for wages. Chief Justice Bryan Edwards, whose name and position give the greatest weight to his testimony, says, 'Those that do work might with ease do more, whilst multitudes, idle from their youth up, are apparently without the ordinary incentives to industry, the necessity, namely, of providing for the passing day, which a sterner climate would enforce, or the more praiseworthy motive of desiring to advance themselves in life.'

Custos Royes says, 'It is no doubt true that the cultivation of our staples in large quantities only absorbs a portion of the labouring class; but whilst our importations of flour, corn-meal, and rice are so excessive, there is ample room for the employment of a large number of the people in the cultivation of provisions, than which no product is more remunerative, and land for this purpose is readily obtainable at rents, varying according to fertility and contiguity to a market, from 12s. to 24s. per acre. In the growth of coffee, ginger, arrowroot, starch, &c., &c., there is a field open for many more; in the manufacture of ropes, mats, baskets, common hats, scope for the industry of hundreds.'

We do not wish to fatigue our readers with a superfluity of evidence to disprove the hasty and inconsiderate assertion of Mr. Underhill, but we cannot resist the temptation of calling evidence even more valuable, because it was designed to be confirmatory of Mr. Underhill's complaints. In a letter which was addressed by the officers of the Jamaica Baptist Union, and which was intended to prove and explain the poverty of the negroes, occurs this striking admission: 'As long as the people

could obtain certain comforts without extraordinary labour, they sought after them, and were beginning to acquire a taste for them. But they cannot be obtained now *without an amount of energy and labour foreign to their habits.*

Among the proofs cited of this growing poverty, that on which the Baptist Ministers most constantly and repeatedly dwell, is the deterioration or want of clothing and the consequent non-attendance of the negroes at chapel. This proof we take to be wholly inconclusive. In the first place we entirely doubt the truth of the assertion, though we have no doubt that it is made by the negroes and believed by the Baptist Ministers. We have seen that the Bishop of Kingston and others speak to the attendance, not of decently clothed but expensively clothed negroes at church. And we have shown that the occasional or habitual use of ragged clothes by these people is not inconsistent with the possession and periodical display of expensive attire. We believe the facts of the case to be these. Formerly the Baptist church was in a great degree supported by grants from the denomination in England. Some years ago these grants ceased or were greatly curtailed, and the maintenance of the local preachers was thrown upon the colonial congregations. These contributed liberally during the lifetime of those ex-apprentices who had witnessed the labours of the Baptist Ministers in the cause of Emancipation. But in process of time a generation grew up which had no personal knowledge of these labours, and which was less susceptible of religious enthusiasm than the unemancipated generation had been. The contributions, which formerly had been given gratefully and generously, were now given more and more grudgingly. Poverty was pleaded as the excuse for an illiberality which nothing else could justify. But the negro's acuteness taught him that ostentation and indigence are incompatible, and that his plea of poverty would gain no belief, so long as he and his family continued to wear fine dresses on the Sundays. Therefore he ceased in many places to attend chapel regularly, and when interrogated by his minister, had his defence prepared, that he was too poor to buy proper clothes to go in. We do not wonder at the readiness with which the Baptist Ministers have received this answer, and the inferences which they have drawn from it. For they are on their defence before the world both as a religious and as a political party. They have claims on the negro for political services, zealously if not judiciously rendered. Their ministrations have always been performed in a manner intended to make them popular with the negro. No wonder that, when a system which possesses so many popular recommendations, ceases to be popular,

any explanation should be received rather than that the people, to whose tastes it was specially adapted, have become indifferent to it. The Jamaica negroes are becoming indifferent to the old Baptist denomination and to the white Baptist Ministers; the latter, therefore, cannot but believe that their waning attendance and diminished contributions are due entirely to poverty. This foregone conclusion colours all their evidence, and deprives it of much of that value which would otherwise belong to it.

Mr. Underhill gives us to understand that the causes of the Negro's poverty are high and unequal taxation; the denial of political rights, and the competition of Coolie labour.

First, with regard to the taxation: the main or only sensible taxation is that of customs' duties. Unless a negro peasant possess a mule or a cart he pays no direct tax at all. He pays duties on imported provisions and on articles of dress. It is this last-named duty which has roused the indignation of Mr. Underhill and his friends. But this seems to us very unreasonable. The impost on cotton dresses is an *ad valorem* impost of 12½ per cent. But, when we consider what is the ordinary price of cotton goods habitually sent out to the West Indies—varying as it does from 8d. to 1s. per yard (even at the present advanced rates), we cannot admit that this is an excessive price: certainly it is not enough to explain a general poverty among those able to earn average wages. When we compare the state of the English artizan or peasant, who has to make weekly payments not only for dress, but for coals, candles, wood, bread, potatoes, rent, and bedding, with that of the negro who has no coals to buy, whose wood grows everywhere for him, whose oil and wax may be furnished on his own holding, who can raise his own yams, potatoes, and avocado pears, and who has literally nothing to buy but cotton dresses; it does, indeed, seem the most extravagant absurdity to bewail this expense as a cause of poverty, or denounce the system of impost duties which makes it so high. It is hardly possible to suppose that any labourers can earn so little as not to be able to dress themselves decently—at least one day in the week—in cotton which costs less than 1s. the yard. And that they can—if only they will—earn enough to pay for their dress much more than they pay now, is clear from the existing proportions between work and wages and the possibility of their co-extension. Mr. Westmoreland says:—‘The field-people turn out to work at nine and retire at one o'clock, and for these four hours' labour they get 6d. to 9d.; but nothing will induce them to do another task for the same additional pay.’ And the Custos for Elizabeth aptly asks, ‘How is it at this time—which is represented by Mr. Underhill as one of increasing distress—as large  
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an amount of cash is taken over the counter at stalls for dress and hoops, and bonnets, and calicoes, and ribbons, and boots and shoes, as for many years past, and this in spite of the increasing price?' Then he proceeds to notice a point which has entirely escaped Mr. Underhill and his coadjutors. 'With increased price of imported articles our prices for ground provisions have gone up. Yams from 5*s.* per 100 lbs. to 6*s.*, 8*s.*, and 10*s.*; cocoes from 3*s.* and 4*s.* to 5*s.*, 6*s.*, and 8*s.* These would pay well at 4*s.* Tobacco yields a crop of 50*l.* per acre sold in the markets by the yard; corn sells readily; pork and fowls in demand,' &c., &c. And as for the duty on imported provisions; he might ask, as others ask, 'Why do the negroes import provisions at all?' Surely, of all places in the world, Jamaica is the last which should be dependent on foreign countries for articles of food. How can it be contended that in such a country, and under such circumstances, the 12½ per cent. duty causes poverty among the negroes? We say emphatically the negroes: for there is in Jamaica, as in all the West India Islands, a poor class, whose poverty is of the most pitiable kind; but these are 'poor whites,' whose families lost their all when they lost their slaves. But it is not of these, but of the negro population that Mr. Underhill speaks.

That the immigration of Coolies should be resented by the political Baptists was only what might have been expected. It is no doubt a very plausible grievance to represent the poor negroes as taxed in order to introduce rivals to compete in the same labour-market with themselves. To such an appeal the negroes were sure to give a ready ear. But, as we have seen above, the negroes do not contribute inordinately to the taxation; and it was not by what they paid, but what the planters paid, that the means of introducing immigrants were provided. Nor was there any alternative to such a course. The negro, in the great majority of instances, would not work continuously. And continuous work was necessary for sugar operations. The planter, therefore, to save himself from ruin, was compelled to resort to the same species of labour which restored the drooping industries of Mauritius, Guiana, and Trinidad. That his scheme of immigration may have been, as Mr. Underhill states, 'abortive,' is probable enough. For certainly, considering the length of time that immigration into Jamaica has been sanctioned, there are now very few Coolies in the colony. But the abortiveness of the scheme was a detriment, not to the negro who did not pay for it, and was not to benefit by it, but to the planter, who, if it had succeeded better, would have been in a far better condition than he now is. A good immigration system is one of

the first remedies that must be applied to Jamaica when its tranquillity is fully restored.

As to the other grievances insinuated rather than alleged by Mr. Underhill, viz., the refusal of just tribunals and the denial of political rights to the emancipated negroes, we may pronounce the latter to be wholly unsubstantiated, and the former only in part true. It is now almost useless to discuss the political rights of the negroes, for the discreet suicide which has terminated the noxious career of the Colonial Assembly has terminated also the franchise of the voters who elected it. But so long as the Assembly lasted, so long had the negroes the option of voting for its members. The qualifications for voting were,—

- (1). The possession of a freehold of the annual value of 6*l*.
- (2). The occupation of a house of the annual value of 20*l*.
- (3). The payment of direct taxes to the amount of 1*l*. annually.
- (4). A bank receipt, showing the holder to be owner of 100*l*. in a savings'-bank or other bank.
- (5). The receipt of a salary of 50*l*.

Now these qualifications are certainly liberal enough to admit the smaller freeholders, and such of the negroes as had any pretension to education. And the grievance which exasperates Mr. Underhill, of the registration fee by which its exercise was limited, seems to us to have been a rough and not very ingenuous way of remedying an evil which arose from a precipitate liberalism.

But there is one other, and that a very important point,—that of the inadequate administration of justice,—on which we in part agree with Mr. Underhill. We do not for one moment suspect the Supreme Court of Jamaica to have been tainted with partiality or corruption. We believe that in this, as in every other British colony, the judges have ever fully maintained the character and the honour of the English Bench. We believe that the poorest negro who presented himself before the Court at Spanish Town as plaintiff or defendant, prosecutor or prisoner, would be as sure of obtaining justice from the Colonial Judges as he would be at Westminster. We say nothing about the juries; possibly trial by jury was quite out of place in Jamaica. But the cases in which negroes would have to attend the Supreme Court would be necessarily few. The great majority of suits and prosecutions would be for petty debts and petty offences. And for the adjudication of these we fear the judicial machinery is at once insufficient and unsatisfactory. There are no—or very few—stipendiary magistrates. Justice is administered by unpaid magistrates; and however high their value may be in England,

where their character, property, and ancestral associations give them a great moral support, and where public opinion prevents their abuse of their functions,—yet in Jamaica, where they have no hereditary influence over the people about them, are frequently called on to decide cases in which they or their class are interested, and are uncontrolled by a sound public opinion, the unpaid magistracy has failed to win respect. We do not say that the unpaid magistrates generally give unjust decisions; but they have the reputation among the peasantry of giving them; and this suspicion is unfavourable to the right administration of justice. Stipendiary magistrates, unconnected with colonial families, would perhaps not be really fairer, but they would be held to be fairer judges by the negroes, and their decisions would command greater respect. We should add, too, that the sittings of the petty Courts seem irregular and uncertain, their distances from one another great, and the cost of attending them heavy. All these things should be remedied.

No one can rise from the contemplation of the Jamaica Blue Books without being struck by the dissoluteness of every class, and the utter absence of all moral sense on the part of the lowest. Every witness, official, lay, clerical, or sectarian, Episcopalian, Baptist or Moravian, holds but one language respecting the immorality and viciousness of that class which would be called the working-class in England. We will begin by quoting Governor Eyre, who in his Despatch No. 18, of April 19th, says,—‘The utter want of principle or moral sense which pervades the mass of the people, the total absence of all parental control or proper training of the children, the incorrigible indolence, apathy, and improvidence of all ages . . . are quite sufficient to account for any poverty or crime which may exist among the peasantry of Jamaica. . . . Crime, especially larceny, is fearfully on the increase, but that is not due to want compelling to steal. The young and the strong of both sexes are those who fill the gaols; and they almost universally come in in good condition.’ Mr. Bowerbank; the Rev. R. B. Lynch; the Superintendent of Moravian missions; the Custos for Elizabeth parish; all confirm the Governor’s views. The memorial of the Society of Arts of Kingston gives a description of the negro population of the place which fills us with horror. Wilful and wanton idleness, unblushing obscenity, the most impudent dishonesty, and impurity of the foulest kind, seem to reign triumphant among young and old. Neither sense of shame nor fear of the law has any effect upon them. The darkest parts of this description are applicable to Kingston alone. But there is a very lax morality in many of the country districts. In Kingston the negroes

negroes repudiate, for the most part, any notion of honest work ; in the country they work irregularly and discontinuously. In Kingston they cheat, rob, and pillage ; in the country they too often plunder the provision grounds of their neighbours, black and white. It is a question of degree ; though the difference of the degree is favourable to anticipation of good for the country districts of Jamaica. We see the green wood in the country, the dry wood in Kingston ; and we hope to save the green wood from premature corruption.

Before any good thing can be effected in Jamaica, two conditions must be enforced : the law must be made more stringent against offenders ; education must be more generally diffused, and more soundly established ; the principle of property must be inculcated. At present, the discipline of the prisons is regarded with contempt by the prisoners. The gaols in Kingston are rather liked than avoided by the criminal population, which finds in them pleasant places of occasional resort, where they get better food than they could elsewhere, and where a wholesome appetite is provoked by a periodical walk on the high road, which is ironically termed 'hard labour.' Whoever has been in the West Indies and seen a prison gang, with light chains on their ankles and pickaxes in their hands, lounging on the high-roads, laughing and chattering with each other and with the overseers till four o'clock in the afternoon, when they returned to a hearty refection, must have wondered at the peculiar state of mind which could have supposed that such treatment could ever deter from crime. Last year the Jamaica Legislature passed an act for punishing larcenies by flogging. The number of lashes proposed was thought too great by the Secretary of State, who sent the Bill back to be re-considered. Whether larcenies are now punishable by the cat-o'-nine-tails we cannot say ; but we do say, on the authority of the magistrates and ministers, that they never will really be stopped until visited by this punishment. It is the only one which the idle thieving negro cares for.

But indispensable as the enactment of stringent provisions for the repression of theft undoubtedly is, mere punitive measures will not by themselves succeed. The whole system of education must be invigorated. The curse of the colony is the deterioration of the negro character. Every witness, of any knowledge and position, speaks the same language on the degeneracy of the Creole youth in Jamaica. Mr. Eyre sums up the general opinion in a despatch to Mr. Cardwell : 'By universal consent it is admitted that those persons who were men or youths at the time of the Emancipation are the best and most trustworthy servants now, and that those born since have, as a rule, become idle,

vicious, and profligate. Nor could it well be otherwise, considering that the discipline and obedience exacted by the masters in slavery have not been replaced by parental control, or the exercise of any other adequate supervision since.'

It is well that all Jamaica is not like Kingston, else its condition were desperate indeed. But there is the same want of parental control and home discipline in other parts that there is in Kingston. The parents in Kingston are far more wicked; in the country they are only weak. But in Kingston and in the country alike the training of youth will require all that the highest zeal, the strongest energy, and the purest self-devotion can effect. Unfortunately, it is far more easy to state this want than to satisfy it. Nothing is more difficult, under existing circumstances, than to educate the negro. We once heard a person who had long resided in the West Indies say, 'There is only one way to civilise negroes—surround every negro with three white people.' The imitativeness of the negro is so strong, that he will readily ape the manners, gestures, and language of those with whom he habitually consorts. There must be many people in England who remember negro servants long domiciled in English families, where they had learned more than the mere externals of English politeness. If it were possible to subject the negro youth to the discipline not only of good English schoolmasters, but also of good English schoolmates, this imitativeness might produce valuable results. But this is the cardinal difficulty of the case. The English element is gradually disappearing from Jamaica. These recent misfortunes are likely still further to diminish it. What there is English in the colony is far from comprising the best specimens. The schools, too, can rarely support European masters. Those in the country districts have fallen into the hands of black or coloured teachers. Hence the influence of the higher civilisation is rapidly declining. The black and coloured people, deprived of the models of European thought and character, become a standard to themselves, form their own code of manners, morals, dress, opinion, and education. The young Creoles grow up in an atmosphere of laxity and license: they care nothing for learning, know nothing of control or reverence for authority; they despise labour, and as they earn nothing by industry, imagine that they have a right to live by theft. This is what does happen in many parts of Jamaica already; it is what will happen soon in all, unless some steps be taken to check the retrogressive tide and plant European settlers there. But we confess we entertain but slight hope of ever seeing this vision realised. We have upwards of 400,000 people, more or less African by descent, who find themselves increasing while the

race of their ancient masters is waning—who are not animated by the same feelings of ambition and self-advancement which characterise Europeans—who are for the most part satisfied with a languid life of sensual torpor and the merest competency of subsistence—who ever complain, and are encouraged by the Baptist pastors to complain, of starvation in a country where sea, rivers, and land conspire to furnish all that is absolutely necessary to support life, and where diligent husbandry is repaid tenfold. With such a population, multiplying rapidly, what can be done? What schools can enforce habits which are not in accordance with the popular sentiment? What masters can instil principles which are not recognised in the homes from which the children come? And what masters or mistresses will have the zeal to go out from England and teach these ingrained barbarians? The clergy of all denominations doubtless do all that they can. And we believe that the clergy of the Established Church, and the Scotch and Wesleyan ministers, have considerable influence over the middle and well-to-do classes, and over individuals of the lowest class; but they have comparatively little over the mass of the negroes. These, from the associations of past events and from the peculiar attractions of its discipline, were long ago incorporated with the Baptist church; and for many years the English Baptists had an influence which was often exercised for good, and to which, probably, many of the negroes owe all the religious knowledge which they possess. But that influence—particularly as regards religious feeling and conduct—is on the decline; and the policy which threw the maintenance of the Baptist minister more and more upon the contributions of their flocks drove many of them away, and transferred their posts to illiterate natives, whose fanaticism is on a level with their querulousness. In such a country and under such circumstances it is folly to think of English capitalists or any Englishmen of education consenting to settle. On the whole the prospect is most gloomy. Clouds and thick darkness hang over the future of an island which Providence has blessed with the gifts of unequalled beauty and luxuriant fertility. Were Jamaica under a foreign power—France, or Holland, or the United States—we should not despair. Any one of these powers would not hesitate to apply the necessary remedies, however severe or painful they might be. But the weight of sectarian influence, the prejudices of well-meaning classes, and the interference of fussy Societies, will probably hamper or thwart the action of the English Government, until it becomes impossible for a white man to live in the colony, and until the force of circumstances hands over the fairest of the Antilles to a race which

has been driven back to its ancestral barbarism. We hope that when this does occur, the British people will not be taxed for the naval and military protection of this semi-savage community.

An alternative to this dark picture has, we believe, occurred to some of those who recently visited the island. Discovering the incapacity of the negro to advance the industrial prosperity of Jamaica, they have thought that it offers—not in the hot plains, but in the mountain districts—an eligible residence for immigrants from the South of Europe. If a considerable number of Portuguese and Basque emigrants could be induced to settle in the colony, they would perhaps find employment at wages which would suffice not only for their present subsistence, but for the purchase of a homestead and freehold. Whether there would ever be a constant and adequate supply of such labourers is doubtful. And it is more doubtful whether they would continue to work as labourers for any length of time. It is more probable that they would soon become petty shopkeepers and small freeholders. But in this capacity they would be not without their use. They would unite with the more respectable mulatto and negro Creoles in the rural districts, to keep up some appearance of social order, and repress the lawlessness of their idle and thieving neighbours. They would not be English either in their habits or in their national and religious sympathies. This, certainly, would be a defect and an evil. But, on the other hand, they would neither be Indians nor Africans, with midnight howlings and Obeah rites. And it would always be a good thing to have an infusion of honest and industrious tillers of the soil, from whatever race they came.

Nor ought the negro nature to be utterly despaired of, for occasional gleams of that kindness, once deemed a common quality of the negro race, shone forth and illumined the dismal horrors of the outbreak. Many of those who, though wounded, effected their escape, owed their lives to the aid of black women.

- ART. IX.—1. *A Bill to Amend the Representation of the People in Parliament in England and Wales.* London, 1866.  
2. *Act for the Re-distribution of Seats.* London, 1866.

THE history of the Session now drawing to a close has been marked by a unity which rarely distinguishes the prosaic labours of the English Parliament. It is the history of the beginning and end of Mr. Gladstone's career as Reforming leader of the House of Commons. In the perfect order and symmetry

symmetry of its parts, in the completeness of its action, in the brightness of its first promise, and in its tragic close, it would be a fitting subject for an epic. The Muse could not be more fitly invoked than to tell of the versatile man, who after having known many political creeds and the ways of many Parliaments, contrived to ruin one of the finest majorities ever enjoyed by minister, in the shortest space of time ever allotted to any statesman for such a task. And the theme will have this further fitness, that, throughout, the mind is never distracted from the figure of the hero. Every vicissitude in the eventful plot is due to his immediate action. His impetuosity forces the perilous enterprise upon his friends; his passionate resolution sustains their wavering zeal during its chequered course; and it is to his peculiar tactics alone that the disastrous catastrophe is due. *Qualis ab incepto* is a rule of art never departed from for a moment. Those great qualities which alone could have forced a democratic Reform Bill on a constitutional party, and alone could have changed a majority of 75 into a minority of 11, are as conspicuous at the end of the drama as at the beginning. Fortunately the display of them was more agreeable to bystanders, than their effects are to those whose political fortunes they have ruined. They have redeemed Parliament from the dulness that had become native to it under Lord Palmerston's uneventful rule. Some of Mr. Gladstone's efforts were not unworthy of the imperious attitude he had assumed; and Mr. Lowe's three speeches would alone be sufficient to make this session conspicuous in the annals of the House of Commons. The sustained interest of the close and constant contest, carried on upon both sides with unflinching tenacity and resolution, has not been equalled in Parliament probably since the time of the great Reform Act.

The session, however, has another interest besides the pleasure caused by good debating or the excitement of a well-fought battle. To all students of our system of party Government, it furnishes rich material for investigation and reflection. The remarkable issue of a contest in which the two sides were at the outset apparently so ill-matched seems, at first sight, difficult to explain. There was no doubt that Mr. Gladstone came to Parliament with a nominal majority of seventy-five; and that when the last decisive division came the casualties of the session had left him rather stronger than when he started. It was true that the majority had been elected during the lifetime of Lord Palmerston; but it had never shown any aversion to Mr. Gladstone. During the last Parliament, the same majority, less strongly reinforced, had supported Mr. Gladstone through

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some of his most questionable measures, such as the repeal of the Paper Duty, in spite of Lord Palmerston's known aversion to the course of his colleague. In 1864 they had voted in a body for the maintenance of peace in the Danish controversy, which was certainly more Mr. Gladstone's than Lord Palmerston's policy. It cannot, therefore, be said that, when Parliament assembled last February, there was any foregone conclusion against Mr. Gladstone's leadership; nor again, could there be said to have been any fixed determination to resist every proposal of Reform. A great portion of the Liberal majority had voted in favour of Reform in 1859 and 1860, and many members of the Conservative party were known to wish for what is called 'the settlement of the question.' It should have seemed that a campaign begun under such auspices was already half won. How came it to issue, after many months of even fighting, in an ignominious defeat?

Undoubtedly, both faults of manner and faults of tactics contributed to this result; but the effect of the faults of manner has perhaps been exaggerated. They certainly exist; and as soon as the contest becomes warm they show themselves prominently. Nor is their effect at all neutralized by an extravagant affectation of humbleness during the intervals of the conflict. The imperiousness which is so irritating to an assembly of English gentlemen has been ascribed by Mr. Gladstone's devoted admirers in the press to a virtuous indignation and a consciousness of superior purity, which will not suffer him to treat with forbearance the meannesses or the follies of his opponents. Perhaps, if the House fully realized this superiority, it might take his rebukes more meekly and kiss the rod that smites them. But they are a sceptical body of middle aged men, not believing much in virtuous indignation, and strongly inclined to suspect all claims to special purity of purpose. And then Mr. Gladstone has a peculiar infelicity in the occasions he selects for delivering what he calls his 'rebukes.' He does not keep them for set speeches of solemn exhortation, but brings them out at the moment when, if you were listening to a less celestial being, you would say that he was in a rage. The threat that the House should be kept during an autumn sitting to pass the Bill, the announcement upon the night of the final division that the Government would not yield a single iota of the enfranchisement they had proposed, were made, not in moments of serene reflection over the follies of inferior beings, but in moments of most terrestrial and unmistakable irritation. And the consequence was that the House did not submit to them as 'rebukes,' but resented them as attempts to dictate.

Yet it was no fault of manner that singly or mainly brought the Reform Government to the ground. No doubt Mr. Gladstone's singular dexterity in giving offence to waverers on the eve of critical divisions, may in the case both of Lord Grosvenor's and Lord Dunkellin's motions have sent two or three votes into the wrong lobby. But the House of Commons is not an assembly of women: and whatever the chances of this or that vote may be, its choice of a policy in the long run does not depend upon the personal graces of those who advocate rival propositions. It has been a succession of tactical faults, affecting the whole plan and object of his operations, that has brought Mr. Gladstone's campaign to a disastrous close. His conduct of the Reform question was a capital instance of an error to which ingenious party leaders are specially prone. It was that of appraising the value of support, not in proportion to the fidelity with which it is given, but, on the contrary, in proportion to the difficulty with which it is obtained. Every party is constructed on the plan of a comet, with a fixed nucleus, and a floating tail. On ordinary occasions the votes of the nucleus can be counted on securely, and no thought or trouble is necessary to make sure of them. The chief solicitude of those whose duty it is to marshal the troops, is for the stragglers—to keep them in the right line of march, and prevent them from becoming deserters. No party was ever free from this difficulty, or could boast of a perfectly well-defined and compact phalanx. Men will follow their standard or their leader with varying fidelity, so long as caprice or gregariousness preponderate variously in different minds. But the necessity of incessantly looking after these stragglers is apt to produce a pernicious habit of thought in any leader who is not controlled by hearty political convictions of his own. He comes at last from thinking of them oftener, to think of them as more important than his steady, untroublesome followers. He is engaged in working out problems which always depend on the voting value of a set of variables, and he speedily forgets his constant quantities altogether. But the constant quantities, in spite of their constancy, have beliefs and objects of their own: and after much endurance, some day their patience is tried a little too far, and then they become variables in their turn.

All combinations of men for carrying out any special set of opinions are liable to this embarrassment. But it has been the special affliction of the Liberal party in Parliament, especially during the last ten years. The nebula in this case is not only particularly large, but it has always had a tendency to condense into a separate nucleus, and to go off upon an orbit of its own.

It has always therefore been a subject of more than ordinary solicitude to Liberal chiefs. For it is sufficiently evident that the Liberal party, though it still has a common organisation, has no one informing spirit or aspiration. It is united by the past, not by the present or the future. It fought together earnestly for the admission of the middle classes to political power, for the destruction of every form of religious disability, for the reconstruction of our fiscal system. Upon these questions it has been completely victorious; but with its triumph the conditions of its unity are at an end. With the exception of one or two points of detail, it is not agreed as to the policy of disendowing or disestablishing the Church of England. It is still more hopelessly divided upon the question of transferring supreme political power to the wage-earning class. Nor is this difference accidental or temporary. It is one that in the nature of things must continue to exist: for the points in issue are points upon which it is impossible that squire and townsman, peer and mechanic, should think alike. They are separating the party, therefore, into two layers, which consist, speaking very roughly, of those who are and those who are not connected with the great territorial interests of the country.

The guidance of such a party, or rather of such a disorganised band of politicians, was unquestionably no easy task. But looking at the subject merely as a question of tactics, it is very obvious that the policy adopted towards them by Lord Palmerston was the judicious policy to pursue. It was, on the face of the matter, hopeless to gratify two sets of men who were animated by diametrically opposite desires. It was necessary, especially in regard to this matter of Reform, to select the policy of one section or the other; for they were too antagonistic to be combined. Lord Palmerston boldly cast in his lot with the 'Old Whigs'—the moderate and constitutional successors of Mr. Burke. He was probably impelled to that choice by his own strong convictions. The requirements of his later political career never quite drove out of him his early Tory training. But if he had been wholly without personal convictions upon this, as he was upon many subjects, the selection he made was the one which, as a matter of tactics, he was forced to make. The constitutional wing of his party was not only the most numerous and the most powerful, but it had another recommendation, which will always induce a judicious party leader to lean on the less extreme portion of his followers. It can desert. The Radicals are active, noisy, turbulent. They can be profuse with menaces of obscure disaster; they can give trouble upon critical divisions: but so long as the Whigs choose to tolerate their alliance, they cannot permanently desert.

For a deserter must have some other army to which he can desert. Moderate politicians can incline their weight to one side or the other, according as the exigency of the time seems to require. But extreme politicians, if they are dissatisfied with the moderate men who are nearest to them, have no one else to whom they can go. If the Radicals quarrel with the Whigs, they cannot take their services permanently to any other ally—unless they choose to go to America. They might injure an individual minister for a time, by factious votes upon by-subjects. But, as has been proved by experience more than once, their discontent can do no permanent harm to their more moderate allies.

Mr. Gladstone has acted on an entirely different theory. He has treated the radicals with a consideration, almost with an awe, that was never shown to them by any minister before. The form of proceeding which they adopted was originally suggested by Mr. Bright, and he risked the fate of his bill and his government rather than consent to depart from it before the second reading of the bill. When it was proposed to adopt for the counties a less extensive franchise than that contained in the bill, he refused on the ground that it would be a breach of compact between Parliament and the Reformers, as though they constituted an independent power, competent to negotiate with Parliament on equal terms, and to bind it, as a matter of compact and good faith, to the provisions contained in any bill that had been read a second time. On the other hand, the idea of any 'compact' between Parliament and the Whigs who sat behind him never entered into Mr. Gladstone's head. Still more marked was the tenor of his arguments. To some extent the provisions of his bill recognized the fact that his party were not entirely democratic. The bill, no doubt, had to meet the approval of his colleagues, and did not express Mr. Gladstone's opinions without mitigation. But in his speeches, where no colleagues could check the free flow of his language, he has framed every principle and every argument to please not the moderate but the extreme wing of his party. He was arguing nominally in favour of a seven and fourteen pound franchise; but in doing so he was careful to lay down principles which would cover not only those suffrages, but even household or manhood suffrage. He proposed a lowering of the line of extension; but he argued against any line at all. The relationship of 'flesh and blood,' the similarity of religion, did not cease at the limits of a seven-pound rental. When he asked the audience at Liverpool whether they thought the figure of 10*l.* could be permanently maintained as the boundary, when there were millions whom it did not admit, he must have been perfectly aware, that the same argu-

ment would apply with almost precisely the same force to the limit he was at the time proposing to adopt. When he summed up, according to fancy estimates of his own, the wages of all who lived below the ten pound line, and contrasted them with the income of those who lived above, trying, out of their imaginary excess, to construct an argument in favour of the supremacy of the poorer classes, no one knew better than he did that his reasoning was worthless unless it extended to the whole of the population who do not possess the franchise. This scarcely disguised purpose of furthering to the utmost the views of the democratic party in the House was at last distinctly revealed by his two chief law-officers, the Attorney-General and the Lord-Advocate, who shortly before the bill was defeated announced their adhesion to Household Suffrage.

From the beginning of the long argument to the end, Mr. Gladstone did not indicate a single principle that would enable the Legislature to stop short at the limits which the bill contained, and refuse to be pushed further. His proffered favour was not unrequited. The politicians to whom he offered to give up, not only the opinions of his past life, but the party to whose leadership he has so recently been raised, were not ungrateful or unappreciative. They have hung upon his speeches with the well-drilled cheers of hearty partisans. From above the gangway, from the immediate supporters of the Government, Mr. Gladstone's most fervid eloquence could rarely elicit any expression of sympathy. Throughout the whole discussion their morose and distrustful silence during his speeches furnished a curious contrast to the tumultuous applause with which every point was received below the gangway. In the press the same contrast has been apparent. The papers which a year ago were enthusiastic supporters of Lord Palmerston have followed Mr. Gladstone's course with hesitation and alarm; while those that a year ago only upheld Lord Palmerston's government as the least of two evils, have been almost abject in their flattery of Mr. Gladstone. There is no formal mode by which a Minister can announce his adhesion to one section rather than to another of the party that follows him. But short of such a formal declaration, every indication combines to prove that Mr. Gladstone having been offered a choice between the moderate and the extreme politicians of his party, discarded the Whig, and chose the Radical.

What could his motive in doing so have been? His friends will tell us that it was sincere conviction. It is difficult to use such a phrase in reference to Mr. Gladstone's mind. It assumes an analogy to other minds which has no true existence. Many

men allow their interests to overbear their convictions. A still greater number are biassed by their interests in forming their convictions, and half-consciously drive their reason to conclusions to which it would not otherwise guide them. But such a description is not applicable to Mr. Gladstone. He is never, even half-consciously, insincere. But he is not, on that account, exempt from the action of the temptations which generate insincerity in other men; nor is his conduct free from the results which it produces upon the conduct of other men. His ambition has guided him in recent years as completely as it ever guided any statesman of the century; and yet there is not even a shade of untruth in the claim made for him by his friends, that he is guided wholly by his convictions. The process of self-deceit goes on in his mind without the faintest self-consciousness or self-suspicion. The result is that it goes on without check or stint. Other men's convictions follow after their ambition coyly and coquettishly, and with many hesitations and misgivings: but in Mr. Gladstone's mind the two are inseparably wedded. He was much nettled at an assertion we made in our last number that he had sacrificed the paper-duty at a moment of great financial pressure, and to the disadvantage of worthier claimants for remission, in order to gain the votes of Mr. Bright and his adherents. The statement irritated him so much that he began his speech, on moving the second reading of the Reform Bill, by designating it as a 'lie,' with a frankness which he hardly cared to qualify. We have no intention of retorting his courtesy. We are quite ready to admit that he fully believes that the proposal to remit the paper-duty in the face of a deficit, in 1860, was not dictated by any wish to conciliate the Radicals. Probably he believes further that no such notion had any part in impelling him to make a sudden declaration in favour of universal suffrage, in 1864. He no doubt persuades himself, with perfect success, that he has introduced the late Bill in a purely impartial spirit, and that in the course of its discussion he has not sought to make political capital by inflaming the passions of the lower class. No one who has closely watched the progress of his political career can doubt that the sudden development of vehement opinions, where they existed only faintly or not at all before, had some connection with the political advantages which at the moment of their appearance they seemed to promise. If Mr. Gladstone really felt as keenly as he now speaks concerning the honourable obligation that has lain upon Parliament since 1860, to enfranchise the working-class, his career is quite inexplicable. We should be forced to conclude that the conscience that actuates him, though a very active organ, is, like some diseases, intermittent in its activity; and that its energy at the

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time of the paroxysms is fully made up by a singular torpidity during the intervals that come between. How his intense conviction that Parliament has been pledged to a large measure of enfranchisement permitted him for four years to suffer in silence while that pledge was being dishonoured, or again in 1865, to sit by while Sir George Grey, in his name, refused to recognise that pledge at the elections, is an insoluble mystery, if we believe that Mr. Gladstone's mind is constructed upon the ordinary plan. The only mode of reconciling his sincerity with the facts, is to assume that the process by which the mind is made to accept the most advantageous or the most convenient belief, is with him automatic and unconscious.

Certainly the course which he pursued, though hardly explainable by a keen sense of Parliamentary obligations, was one that would have commended itself to a reckless and farsighted ambition. There is something unsatisfactory in an ordinary Parliamentary triumph. Its advantages are purely for the moment. It contains no guarantee, no promise for the future. Parties are too evenly balanced to suffer any statesman, however large his majority may seem to be, to indulge in the dream that his tenure of office is secure. For him the fight is never over. He lives in a beleaguered city, and must sleep always under arms. At any moment, from the quarter in which he least expects it, the 'difficulty' may appear which is to be fatal to his power. Mr. Gladstone has suffered more than the average share of these vicissitudes. In one who had so suffered, the idea of seizing a favourable moment to secure once and for ever his own power, and that of those who thought with him, may have been especially inviting. A lasting occupation of office, such as the Whigs enjoyed after the death of Queen Anne, and the Tories after Fox's India Bill, in which the schemes of an all-powerful Minister would not be menaced or impeded by the struggles of an opposition, would be a golden dream to him. If only the territorial interest could be laid so low that it could be safely despised, how easy finance and legislation upon property would be for the future! How pleasantly and smoothly all such Radical theories concerning the non-existence of any true property in land, as Mr. Mill delights to propagate, would speed forward to their fulfilment, if once the power of the Squires could be broken! What glorious budgets might be produced, if only the great enigma of finance could be solved by putting all taxation upon the land!

It would be worth while incurring a very considerable risk in order to realise such a dream as that. But it can only be attempted with any chance of success under peculiarly favourable circumstances :

circumstances: for governing classes are not easily persuaded into suicide. The elections of 1865 seemed to offer a most unexpected opportunity. The popularity of a Minister, nominally Liberal, but really Conservative, had created a heavy majority in favour of the Liberals. The popular Minister died before he could make use of the weapon his name had forged; and it fell 'by seniority' into the hands of a fanatical Reformer. Such a piece of good fortune as a large Reforming majority elected upon Conservative pretences seemed to be a chance not to be neglected. Whether such reflections actually passed through Mr. Gladstone's mind of course it is impossible confidently to affirm. He may have acted under their implicit guidance, in that condition of complete unconsciousness as to the real nature of his own motives, which distinguishes him so peculiarly among the prominent men of his time. Or such calculations may have been reserved for the less exalted schemers to whom he has in the last few years given so much of his confidence, and whose venomous hostility to the land disdains even the pretence of moderation. We cannot decide between these alternatives: we can only judge of the result. The measure which was produced was unquestionably the work of a very ingenious and very zealous enemy of the influence of property in general, and of landed property in particular. It was 'made to pass,' as Mr. Goschen somewhat cynically informed the House: and to that extent it was a moderate measure. Only just enough was asked to make it certain that the artisans of the large towns could have more whenever they chose to demand it. The balance was just upset, and no more. Enough was taken for complete mastery; but beyond that point everything that could obstruct the passage of the bill was left for a more convenient season. What was done, however, was done effectually. The working men were placed in secure possession of the boroughs. The supremacy of the large towns over the country districts was carefully preserved. The redistribution of seats was so arranged as to extinguish members of small boroughs which were essentially rural in their character, and to increase the representation partly of large towns, partly of those counties, which, owing to the unjust state of the law, were little else for electoral purposes than groups of large towns. With a good boundary bill, and with the admission of unrepresented towns to the right of separate representation, additional seats to the most populous counties would be a real boon, and an act of justice to the ill-represented land. But until those measures of relief are in some degree granted, the bestowal of new seats upon the divisions of Yorkshire, or Cheshire, or Lancashire, or Durham is merely another device for increasing the already



extravagant influence of the great towns. Even the boons, therefore, that the bill seemed to contain were injuries in disguise. If it had passed, no financial caprice or injustice of Mr. Gladstone's would ever again have met with any obstacle from the resistance of the landed interest. Probably the Conservative party would have lost at the first ensuing election about a hundred seats. The attack was well planned: if it had been successful it would have struck a deadly blow. It was worth while to risk a good deal both in reputation and in influence, in order to succeed. It is easy to understand why Mr. Gladstone drove on his reluctant and frightened colleagues, strained every tie by which his party was held together, exhausted every resource of argument, of declamation, of menace, upon the House of Commons, in order to attain a victory which would relieve him for ever from the necessity of such efforts in the future. It was a great opportunity of crushing his adversaries, never likely to recur: and their narrow escape justifies the boldness and the dexterity of the attempt.

It failed because Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his boast to the contrary, did not know with whom he had to deal. The ties of party will in the end prove too weak to induce Englishmen to use their political power for the purpose of destroying it. From the very first the House of Commons was thoroughly averse to the bill: and if any fairy could have revealed to Mr. Gladstone what was passing in the hearts of his own supporters, he would have known that it never could pass. Indeed, it is more than probable that Mr. Brand to an imperfect extent performed the part of that fairy for him. But Mr. Gladstone chose rather to trust in the apparent acquiescence, than to believe in the concealed hostility. To some of the members on the Liberal side of the House there was great temptation to get rid of the Bill if possible, without any precise declaration of their opinions upon its principle. Any such declaration would involve them in a gratuitous conflict of opinion with a portion of the electors who supported them. It would either force them to look for support to some who had hitherto opposed them; or it would put their seats in hazard. So long, therefore, as there was any ground for hoping that Lord Russell's Reform Bill would be, like Lord Palmerston's a mere demonstration, the hostility shown to it from the Liberal side was not sufficient for its overthrow. Mr. Gladstone appears to have imagined that when once he had complied with the proposition contained in Lord Grosvenor's resolution, the main danger of his bill was passed. But as it advanced its path became more and more encumbered. Hostile amendments, friendly additions, dilatory motions, criticisms of a most exhaustive character met it

at every turn. The numbers of the divisions varied every evening ; but every one of them showed that discontent was eating more and more deeply into the Ministerial ranks. The supporters of the Government were clinging to the belief, which rumour avers to have been conveyed to them upon no mean authority, that the bill would not ultimately be pressed. As the increasing vigour and vehemence of Mr. Gladstone's language dissipated this hope, the support of the bill became more and more wavering, and Mr. Brand's labours more and more unavailing. Towards the end Mr. Gladstone's object appears to have been to pledge the House to the borough franchise which he had selected, so as to leave a basis for operations next year in case he was obliged, by stress of time, to abandon his bill for the present. He vaguely intimated that he had this end in view, and the newspapers in his interest urged it openly. But to the demand for this pledge members of the House had an insuperable objection. If taken it would have committed them to what was in effect an abstract resolution, which might have been mischievous at a future time : if refused, it would have given needless offence to a considerable number of persons. The conflict between the House and the Government as to whether an abstract vote should or should not be taken on this particular point was an animated one for some time ; but it needed no prophet to predict how it would end. The Government forced the House to the very brink of the pledge they wanted ; but on the words just preceding the fatal words 'seven pounds,' the critical division was taken, and the bill was destroyed. In their desperate efforts to save it the Ministry had entangled themselves in unnecessary pledges, from which they could not afterwards escape : and, in consequence, though possessing on a question of mere confidence an undoubted majority, they were compelled to resign.

Peace to their memory ! Mr. Gladstone has told us that an '*ultor*' will arise out of their remains. It may very possibly be so. No one can foresee the freaks of fortune. It may be our destiny to live under a Government in which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright shall lead a willing majority to the 'revenge,' to which he looks forward. Even if that should be the result of the struggle of this spring, we shall see no cause to regret what has been done. The Government whose existence has been terminated was more perilous to the Constitution than a Government professedly far more violent would have been. It combined with names that seemed to be a guarantee for moderation, a measure pregnant with revolution ; and, therefore, it beguiled many into the support of its measures to whom the measures themselves were repulsive. Such a phenomenon is happily rare, because

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it is transitional. It can only happen during the troubled period which marks the development of differences that have been long in germ and the final rupture of old-standing ties. There is a time during which men, who have been reluctantly convinced of the danger of tendencies which they formerly thought innocent, are waiting for some chance to set them free of their old engagements, and in the mean time refuse to proclaim by any decided step their real belief that those engagements are practically at an end. Such a confusion of forces will not repeat itself at any future period of the conflict. Men who take office under Mr. Gladstone for the future, with a Reform programme, will do so with a full knowledge of what they are undertaking; especially as it is probable that, pushed by his Reforming allies, he will propose a more violent bill next time. They will know exactly what agitation they are supporting, what rule they are beginning to set up. The line between the opponents of democracy and its adherents will be sharply drawn. This service at least will have been performed by those who have pressed the late Ministry to the ground. There is no such dangerous decoy as the reputation of a moderate man who has abandoned his moderation. This session will have extirpated a whole brood of such deceptive reputations, and that alone will be a larger good service than any single session is generally privileged to perform.

It will also have accomplished the task of making out the conditions under which alone in the future any Reform Bill is possible. The most important characteristic of any measure really 'made to pass,' must be, that it shall not involve the abdication of a class. The day is gone by when it was practicable to urge upon Parliament the deposition either of the middle and upper classes generally, or in particular of that portion of them which is dependent upon the land. If any Reform Bill can be devised which shall not involve such a result, it may have a good chance of passing. It is in itself an advantage of no contemptible dimensions to gratify the susceptibilities which a considerable number of the artizan class have betrayed upon the question of the suffrage. If there were only a thousand persons who felt themselves slighted because until they got richer there was no chance of their possessing, even in the most indirect and limited degree, any formal share in the government of their country, it would be profitable, so far as it could be done safely, to remove that cause of discontent. It is obvious that the feeling extends to a very much larger number, though it is by no means general even within the limits of that class; and therefore, still subject rigorously to the same reservation,

reservation, it would be in the same proportion more desirable that their wishes should be gratified. But the number of persons whom it would be necessary to admit, in order to cover these aspirants by a simple reduction of the franchise, would leave the classes at present in power in a condition of hopeless inferiority. If such an end, therefore, is to be attained it must be done by some other means than a simple reduction of the franchise. This is the test which will decide the sincerity of those who clamour for Reform. If they really mean what they continually say; if they are only asking on behalf of the working class for a share, and not for a monopoly of power; if they are willing to recognize that in our social state, where a dense population and the accumulation of a long history have produced a vast contrast of conditions, precautions must be taken that poverty shall not become supreme—they will consent to the provisions which are necessary for carrying such an object into effect. They will not shrink from such provisions because they are new in principle or complicated in detail; for they well know that great changes cannot be wrought in one portion of a well-balanced machine, without requiring corresponding changes throughout the whole. But if they are insincere; if their clamour for a share covers a design upon the whole; if they intend to ignore property in the distribution of power; if, under pretence of breaking down exclusive barriers, they contemplate setting up the rule of numbers—then we must be prepared for every objection that ingenuity can suggest against any plan for so extending the franchise as not to disfranchise those who hold it now. They will, in that case, insist without compromise or modification upon a blank reduction of the suffrage. If any balancing provision is proposed, by which the value of the vote so conferred shall be sufficiently modified to prevent it from enthroning the multitudes, whom it admits, as masters of the whole community, we may expect our Reformers to cast out such a plan with scorn as something which does not coincide with the ‘ancient lines of the Constitution.’ But the events of this session have sufficiently established that to Reform understood as they understand it, the present depositaries of power will not consent. To say that this Parliament, or any party in it, is opposed to the admission of the working-man to the polling-booth, is studiously to falsify the facts. But it is as little consistent with facts to dream that in this or in any other Parliament, the present depositaries of power will put his heel upon their necks. They are not yet reduced so low as to dream of abdication. When the working-man and his advocates have become so practical and sincere in their demand for Reform that they will accept participation without predomi-

nance, the 'settlement of the question' will have been attained : but not till then.

There are two fallacies that must be cast aside, before any real progress can be made. The first is that the mere passing of any measure, great or small, will of itself secure the 'settlement of the question.' It is not very easy to get at the exact meaning of that familiar phrase. To some minds it seems to indicate a future state of absolute repose, in which Reformers shall cease from troubling, and all struggles for political power between classes shall disappear. We might as well hope for the termination of the struggle for existence by which, some philosophers tell us, the existence or the modification of the various species of organized beings upon our planet are determined. The battle for political power is merely an effort, well or ill-judged, on the part of the classes who wage it to better or to secure their own position. Unless our social activity shall have become paralyzed, and the nation shall have lost its vitality, this battle must continue to rage. In this sense the question of Reform, that is to say, the question of relative class power, can never be settled. But those who take the trouble to define the words they use, generally apply the phrase to an object more limited and transient. They merely mean by it a respite from agitation for twenty or thirty years. This is an object, no doubt, capable of attainment. There have been much longer periods in our history during which a truce in the struggle of classes has been observed. But it has been due to causes more potent than the passage of 'a satisfactory measure,' 'with a view to the settlement of the question.' An absence of pressure among the more numerous classes, or a consciousness on their part of inability to extort any advantage from the propertied class has often indisposed them for the attack, and made them deaf to the ever ready exhortations of agitators. But it is in their own state of mind, and in that alone that any hope of such a truce is to be looked for. The condition of things which will induce them to abstain from aggression is one that it is impossible to command and not very easy to foresee. It is due, when it happens, to a combination of causes, whose working is obscure. It certainly cannot be made the subject of a Parliamentary arrangement. Mr. Bright and half-a-dozen of his followers may undertake that if such and such a measure is passed, all movement upon the question shall cease for thirty years ; but they are making a covenant whose performance they have no power to secure. They may close their own mouths ; but what power have they to silence hundreds of others who may be eager upon this question, and who, if there is any widespread feeling in respect to it, will infallibly be pushed to the front to occupy the places of those who may think themselves bound in honour not to agitate. Nothing

can be more futile than the attempt of temporary leaders to impose permanent pledges upon a class. A glance at the history of the last Reform Bill will dispose of the delusion that in a downward movement the leaders of one agitation can bind the leaders of that which comes next after it. In passing the Reform Bill, Lord Althorp, the recognised leader in the Commons of the movement by which it was carried, announced that it was to be 'a final measure.' How was his pledge respected by those that came after him? Scarcely three years had elapsed before the Chartist agitation was commenced by O'Connell's celebrated campaign in the North, and culminated in the insurrection of Frost. So far, therefore, from a period of repose having been produced by the concessions of the first Reform Bill, in spite of the pledges of its authors, its concession was immediately followed by an organized and dangerous agitation for far more sweeping changes. In 1839, however, the question was settled in a different manner. The failure of the insurrection, and the punishments that were inflicted, convinced the authors of it that their cause for the time was hopeless; and for nine years the land had peace. It was not till the outbreak of 1848 raised the drooping spirits of the party of action that the question of Reform was revived in England. Even this revival taken by itself shows how little value can be attached to the promises of the leaders of Reform agitations. It was but sixteen years since Lord Althorp's pledge, yet the question was mooted again by one of those who had sat in the Parliament to which he made that pledge: and in four years more it was taken up by Lord John Russell, who had been Lord Althorp's colleague at the time. Since that time further democratic change has been kept off, not by the tenacity of Reformers' pledges, but by the vigour of the Conservative resistance. It is an argument commonly used, that the Reform Act has lasted for five and thirty years, and that, therefore, if another were passed now the question would be settled for an equal space of time. But it is forgotten that the question was not settled, in the sense of procuring a respite from agitation, even for four years after the passage of the Reform Bill. It is only for the purpose of staying agitation upon the subject that the settlement of the question is to be desired. If that welcome armistice could not be procured for more than three years even by the great changes contained in the first Reform Bill, how is it possible to expect that a less sweeping measure will secure it now?

The other delusion is that the danger of insurrection enters in any degree as an element in the consideration of the question of Reform. Of course the Radical orators threaten it freely. In 1858 Mr. Bright told us that a reduction of the franchise would

soon

soon be demanded in rougher tones than his; and in 1866 he has told us that unless we granted it, an 'accident' would happen to our institutions, such as drove Charles X. from his throne. Orators of less distinction than Mr. Bright, and the writers in his daily organs, follow in the same strain more boldly, and tell us a great deal about 'the people rising in their might.' This form of political reasoning for the guidance of doubting legislatures has during the last two generations become a favourite commonplace in political argument upon the rabid side. Discussions upon questions of organic change are carried on as it were under the shadow of revolution, and the possibility of an appeal to physical force is referred to with a frankness which would never have been dreamed of a century ago. Issues between the legislature of a country and the lower classes in the great towns are quietly assumed by Radicals and believed by timid Conservatives to be mere questions of the patience of the latter. The resistance of a government to any ill-advised project alleged to be popular among those classes is merely a resistance upon sufferance. When once they are piqued by their enemies, or persuaded by their 'friends,' to 'rise'—*cadit questio*—the ultimate tribunal of the nineteenth century has spoken. No one who has watched the recent tendency of political discussion can have failed to observe how deeply this theory has tinged our political philosophy, and to a certain extent modified our political action. Yet it is a very curious doctrine to have lifted itself so high, especially in this country. No one can say that our history gives the slightest countenance to it. Its whole course is a chronicle of constant concessions to enlightened public opinion; but it does not record a single instance of concession to mob violence. The case most nearly in point in recent times is the agitation under which the Reform Act of 1832 was carried. There is no doubt that the circumstances were remarkably favourable to mob dominion. A feeble and fanciful King, a Home Secretary who certainly was not prejudiced against disturbances by any strong political interest in repressing them, and the powers of legislation practically consigned to the hands of a narrow class, bitterly divided against each other by polemical hostility, were eminently conditions under which popular license ought to thrive. Yet, as a matter of fact, the movement derived its strength from something much stronger than the lower class, and it was not to insurrectionary violence that the Legislature yielded. The movement proceeded mainly from the middle class. *Is fecit cui prodest.* The middle class, before the Reform Bill, possessed little, if any, direct political power: after the Reform Bill it enjoyed the largest share. The middle class, reinforced by the discontent which intense distress had produced

among the lower, presented a formidable combination, which any Government might well fear to encounter. The House of Lords actually yielded to the extraordinary pressure put on them by the King; but it is more than probable that had they been able to surmount his opposition, they must have given way to the resolute demands of the middle class. They were fighting a battle in which almost every element of social power was ranged on the other side. Those who compare those times with these, and threaten the opponents of this Reform Bill with the rout that befell the antagonists of its greater prototype, forget the material fact that the middle classes were on the wrong side of the 'pale' then, and that they are on the right side now.

It is not, however, from any English experience that the popular notion of the invincibility of the lower urban classes, if roused, has arisen. The political history of our neighbours across the channel has always produced a strong effect on the imaginations of all classes here; a stronger effect, perhaps, from the slight distance and the strangeness of the surrounding circumstances, than would have been produced by similar events if they had happened at home. And it would be worth while, did time permit, to examine the real bearing of the French revolutions upon the question of insurrectionary power, because they have tended to instil into the minds of the present, and the last generation, a belief in the irresistibility of the lowest class, which is new in the political history of this country. But these cases are precedents for us in no other sense; and they are only worth referring to because they have been perverted. It is well known that the artisans of the large towns—the 'people,' as they are called by a strange perversion of words—have a factitious importance in France on account of the power which an extreme centralization has given to the artisans who live in the capital. Those who master Paris master France; and, therefore, in the presence of an irresolute executive, the barricades are, or at least have hitherto been, a tremendous power. Neither London, nor any other great town possesses such an ascendancy. But in a country ruled as England happily is, by public opinion, and by the general pervading sense of what is best for the whole community, we can never arrive at such extremities as France has so often and so lamentably witnessed. No doubt if the *real* people of England—the large masses of the population in country as well as town, whom our experience entitles us to regard as the friends of law and order—if they were to rise in favour of Reform, or of any other measure, their action must be successful; but long before any such unanimity could come to pass, the change of public opinion it implies would have told upon the Legislature, and made any



rising unnecessary. But it is a mere dream of timidity that the town artisan class, the only class whose alleged discontent is in question now, can ever be so formidable, that the Legislature, in discussing their demands, should have need to take counsel of fear, and be debarred from considering calmly what is best for all classes.

The most difficult question which the new Government will have to decide, will be whether they ought or ought not to introduce a Reform Bill. Its course will have been simplified to no inconsiderable extent by the events of the past session. No future Government can venture to present any such measure which shall involve a large transfer of power, or which shall be constructed under fear of the artisan classes, in order to satisfy the agitation their advocates have made. The most liberal Parliament ever assembled during the reign of the present sovereign has declined to pass a Reform Bill of this type. This fact, however, by no means necessarily disposes of the question. There are other types of Reform still possible. There are numberless irregularities and inconveniences in the present arrangement that may well be corrected. Few impartial persons will be disposed to deny that, considering the large transfer of wealth and population that has been made to the north by the progress of mechanical discovery, the balance of legislative power inclines too heavily toward the south-west of England; although a good deal is to be said, too, for Cornwall, which is teeming with wealth, and in a high state of progress. No one, again, can deny the advantages of what has been well called the 'lateral' extension of the franchise. Whether the vexed question of vertical extension ought to be entertained at the same time, to any material extent, must depend, as we have said, on the tone in which it is claimed by those who are to benefit by it. They will never induce the present depositaries of power to agree to it unless they accept the guarantees that are necessary to prevent the preponderance of mere numbers. There are, moreover, many points of minor moment in which our electoral system might be advantageously improved. The principle affirmed by Lord Dunkellin's motion is in itself of inestimable value. A self-adjusting machinery, which shall dispense with the intolerable expense of voluntary registration, and shall get rid of the costly and sometimes partisan tribunal of the Revising Barrister, will be a great boon. Some remedy is also required for the costliness of elections, especially county elections. It is an evil that is growing every day. It threatens, if its development is to continue at the present pace, to confine the choice of candidates to the relatives of wealthy landowners, or else to mercantile or manufacturing men of the class that find it useful to them in their vocation to have a seat in Parliament. A Parliament so

composed would be a poor representation of the varied interests of the country. Some measure that would put a stop to the necessity of paying travelling expenses for the voter—some adaptation of the system of voting papers, which has answered so well at the Universities, would go far to meet the evil.

Many other changes in our electoral system, which are small in extent, but which still it would be desirable to make, might be suggested. But they must all be subject to the far more momentous question, whether it is desirable for a Government formed from the ranks of the Conservative party to undertake the question of Reform at all. There is a genuine desire in the minds of many persons that something should be done in order to release the numerous persons in all orders of society, from Cabinet ministers down to pot-house politicians, especially upon the Liberal side, who have pledged themselves to the passing of some measure that shall bear the name of Reform Bill. Beyond this, there is undoubtedly the consideration, that both electors and non-electors have heard the question of Reform so much discussed, and know that so many promises have been given on the subject, that if nothing is done, they may retain a vague feeling that some one has kept from them what authorities, which they think good, told them they had a right to possess: and though they may entertain no very distinct idea of its precise value, a certain amount of resentment may be left behind in their minds. Some of this feeling must undoubtedly be created by any Reform Bill which could be accepted by the Conservatives, or the moderate Liberals: for it must of necessity leave a large number of persons without the franchise for whom it is now claimed. Yet there can be no doubt that if some enfranchisement were made, the feeling of soreness even in their minds would be diminished. They would not have won anything for themselves; but still they would have won a partial triumph. Half, or more than half the earnestness of a political struggle, belongs to the *sporting* category of feelings. Men are sore when they lose, and satisfied when they win, not for the value of the thing at stake, but for the value they set on winning in the abstract. Therefore it is that any termination of a struggle in which either side wins nothing is unsatisfactory. It is not that one of the extremes may not be perfectly right. In times of great excitement the mean between two extremes may be anything but moderate in reality. But a complete victory on either side leaves a wound that will not heal. It gives earnestness to the defeated, while the victors are apt to lose it: and earnestness, no matter in what cause, exercises a fatal charm often upon whole generations as they pass through the sentimental age. If legitimacy had not conquered

so completely in 1815, that strange ultra-Liberal superstition, which so deeply tinged and fired the growing minds of the country for a whole generation after that time, would never have been more than the eccentricity of a few enthusiasts. It would not, therefore, be an unmixed good to conquer completely in this matter of Reform.

Such are some of the principal arguments which might be urged in favour of a Conservative Reform Bill. We do not deny that a certain weight might be assigned to them, if the Conservatives were in a position from which they could secure the passing of a fair compromise. But it is not for combatants to offer terms of compromise unless they are certain that they are strong enough to hold their own in case of need. Otherwise, to offer a compromise is to sue for peace. The attitude which the Conservative party ought to assume in reference to the question of Reform must depend on the strength which they find they possess in the House of Commons. If they can command an assured support which shall enable them to secure that the terms of any compromise adopted shall be really moderate, it may be wise to close the controversy, so far as it can be closed by any action of theirs. But to bring forward any measure affecting the representation of the people in the presence of adverse forces strong enough to engraft democratic amendments on it, would be to throw away all the advantages which the labours of this session have secured.

On this subject we are tempted to refer to Lord Derby's most impressive speech in the House of Lords on the 9th of this month, when he first met the present Parliament as Prime Minister:—

‘My Lords, I must in the first place say that I hold myself entirely free and unpledged on that great and difficult question of Reform. I have in reference to that question experienced certain dangers of my own—and I shall certainly consider well and carefully, before I again introduce a Reform Bill, the wise advice given by the noble earl, my predecessor, that no government is justified in bringing in a Reform Bill without having a reasonable prospect of carrying it; and also the remark of the noble earl upon the cross benches [Grey], that a Reform Bill cannot be carried, or the constitution amended, except by a mutual understanding between the two great parties in the country. On the other hand, I am afraid that that portion of the community who are the most clamorous for a Reform Bill will not be satisfied with any measure such as can be acceded to by the great parties of the country, and I greatly fear that any measure of a moderate character would not satisfy those persons, but would lead to further agitation and be made a stepping stone for further measures. I reserve to myself entire liberty as to whether the present Government shall or not undertake in future sessions to bring in any measure for the amendment of the representation

representation of the people: but of this I am quite sure, that if there be no reasonable prospect of passing a sound and satisfactory measure, it will be an unfortunate thing and a great disadvantage to the country that session after session should be lost, and measures of useful legislation should be put a stop to, by continued contests over a Reform Bill.'

It is, in truth, impossible to forecast the course which the Conservative party will preserve upon this momentous question until the position which is likely to be occupied by the constitutional Whigs is more clearly ascertained. That they have resolved not to aid Lord Derby in assuming the government of the country, as they aided him in repelling an attack upon the Constitution, will be matter of earnest regret to every friend of the Constitution. It can in no sense, however, be a matter of complaint; for the honour of public men is too precious to be hazarded lightly, and every man is the best judge of the course which a regard for it prescribes to him to follow. In such matters precipitate action might lead to misconstruction of motives. The recasting of political associations, however imperatively the exigency of the times may demand it, should not be the work of a momentary impulse. The time, however, it may be hoped, is not far distant when merely personal and traditional ties will cease to keep apart those who are of one mind upon the most vital question of our generation. In the meantime their refusal leaves the House of Commons divided in effect—though not very distinctly—into three parties. It is obvious that no one of those three parties can command a majority without the help of one of the other two: or, to put it more practically, neither the Conservatives nor the Radicals can retain the government of the country for any length of time except by the assistance of the Whigs. On the heads of this central party, which holds the balance between the other two, a heavy responsibility rests. It is clear, from what has passed this year, that they will not consent to an alliance with the Radicals except upon terms which the Radicals refuse to accept. They will not take Mr. Gladstone, in his present mood, as their leader. Rather than do so they have helped to drive a Liberal Ministry from power. It will lie with them to decide whether Mr. Gladstone shall remain powerless for evil until either he shall have abandoned his Radical allies, or until a broad Constitutional party shall have been formed strong enough permanently to baffle his designs,—or whether he is to come back with a stronger Reform Bill and increased power to pass it. That they should look to the ultimate—perhaps the early—formation of a party whose course they should have their just share in guiding is natural enough. But it lies with them, by giving a general support to  
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the Government which has just been formed, to render the formation of that party possible.

There can be no doubt—so far as the subject matter admits of such an expression—that Mr. Gladstone intends to adhere to the democratic policy he has already announced. It is doubtful whether he intends now to head the movement for suffrages still lower than those which he proposed. He does not disdain apparently to act as the recognised leader of Mr. Potter and Mr. Lucraft. To what extent he has by that act accepted their doctrines may be a matter of dispute; but he clearly sees in them nothing to repel him. It may, therefore, be assumed that if he moves at all from the seven pound limit, it will be to go lower and not higher. He is evidently in no mood to win back by concession those who have left him, or to calm those, who, though they voted for him, watched his proceedings with undisguised alarm. Opposition, as is usually the case with him, has made him more bitter and more extravagant. He is trying to put himself at the head of a great democratic agitation. It is quite clear that if he comes into office again he comes in as the nominee and champion of the Radicals—pledged to their measures, accepting their principles, and relying upon them to inflame the populace out of doors against his antagonists. And he will come in again as the inevitable Minister: as a last resource after all alternatives have been exhausted: not upon his trial, as this year, but in triumph. In such a position it is needless to point out how terrible his strength will be. He will then level again the blow, which this year he has narrowly missed, and which will hardly fail again. He will introduce, and, supported by the belief that no other Ministry but his own can exist, he will pass a Reform Bill that shall build up his future power on the attachment of the Trades Unions of the great towns, and shall rid him for ever of aristocratic opposition.

It is for the Constitutional Whigs to consider how far they will be partakers in this enterprise. If they allow Lord Derby's Government to be thrown out upon any vote of confidence, no other result can follow but that Mr. Gladstone will come back again. We will not urge the title Lord Derby's Cabinet has to their confidence—the agreement upon the one vital point, the paucity of subjects on which any difference can be found, the real identity of interest and of sympathy in presence of the movement which Mr. Gladstone leads, and which Mr. Potter and Mr. Lucraft represent. We will content ourselves with pointing to the inevitable result of their defeat. There may be members of that Government of whose appointment they disapprove, or to whose views on particular subjects they are opposed. Questions

may arise on which they may dislike the course of the Government, or may feel inclined to censure the bearing of some particular member of it. If they could replace it by something which they liked better there would be nothing unreasonable in their giving effect to their objections. From their own point of view they would be acting logically and consistently, if they could replace a Conservative Government by a moderate Liberal Government, free from the reproach of any democratic leanings. But they are bound in this momentous crisis to take all the elements of the calculation together, and to work out from the whole the result which according to their views will be most beneficial to the community. They must not sacrifice to their feelings upon a secondary question, or their dislike to this or that individual, the issues of the one all-important conflict. It is not a moment to quarrel about party badges, when the common enemy is at the gate. If Mr. Gladstone comes back upon the shoulders of the politicians who hold their debates in Trafalgar Square, the personal controversies that are keenly canvassed now will become matter of faint but melancholy historical interest. The classes who now are divided among themselves upon differences merely personal, or on questions of altogether subsidiary importance, will have leisure in the retirement of absolute political annihilation to reflect on the wisdom and opportuneness of their mutual distrust.

The decisions that are taken within the next two or three years will determine in all probability the future character and complexion of our constitution. The public apathy upon all questions of domestic policy is profound. The nation is too intent on other matters to point out to its rulers the course it would have them take. Our destiny is in the hands of a score or so of influential politicians of various schools. If they sufficiently understand the supreme importance of the crisis to forget awhile for their country's sake old antipathies or personal aspirations, the men who really love our ancient constitution will be gathered under one banner, and their united force may defy democracy. But if the opportunity is squandered in personal self-assertion or sectional bickering, they must fall before an enemy who at least may claim the praise of never suffering private ambition to impede the attainment of a great end. Our system may fairly be said to be on its trial. If the virtue of our public men is not equal to an exigency which for objects so precious asks for sacrifices so small, the world will think we have little cause for boasting over the less pretentious selfishness of more democratic communities.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne.* Par Gaston Paris. Paris, 1865. 8vo.
2. *La Chanson de Roland.* Nach der Oxforder Handschrift, von neuen herausgegeben von Theodor Müller. Erste Hälfte. Göttingen, 1863. 8vo.
3. *Renaus de Montauban, oder die Haimonskinder, herausgegeben von Dr. Heinrich Michelangt.* Stuttgart, 1862. 8vo.
4. *Li Romans de Berte aus grans Piés.* Publié par M. Paulin Paris. Paris, 1832, in 12mo.
5. *Li Romans de Garin le Loherain.* Publié par M. Paulin Paris. Paris, 1833-36. 2 vols. 12mo.
6. *Les Anciens Poètes de la France; publiés sous les auspices de S. Exc. M. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et sous la direction de M. F. Guessard.* Paris, 1859-65. 8 vols. 16mo.
7. *Histoire Littéraire de la France par des religieux Benedictins de la Congregation de Saint Maur. Continué par les Membres de l'Institut.* Paris, 1733-1864. 24 vols. 4to.

WHEN Voltaire was writing the 'Henriade,' he was advised by a French nobleman, one of the arbiters of taste of his day, not to go on with his project. '*Les Français,*' he said, '*n'ont pas la tête épique.*' Until the last few years this aphorism passed as indisputable truth; and those most conversant with French literature remained entirely unaware of the existence of an immense body of epic poetry in the French language. Up to the time of the discovery of the '*Chanson de Roland,*' French literature, it was believed, commenced with the '*Roman de la Rose.*' Boileau speaks of the origin of French poetry in these lines:—

'Durant les premiers ans du Parnasse français,  
 Le caprice tout seul faisait toutes les lois,  
 La rime au bout des mots assemblés sans mesure  
 Tenait lieu d'ornement, de nombre et de césure.  
 Villon fut le premier qui dans ces temps grossiers,  
 Débrouilla l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers.'

Never, it has been truly said, was ignorance more unfortunately mistaken than in this fancy sketch of the old '*romanciers*'

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by Boileau; for the versification of the old 'Trouvères' in their 'chansons' is nearly irreproachable, and the laws of rhythm and metre which they invented are carefully observed. Such obscure notions about the early state of French poetry and the French language were in part dissipated by the discovery, in 1822, by M. Bourdillon, of Geneva, of the 'Chanson de Roland,' which, as English readers know, was sung by the *jongleur* Taillefer at the battle of Hastings, when he rode beyond the ranks of the Normans, chanting the prowess of Roland and his peers with a loud voice, throwing his sword and lance aloft in the air, and catching them again as they fell. Taillefer is thus described on that occasion in the *Roman de Brut* of Wace. 'Taillefer, who was a skilful singer, mounted on a steed of swift pace, went before them all, singing of Charlemagne and of Roland, and of Olivier and of the vassals who died at Roncesvaux:—

'Taillefer qui moult bien cantoit  
Sur un oeval qui tost aloit  
Devant eus s'en aloit cantant  
De Carlemaine et de Rolant  
Et d'Olivier et des vassaus  
Qui moururent à Roncesvaux.'

Till the discovery by M. Bourdillon of a MS. 'Chanson de Roland'—which had formerly been in the 'Bibliothèque du Roi' at Versailles—it was supposed that the song of Taillefer was some short ballad composition respecting the great disaster of Roncesvaux. However, it is clear now, from the knowledge obtained of the habits of the *jongleurs*, that this was the very poem of which short snatches were sung by the Norman minstrel at the battle of Hastings. Subsequently to M. Bourdillon's discovery, other manuscripts of the same poem have been found. One of them came to light at Oxford, and is called the Oxford Text, and is recognised as being of greater antiquity than the others and more correct. There are three printed texts now in existence, of which that of M. Genin deserves special notice.

The discovery of this poem—which is supposed to have been composed by the *trouvère* Theroulde\*—in its primitive vigour and

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\* The question is by no means free from doubt. The last line of the poem is

'Ci falt (finit) la geste que Turoldeus declinet.'

Some consider that 'declinet' means no more than 'transcribe,' others that it signifies to 'recite' only; these interpretations we think, however, not probable. M. Genin thinks Theroulde was in the service of William the Conqueror, and died Abbot of Peterborough. If so, his monastic character would account for the Latinisation of his name 'Turoldeus.'



originality, roused a cry of admiration on all sides; and an entire Homeric age was brought to light in the early history of France of whose existence no one had any suspicion. The labours, besides, of some of the most eminent French men of letters in another important publication have recovered from the dust and neglect of five centuries an immense body of French epical poetry, of the same cycle as that of Roland, which has thrown a most unexpected light on the character and society of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries.

About the middle of the last century the learned congregation of the Benedictines of St. Maur engaged in as vast and important a literary enterprise as has ever been attempted in any country, namely, a collection and examination of all the original documents which concern in any way the literature of France, beginning from the dawn of French history. They began their undertaking and conducted their researches with immense patience, industry, and perseverance; but the age was not favourable to such archæological labours and looked coldly on them. They nevertheless produced eleven quarto volumes, when the general indifference of the literary world had its effect in arresting their progress, and their institution itself was dissolved, with all other monastic foundations, at the Revolution. Subsequently to the Restoration archæological studies were looked on with a more favourable eye, and the Académie des Inscriptions took in hand the unfinished work of the learned Benedictines, and have now brought the '*Histoire Littéraire de la France*' up to the twenty-fourth volume and the commencement of the fourteenth century, and collected together a mass of materials which no student of history can afford to overlook. In the progress of this latter portion of the work it was imagined that three volumes would suffice for the literature of the thirteenth century; but so vast was the amount of new materials discovered that it has been found that it was necessary to occupy eight quarto volumes with their examination.\*

As this Literary History of France quotes nearly one hundred '*Chansons de Geste*,' belonging to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries alone, many of them containing ten thousand lines, and others ranging between that number and seventy thousand, it may be conceived how prodigiously active was the poetic faculty in France during those ages, as might, indeed, have been

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\* M. Quinet was one of the first to call attention to this vast cycle of then inedited French epic poetry in a Report which he presented to the Minister of Public Works in 1831. The labours of M. Paulin Paris, and the recent work of his son, M. Gaston Paris, have laid all students of ancient literature under great obligations.

expected of the period of high thought which produced the majestic nave of the cathedral of Amiens and the glorious *portail* of Reims.

These 'Chansons de Geste'—of which the earlier are written in mixed monorhyme and assonance, and the latter in simple monorhyme\*—embraced in historic cycle the whole of the Carolingian reigns from Charles Martel to Hugues Capet inclusive. Parthenopex de Blois even takes us back to Merovingian times, and forms a sort of link with the wearisome series of 'Troie le Grand,' 'Jules Cæsar,' and 'Alexandre,' where classic subjects are strangely travestied by the aid not of real authors of Greece and Rome, but of apocryphal works of the Lower Empire. M. Vitet has observed that, of these Carolingian romances, 'La Chanson de Roland' is the only veritable epic: that the other compositions are, in fact, but romances. The romance element of them becomes, indeed, more and more developed in the course of time; so that 'Huon de Bordeaux,' one of the latest—to which Wieland is indebted for the plan of his 'Oberon,' and Shakespeare for the idea of the fairy king—after a Carolingian introduction becomes a simple romance of adventure; and in 'Fierabras' likewise—which was one of the books of chivalry which assisted in turning Don Quixote's brain—the romance character is almost equally developed. A great number of these poems—such as 'Gerard de Rousillon,' 'Ogier le Danois,' 'Renaud de Montauban,' 'Gaidon,' and nearly a score of other *chansons*—are historical narratives of the wars carried on by vassals against their Carolingian *suzerain*, and in them can be studied the growth of the indomitable feudal spirit which so incessantly threatened the existence of France, and which was finally extinguished in its last terrible representative Charles Le Téméraire, the greatest of all the personifications of feudalism.

The examination of the 'Chanson de Roland' entirely overthrows, in our opinion, the theories of some of the most pedantic critics who have written on the subject of epic poetry, and who insist that all the primitive epics—those, indeed, which they alone deign to style such—have been created by a sort of spontaneous agglutination in the popular mind, and differ not only in character but in kind from the epical compositions of

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\* The best known example of *monorime* versification is the song of Malbrough, which, leaving out the *refrain*, runs:

'Madame à la tour monte, si haute qu'elle peut monter;  
Elle aperçut son page de tout noir habillé;  
"Beau page, mon beau page, quelle nouvelle apportez?"  
"La nouvelle que j'apporte, vos beaux yeux vont pleurer;  
Monsieur Malbrough est mort; est mort et enterre."

cultivated times. The defeat of Roncesvaux—which was, in fact, the surprise of the rear-guard of Charlemagne by the Gascons in the Pyrenees—struck the popular imagination most strongly, not only because it was the single disaster of Charlemagne, but from the number of illustrious chiefs who fell on the occasion. The doleful echoes of the marvellous horn of Roland resounded for ages not only in the gorges of the Pyrenees but reached also the most distant countries of Europe and extended even to Iceland and to Asia. The simple facts of history are, that Charlemagne made a successful expedition to Spain, at the invitation of one of the Saracen chiefs, and suffered a partial disaster from an ambuscade of Gascon mountaineers in the Pyrenees on his way back to France. This happened in 778. For nearly three centuries after, this event was the subject of Teutonic ballad and popular song. Roland, styled by Eginhard ‘Prefect of the March of Brittany,’ *Hrodlandus præfectus limitis Britannici*, was doubtless as great a popular favourite as Murat or Ney or any of the most daring generals of Napoleon; and this one great tragic catastrophe predominated over all Carlovingian legend and ballad till the time that Theroulde took possession of it and threw the traditional song on the subject into a regular epic form. Whether he took it directly from the German, or whether the poem had, like the curious fragment ‘Walther of Aquitaine,’ assumed a Latin form, from which the *trouvère* derived his epic material, or whether it already existed in a French version, it is impossible in these times to discover; but the poem, as it is now read, evidently passed through the mould of a single mind, and that mind, in our opinion, was clearly acquainted with the great classic models of Rome. Theroulde took possession of the subject of the death of Roland, and made it his own three centuries after the event, in precisely the same way as Goethe appropriated the legend of Faust, after about an equal lapse of time; or as Ariosto seized upon Carlovingian legend for his province four centuries after Theroulde.

Another deduction from the study of these epical compositions is that to rely on popular tradition for fact after any lapse of time is to rely upon a quicksand. The greatest events of history become so entirely transformed that it is almost impossible to recognise them. Thus, in ‘Garin li Loherain,’ the defeat of the Wandres or Vandals has reference to one of the latest barbaric invasions, but these Vandals are transformed into Mahommedans, as also are the Saxons in Bodel’s ‘Chanson des Saxons,’ and the incidents of the defeat of the Vandals are

evidently

evidently derived from that of the Huns under Attila. So here, in this 'Chanson de Roland,' the Gascons are supplanted entirely by Saracens; and the traitor Ganelon is introduced, who is believed to have lived in the times of Charles the Bald. Indeed, after two or three centuries the facts and personages of various epochs become so confused and melted together that it is for the most part mere guess-work to attempt to discriminate fact from fiction, or to attempt to separate one age from another. Roland, Hrodlandus, Rodland or Rutland, however, undoubtedly existed, and was a favourite general in the days of the great Karl himself and fell at Roncesvaux. Ogier de Danemarche,\* who commanded the vanguard on that occasion, according to the 'Chanson de Roland,' and who is himself the subject of a *chanson*, was undoubtedly a real character; his tomb even existed till the middle of the last century at the monastery of St. Faur, at Meaux, where he spent the last years of his life after falling into disgrace with Karl, and an interesting description of his monument is to be found in Mabillon. The names of both Roland and Ogier are still popular in distant parts of Europe. Roland has his *brèche* still in the Pyrenees and his corner in the Rhine at *Rolandseck*; his sword has been seen by travellers even at the gate of a mosque at Broussa, and his name has been heard sounded among the heroes of song of the wild mountaineers in the Morea. Ogier, likewise, lance in hand, still heads a procession of knights and giants at Ath and Huy in Flanders: so tenacious has popular memory been of some of the heroes of the 'Chanson de Roland,' of which we now proceed to give account.

Karl had been seven years in Spain warring against the Moors, and had conquered all the country with the exception of Saragossa. He had just taken Cordova, and beaten down its walls, razed its towers with his siege-engines, divided immense spoil of gold and silver among his knights, and not left a paynim in the city alive who had not become a Christian. He was reposing after the siege, and he sat on his golden chair of state beneath a pine, by the side of a hedge of roses. His peers were sitting around him,—Roland, his nephew, and Oliver, and Sansun the duke, and Ansès the proud, and Godfrey of Anjou, his gonfanonier, and Gerin and Gerers, and fifteen thousand Frank knights were scattered behind them, some sitting on benches,

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\* Ogier de Danemarche was so called, not from any connexion with Denmark, but because he was Governor of the Arden Marche, the immense forest district of the Ardennes.

some playing draughts, some—and those the oldest and sagest—playing at chess, and some—the most youthful of the band—joining in mock combat, when there approached him an ambassador from the Saracen King of Saragossa. The ambassador addresses him, and says, the King of Saragossa is willing to do homage if he may keep his kingdom. He sends him presents of all he has. He sends him bears and lions, and good hounds for the chase; six hundred camels, and a thousand good falcons, four hundred mules laden with gold and silver, and fifty chariots full of precious stuffs: only on condition that Karl leaves the country and goes to his palace at Aix, whither the Sultan of Saragossa will follow to do homage to him and become a Christian. Such offer made the Sultan of Saragossa, not in good faith but to get Karl away from Spain and to have time for preparing for his defence.

When the Emperor heard this he bent his head. He was never overhasty in speech; his habit was to bring forth his words leisurely:—

‘Li empereres en tint sun chef enclin,  
De sa parole ne fut mie hastifs,  
Sa custume est qu’il parolet à leisir.’\*

Then he raised up his head with a stern look, and asked what surety he might have of the Paynim’s good faith? ‘Hostages,’ said the ambassador; and the Emperor put off further deliberation till the morrow. On the morrow-morn he rose, heard mass and matins, and took his seat again under the pine and called his barons to council, Ogier, the Archbishop Turpin, Richard

\* A very few rules are sufficient to make the French of the ‘Chansons de geste’ much more easily intelligible:—

1. In the verbs the third person of the present is ordinarily terminated with a *t* in both singular and plural; but the *t* is not pronounced except before a vowel. This explains the *fera-t-il*, *voudra-t-il* of the present day. This rule is applicable only to the older French of the ‘Chanson de Roland.’

2. The preposition *d* and the third person of the verb *avoir*, insert *d* before a following vowel:

‘Al siege ad Ais en serez amenet.’

We may here say that *ert* stands for both *était* and *sera*, *erat* and *erit* both being contracted into *ert*, *ot* is *avait*.

3. The copulative ‘*et*’ is always ‘*e*’ in the ‘Chanson de Roland.’

4. *oi* is generally *ei*: thus, *François* becomes *François*; *avoit*, *aveit*; *feroit*, *ferreit*; and *laisseroit* becomes *larroite*, *lerreie*.

5. Feminine nouns have no declension: but in masculine nouns, in the singular, a final *s* marks the nominative case; the absence of a final *s* marks an oblique case.

6. In the plural the opposite is the case.

7. Some nouns have particular forms: thus, *Dex*, nom., has *Dieu* accusative. So *vieux*, nom., *vieux*, accus. *Apprentif*, nom., *apprenti*, accus. The article is in nominative singular and plural *li*; the accus. singular is *le*, the accus. plural *les*.

the Aged and his nephew Henri, the brave Count Acelin of Gascony, Tedbald of Reims, and Melun his cousin, Gerers and Gérin, Roland and Oliver the brave and the gentle, and a full thousand of the Franks of France, with Ganelon the traitor.

The Emperor explained the terms offered by the Moorish ambassador, and asked for the advice of his council. Then the Count Roland raised him on his feet, and said to the King—'Ill will it be for you to trust the Moor. It is seven years since we came into Spain, and many cities have I taken for you: think of what we have done, and think also how treacherously the Paynim behaved to your last embassy, to Basan, and Basilies, whose heads he struck off. Finish the war as you have begun it; lead your host against Saragossa, and avenge those whom the felon caused to be put to death.' AOI.\*

The Emperor looked solemn: he stroked his beard and smoothed his moustache, and replied to his nephew neither good nor evil. The Franks remained silent, with the exception of Ganelon, who rose to his feet, walked in front of Karl, and made a haughty speech. 'Ill will it be for you to hearken to a scatterbrains. Listen neither to me nor anybody, but only to what is for your own advantage, now that the King of Saragossa offers to become your liegeman with hands closed in yours, and that he will hold all Spain in fief from you, and will also adopt the faith we observe. He who persuades you to reject this counsel, what cares he about the death we die? Counsel of pride never reaps advantage. Let us leave fools to their folly; we side with the wise.'

'Et dist al rei, "Ja mar oierez brieun,  
Ne mei ne altre se de vostre prod nun.  
Quant ço vos mandet li reis Marsiliun,  
Qu'il devendrat jointes ses mains tis hon.  
E tute Espaigne tendrat par vostre dun.  
Puis recevrat la lei que nus tenum  
Ki ço vos lodet que cest plait degetuns  
Ne li chalt, sire, de quel mort nus muriuns.  
Cunseill d'orguill n'est dreiz que à plus munt.  
Laissum les fols as sages nus tenuns."'

The Duke Naimes gives similar advice, and all the Franks reply, 'Well has spoken the Duke'—'*Ben ad parlet li dux.*' The question then is, who shall be sent as ambassador—a perilous mission in those days, when the ambassador's head was often sent back to his own sovereign by way of reply. The

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\* This AOI, which occurs at the end of every emphatic passage, has the meaning of '*en voie*,' 'forwards.'

Duke Naimés offers to take the embassy. Karl says, 'He is a sage counsellor; he cannot allow him to go so far away:' and ends, 'Go and sit down, for no one names you.' Then Roland offers to go—'*Je puis aler mult ben.*' Oliver objects: says Roland is too haughty and headlong; he is sure to come to blows on his mission—and offers to go himself. Karl refuses both. Turpin, the archbishop, comes forward. Him, too, Karl rejects—tells him to go and sit down, and not speak till he is told—

'N'en parlez mais, se jo ne l'vos comant.'

'Whom shall we send, Frank chevaliers?' cries Karl. Roland maliciously suggests Ganelon, his step-father, knowing that Ganelon, as a family man, has a great objection to such peril, and also because apparently, as may be surmised from Ganelon's first speech, there existed a not uncommon antipathy between son and step-father. Roland says then, 'My step-father is the man to go'—'*Ço ert Guenes mis parrastre.*' The Franks all cry out he will do the mission well—'*Car il le poet ben faire.*'

Then said Karl, 'Ganelon, come forward and receive the staff and glove' (the emblems of an ambassador). 'You have heard: the Franks have named you.' 'Sire,' says Ganelon, 'this is Roland's doing. Never shall I bear him good-will, nor to Oliver his comrade, nor the twelve peers, since they love so well him whom I hate. I will go, nevertheless. Yet I have a son, fairer never was—Baldwin his name; if he lives he will be a valiant man. I leave him my honours and my fief. Protect him, I pray. Never shall I see him with the eyes again.' Karl says, 'You are too tender-hearted.' Ganelon throws back his mantle, and looks at Roland haughtily from his grey eyes. No one who saw him as he stood erect, with his fine waist and broad chest, could help admiring him. And he spoke threateningly to Roland. Roland replied—'*Orgoill oi e folage.*' 'I hear the words of an upstart and a fool. All the world knows I care for no threats. But since we ought to have a man of sense as an ambassador, I am ready, with the King's leave, to take your place.' This insulting offer Ganelon refused, but asked for a slight delay before starting, to repose from his anger, upon which Roland laughed in scorn in his face. When Ganelon saw that Roland laughed, he nearly went out of his mind with rage—

'A ben petit que il ne pert le sens.'

Nevertheless he announced his willingness to depart at once on his embassy. The Emperor held the glove towards Ganelon for him to take; but Ganelon, in his ill-will, would not step forward quick enough, and the glove fell to the ground. Then said the

Franks,

Franks, '*Deus!* what will happen? This embassy will bring us great loss.' '*Seignurs,*' says Ganelon, 'you shall have news of it.' Then Ganelon likewise took the staff and the letter of Karl, and departed on his way amid the lamentations of his friends.

He soon overtook the Moorish ambassador, who had departed before, and the two journeyed together to the court of Saragossa. Ganelon could not conceal his vexation and anger, and burst out into complaints, of which the Moor soon took advantage to wind himself into his confidence; and the conversation between them is extremely well managed by the poet. The Moor leads the angered man on to speak of Roland, of his intractable and reckless, haughty spirit. The Moor says, 'A violent man indeed is Roland, who wants the whole world to submit to him, and throws down the gauntlet to all mankind; but what people has he to support him?' Ganelon replies, 'The whole Frank nation, who love him so well that they will never fail him. And he wins for them gold and silver, and mules and battle-steeds, and rich spoil of all kinds. The Emperor, too, follows his will in everything: he will overcome the whole earth from here to farthest East.' Thus devising, the pair went riding along till they both came to the conclusion that there was nothing they both desired so eagerly as the death of Roland.

The Count Ganelon is brought by the Moor to the presence of the Sultan, who was sitting, as seems to have been usual in those days, in his chair of state, under a pine, clothed in silken robes of Alexandria, and surrounded by his court; but the ambassador of Karl, notwithstanding that he has treason in his heart, acquits himself of his embassy in a grand manner; and we must admire the art of the poet who on this occasion seizes the opportunity to make even his traitor magnificent, and no cringing fellow even in the face of those with whom he is about to be leagued in treachery. After introduction to the Sultan, he began his message 'like one who knew his business'—*Come celui ki ben faire le set.* Conversion to Christianity and homage to Karl, or a death of shame and ignominy—'such,' he tells the Sultan, 'is the *ultimatum* of Karl.' The Saracen was so wroth at this rough announcement that he seized his javelin spiked with gold and would have struck the Frank to the heart, but he was prevented. When Ganelon saw this, he put hand to his sword, and drew it two finger-breadths from the sheath. The Paynim chiefs come around, appease both parties, and the Sultan seats himself again. 'Sire,' says Ganelon, 'I must do my duty. I would not for all the gold God ever made—for all the wealth of this country—leave unsaid the message which

Karlemaine,



Karlemaine, the mighty king, gave me to speak to his mortal enemy!’ As he said this, he cast his ermine mantle from his shoulders, and stood forward so defiant, with his right hand still on the hilt of his sword, that [the Paynims said, ‘This is a noble baron’—‘*Noble baron ad ci.*’ Another similar scene ensues at the reading of Karl’s letter when the Sultan’s son wore such menacing aspect, that Ganelon drew his sword, and set his back against a pine, prepared for the onset. However, the Moor who accompanied Ganelon makes peace, and tells them that the Frank is willing to engage in a plot for their advantage; and they begin to discuss how the death of Roland shall be accomplished—Ganelon ever and anon bringing them to the conviction that as long as Roland lives they can never breathe freely. The Saracen king begins by inquiring about Charlemagne; and the description of the Frank emperor in the mouth of an enemy has especial force. ‘When will he ever be weary of war? Marvel have I much of Karlemagne, who is now bald and white-bearded. Sure he must be two hundred years of age. So many kingdoms has he overcome; so many blows has he received from their good biting swords; so many mighty kings has he reduced to beggary, or slain and conquered in open field—whenever will he weary of campaigning?’ Says Ganelon, ‘That will never be in Roland’s lifetime; there is not such a vassal from here to farthest East. And the proud Oliver, his comrade, is much like him. Then there are the twelve peers, whom Karl loves so much, who are at the head of twenty thousand Franks: with their aid Karl fears no living soul.’ Then Ganelon explains his scheme for making an end of Roland. He will manage in the council of Charlemagne that Roland have the charge of the rear-guard assigned to him. Oliver will be sure to accompany his comrade, with the twelve peers. The Saracens shall then fall upon them with a hundred thousand men; and though these are sure to be destroyed, a second attack upon the Franks will certainly annihilate their rear-guard. The Paynims, overjoyed at the prospect, present Ganelon with rich weapons and presents of various kinds, and the traitor swears to perform his part of the plan by kissing the relics of his sword-hilt.

Ganelon returns to the camp of Karl, and announces that his mission has had complete success: that if Karl will retreat from Spain, the Saracen monarch will come to Aix in the following year, receive baptism, and do homage for his territory. In the mean time he has brought the tribute which Karl demanded of them. The Frank army, full of joy at the termination of the campaign, prepares for return to France. But Karl has prophetic

visions of evil in the night, and on the morrow he consults his barons about the manner of retreat, and especially as to whom the charge of the rear-guard—the most dangerous post, above all in defiles of the Pyrenees—shall be given. Ganelon immediately names Roland; and Roland, in spite of the reluctance of the Emperor to confer on his rash and impetuous nephew so important a charge, presses forward his claims with eagerness and delight, and obtains the post, in company with Oliver and the Archbishop Turpin. The Frank army proceed homeward. The Emperor and the vanguard have safely attained Gascony when the Saracens, following up their arrangement with Ganelon, come down upon the rear-guard.

As the Paynim host draws nigh to the Frank rear-guard, they sound their trumpets, one thousand all at once. Oliver hears them, and says to Roland, ‘Sir comrade, I think we shall have to do battle with the Saracen.’ Roland answers haughtily, as was his wont, ‘And God grant it! We are here in the service of our King; for his suzerain a man is bound to suffer distress, to endure great heat and great cold; and if he does not, he deserves to lose both body and soul. Now look ye that each strikes his mightiest blow, *that no shameful ballad be ever sung about us*. Paynims are in the wrong, and Christians in the right; no bad example shall men find in me.’

Oliver mounts upon a lofty height, and he looks towards his right, down a wooded valley; he sees the Paynim host how vast it is, and he calls aloud to Roland, his comrade: ‘On the side of Spain I see a great dust arise, and countless blazing hauberks and flaming helms. This matter will cause the Franks great loss. Ganelon is the cause of it, the felon, the traitor! who named us for this post before the Emperor.’ ‘Be silent, Oliver,’ the Count Roland replies: ‘*he is my step-father; I will not have word spoken of him.*’

‘Oliver est muntez desur un pui haltur  
 Guardet suz destre par mi un val herbus,  
 Si veit venir cele gent païenur,  
 Si’n apelat Rollant sun compaignun;  
 “Devers Espaigne vei venir tel bruur,”  
 Tanz blancs osbercs, tanz elmes flambius!  
 Icist ferunt noz Franceis grant irur.  
 Guenes le sout, li fel, li trāitur  
 Ki nus jugat devant l’emperēur.”  
 —“Tais Oliver,” li quens Rollanz respunt,  
*Mis parrastre est, ne voeill que mot en suns.”*’

Says Oliver, ‘I have seen the Paynim; never man on earth saw more. There before me are a hundred thousand with shield;

armed with laced helms and white hauberks—erect are their spear-shafts, glittering are their iron spear-heads. Battle will you have now, such as never was before? *Seignurs* of France, place your trust in God, and form your ranks that we be not overcome.' The Franks reply—'A bad end come to him who flies: not one of us will fail you in death.'

Then ensues one of the most striking passages of the poem. Three times Oliver entreats Roland to sound his marvellous horn. Karl will surely hear it and haste to their succour; but Roland, in his scornful valour, refuses till too late; when Oliver, in his turn, scoffs ironically at his comrade. Says Oliver—'The Paynim are in great strength: our Franks, it seems me, are very few. Comrade Roland, sound now your horn; Karl will hear it, and the host will return.' Roland replied—'I should be a fool to do that; in sweet France I should lose my fair fame (*mon los*)—no, but I will strike weighty blows with Durendal; the blade shall be steeped in blood up to the gold-hilt. In an ill hour for them are the felon Paynim come to this pass. I will go bail, not a man shall escape.' 'Comrade Roland, sound now your horn. If Karl hears, he will make the host return; the King with all his nobles will deliver us.' Roland replies—'May it never be the will of God for me to do this, so that my kindred have shame through me, and become vile in the realm of sweet France; the rather will I strike my best with Durendal, the good blade girded on my side. You shall see the white steel drip with blood! In an ill hour for them are Paynims gathered together against us. I will pledge myself that not a man shall escape.'

'Comrade Roland, sound your horn; if Karl hears it beyond the pass, I warrant you the Franks will come back to us. 'Never may it be God's will,' replies Roland, 'that this be said of me by living man, that for fear of Paynims I had recourse to my horn! My kindred shall never bear such a reproach. But when I shall be in the mighty battle, and I shall have struck a thousand seven hundred blows, then shall you see blood on the steel of Durendal. Good men are the Franks, like true vassals will they fight, and the men of Spain find no refuge from death.'  
AOI.

When Roland saw the battle was nigh, his look was calm and stern as that of lion or leopard: he calls to the Franks, and addresses Oliver, and exhorts them to deeds of valour and loyalty. For himself, 'he will strike with Durendal, the good blade which his king gave him; and if he dies, whoever gets it shall say, "This was the sword of a noble vassal"'—'*Que ele fut à noble vassal.*'

On the other side the Archbishop Turpin spurs his horse and mounts upon a height, calls to the Franks, and makes them a 'sermun.' 'Seignurs barons,' he cries, 'Karl left us here. For our king our duty is to die: now uphold worthily the cause of Christendom! Battle will you have, of that you are well sure, for with your own eyes you see the Saracens. Confess your sins; pray God's mercy! I give you absolution to save your souls. If you die, you shall be holy martyrs; seats shall ye have in Paradise above.' The Franks get off their horses; they kneel upon the ground, and the Archbishop of God gives them his benediction, and, for penance, directs them to strike well.

Then begins the battle—Roland spurs his charger Veillantif forward, and slays with Durendal the nephew of the King of Saragossa, who rode beyond the ranks. Then Roland turning cries to the Franks to join battle—'Never shall sweet France,' he says, 'lose her fair fame. Strike now, Franks! ours is the first blow. We are in the right, but these villains in the wrong.'

'Oï n'en perdrat France dulce sun los,  
Ferez i Francs! Nostre est li premiers colps.  
Nos avum dreit mais cist glutun unt tort.'

Then ensue a number of single combats between the Franks and Saracens: after some time, in the thick of the fight, Roland observes that Oliver has broken his lance short off in the middle, and is smiting the Saracen down with the butt-end of his shaft—'Comrade,' cries Roland, 'What are you doing—in such a battle do not use a staff—iron and steel has its value now. Where is your sword Halteclere, whose guard is gold, and whose hilt is crystal?' 'I cannot get it out,' Oliver replies, 'for I am too busy in striking.'

'Ne la poi traire, Oliver li respunt,  
Kar de ferir ai jo si grant besoin.'

However, Oliver now draws Halteclere, and with his first blow with it cleaves a Paynim, Justin de Val Ferrée, from the crown of the head right through the body down to the saddle, cuts through the saddle and spine of his horse, so that both man and horse fall a dead mass before him.

'Tout abat mort devant loi en la prèc.'

Then says Roland:—'Now you are my true brother; for such blows as that the emperor loves us.'

Here, in the very middle of the battle, the bard, with a fine touch of poetic invention, draws the attention of his hearers to France, where wives and kindred are fearfully awaiting warriors who never will return—to Karl on the other side of the pass,  
already

already filled with foreboding—for portents as marvellous and prophetic as those which foreran the fate of Cæsar, and which seemed to some to announce the end of the world, spread a gloom as of an eclipse all over France; being, in fact, the mourning of all nature for the death of the brave Roland. ‘Throughout France there were marvellous portents: now was there thunder, and storm, and rain, and hail immeasurable; and the thunderbolts fell thick and fast, and verily there was an earthquake from Saint Michael’s at Paris to Seinz, from Besançon even to the port of Witsand; nor was there any walled place of which the walls were not fissured. Towards the south there rose a great darkness; *nor was there any brightness except where the heavens opened.* No man beheld this who was not much terrified. Many said, “Lo! here is the end of the world; the end of the age has now come upon us.” But they neither knew nor spoke the truth, for this was the universal woe for the death of Roland.’ \*

For in spite of their desperate valour, and the thousands of Saracens who fell before them, Roland and his peers saw their comrades lessen around them. Nevertheless the first division of the Paynim were either slain or put to flight, when the second came on, and all hope was lost. The Sultan of Saragossa himself led the second attack, and the eleven peers of Roland themselves began to fall.

At last, when not more than sixty men of all his host were left, Roland looked and saw that his men had suffered great loss, and he called his comrade Oliver—‘Fair sire, dear comrade, by the God who gives you strength, you see so many brave vassals here lying on the earth, weep must we for sweet France, the fair, that she is bereaved of such barons now and for ever. Ah! dear lord and king, why are you not here! Oliver, my brother, *how can we manage it? How can we send him news?*’ Says Oliver, ‘I do not know how it is to be done: better death than the shame of retreat.’

Roland is thus forced to return to the subject of the horn himself; he will wind it—*Cornerai l’olifant.* But Oliver replies ironically, ‘Great shame would it be, and bring reproach on your kindred; this shame will cling to them their lives long.’ He added in anger, ‘By my beard, if I ever get back to my dear sister Alde, I will take care you never come to her arms.’ Then says Roland, ‘Why are you angry with me?’ The other replies—

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\* It seems almost impossible but that the author of the ‘Chanson de Roland’ must have been acquainted with the famous passage of the first Georgic, beginning

‘Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam;  
Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit,  
Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem.’

‘Comrade, you are to blame ; for courage without sense is madness —better is moderation than foolhardiness. The Franks are dead men through your flightiness, and never will Karl now get service from us.’

While they contend thus the Archbishop Turpin approaches, and exhorts them to be of one mind, and Roland puts his horn to his mouth. High were the mountains, strong was his blast, and the echoes carried it for thirty great leagues, and Karl heard it and all his nobles. The King said, ‘Our men are doing battle,’ but Ganelon, wishing to deceive him, said, ‘Had another said that I should have thought it a lie.’ But Roland blew and blew with pain and agony, for he was already wounded ; as he blew the bright blood started from his lips, and the veins of his temple burst. Karl heard him, Naimes the Duke heard him, the Franks heard him, and the Emperor said, ‘I hear the horn of Roland ; never had he sounded it unless he was at battle,’ and in spite of Ganelon, whom he now believes to have betrayed Roland, and whom he now places in arrest, he directs his host back again to support the rear-guard.

But no hope was left by this time ; the Franks fell one by one around Roland and Oliver, Gaulter del Hum, and the Archbishop Turpin ; of these last Oliver dies first ; he was already pale and discoloured with loss of blood, and has for some time been striking at random, so that he even struck Roland, his dear comrade, by mistake, when he feels the pangs of death coming upon him. He first lost his sight, then his hearing, when, feeling his end arrive, he alights and lays him on the ground, and lifting his hands joined together he confesses his sins, and prays God may grant him Paradise, and help Karl and sweet France, and his comrade Roland above all men ; then he faints, his helm sinks down, and all his body is extended to earth. Roland, briefly but tenderly lamenting his loss, keeps still the Paynim at bay with Gaulter and Turpin, all three desperately wounded. Once more Roland winds his horn, but this time it gave forth a feeble sound ; yet Karl had drawn so nigh that he heard it. ‘Roland must be at the death,’ he thinks, ‘to blow like that ;’ ‘*Seignurs*,’ he says, ‘very badly are we faring ! Roland, my nephew, will this day be taken from us ; I hear by his horn he is barely in life. Who will be with him, let him ride fast ! Sound your trumpets, all of them in the host.’ Sixty thousand at once blew such blasts on their trumpets that the mountains resounded and the valleys re-echoed, and the Paynim heard it and cried, ‘Now is Karl coming down upon us.’

The Paynims are terrified at the thought, and make a last effort to destroy the surviving peers ; Gaulter they slay, wound

Turpin

Turpin mortally, and kill Roland's horse; then they are seized with a panic, and with a final shower of javelins and arrows on Roland and his mortally wounded companion, they flee.

Roland goes and looks over the slain, strains the dead Oliver to his breast, and makes a pathetic speech over his dead peers. Turpin bestows his benediction upon them, and then dies likewise. Roland, now alone alive, crosses the archbishop's *white* hands on his breast, and makes a lament over him. 'Never was such an apostle or prophet,' he cries; 'may he find the gate of Paradise open!' Then he goes, with his horn in one hand and his sword in the other, and mounts a little height, and there lays him down under the trees. A wounded Paynim seeing him lie there, thinking him dead, and to get his famous sword Durendal, and to carry it off to Arabia, creeps up to him, but Roland feels himself pulled somewhat—

'En cel tirer le quens s'aperçut alques—'

He opens his eyes, and smites the fellow on the helm with his horn and crushes his skull. Then Roland begins to feel regret for Durendal, lest it fall into bad hands; ten blows he strikes with it on a dark stone, but the steel only creaks and does not break. Then Roland pathetically addressed Durendal, and remembers its past service, and smites on a rock of sardonyx, but still the steel only creaks and does not break. Again, Roland calls to mind the service of his dear and white Durendal, which glitters and blazes in the sun; 'better that it should come to an end than fall among the heathen. Lord God, Father! never let shame be brought on France with it!' So Roland strikes again upon a grey stone, but Durendal will not break, only creaks and springs out of his hand. 'Oh! Durendal, how beautiful and very saintly thou art,' cries Roland with another lamentation. But death is coming fast on Roland, so he fetched Durendal, and putting that and his horn under his head, he couches himself on the green grass under a pine; he turns his face towards the flying foemen, to let Karl and his host know that he never turned back to the Paynim; then confessing his sins, he claims absolution, and extends his right gauntlet to heaven; and then, with his face still turned towards Spain, he remembers in his last moments many things—his many victories in many lands, his sweet France, and the men of his kith and kin, and Charlemagne, his *seignor*, who had been his stay in life—*Ki l'nurret*. Again he addresses his God, again extends his right gauntlet to the skies, and God sends down Saint Michael and Saint Gabriel, who carry his soul up to heaven.

The poem loses much of its interest after the death of Roland.

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Very nearly a half of the *Chanson* (about 1700 lines) still remains occupied with the defeat of the Saracens by Karl, who slays Balaugant the Sultan of Babylon\* with his own hand; and with the execution of Ganelon and his kindred who have undertaken his cause. The most striking passage of all the remainder of the *Chanson* is the pathetic death of Alde, who was affianced to Roland.

Karl had returned from Spain, and came to Aix—his brave royal seat—he mounts to the palace and enters the hall, when Alde comes before him, the fair *damisele*. She said to the king: 'Where is Roland the brave, who swore to take me to wife?' Karl felt sorrow and heaviness, he wept from his eyes and tore his white beard. 'Sister, dear friend, you ask me news about a dead man, but I will give you a good exchange; there is Louis, I know not how to speak fairer, he is my son, he shall govern my marches.' Alde replies, 'This speech seems strange to me: let it not please God and his saints and his angels that I remain alive after Roland.' She changes colour, and falls at the feet of Charlemagne, quite dead—God have mercy on her soul! The Frank princes, as they stood by, wept and lamented. Alde, the fair, thus came to an end; but the Emperor thought she had only fainted; he felt pity and wept; he takes her by the hand, he lifts her up, and lays her head on his shoulder. And when Karl saw she was really dead he sends for four countesses, and he had her brought to a nunnery, where they watched by her all night till day-break. Then they buried her fairly by the side of an altar, and the king bestowed much honour on the place.

Of the poems descriptive of the wars of Karl with his vassals, 'Renaud de Montauban' is one of the most interesting, and was indeed the best known of all the poems of the cycle of Charlemagne and has retained its popularity the longest, since a prose version of the story still forms part of the *littérature de colportage* of France. The savage manners of the great vassals are here portrayed with barbarous fidelity, and the strength of the spirit of feudalism which Louis XI. at length succeeded in breaking is exhibited in colossal proportions.

'Seignor, ores chanson de grant nobilité;  
Toute est de vraie estore sans point de fauseté;  
Jamais n'orres si bonne en trestout votre aé.'

'Barons, listen to a song of great nobility; all is true history without falsehood; never will you hear so good in all your life.' It was at Pentecost that Charles held his court, in *Paris his city* (so the chronicler will have it)—all his knights and barons

\* Babylon, it should be remembered, is Cairo in the old romances.



attended—twenty archbishops, and two hundred abbots. Gerard de Roussillon was there, Aymon de Dudon, who had four sons, '*de grant nobilité.*' But Doon de Nauteuil of the grizzled beard, '*qui ot le poil meslé,*' recently vanquished and punished by Karl, was not there, nor Beuve the Duke d'Aigremont, his brother. The Emperor remarks their absence, and when the barons are playing chess in the hall and making a great clamour, he mounts his throne, and causes the noise to be stilled. 'Barons, says Karlemaine, now hear of what I am thinking. Full many a city have I conquered, and broken down many a fortress and many a castle, and laid in ruins many a town. The earth have I conquered far and near, and slain full many a chevalier with my own steel brand: from here to the passes of Spain have I annexed all; every prince, every duke, and every count do me service; bishops and archbishops show me goodwill, and through all the land, far and near, they come to battle at my summons, in full array, without thought of deceit. Only Beuve of Aigremont with the grizzled beard, who by God's will has taken me in such hatred, he will not brook to do me service—so is it in truth.' 'Barons, says Karlemaine, by my iron-grey beard, I will tell you what I purpose. I will call out at once all my liegemen; nor will I stint to summon Poitevin and Norman; Flemings and Brabençon shall spur forth in array, Angevin and Breton, the men of Berri, the Frenchman and the Lombard of the rich country, shall come together; and I will besiege Aigremont, the mighty and strong city. I will raze the castle and its shining tower, since the duke recks not of my summonses; and by that apostle whom penitents seek as pilgrims, if I get him in my power, on high shall he be hung, without delay.'

To this threat of hanging Beuve d'Aigremont on a gallows, Aymon his brother replies that the achievement will be somewhat difficult, that Beuve has a very strong castle, and is moreover a well-known '*chevaliers hardis et combatant,*' and that he has many good friends who will assist him. When his majesty heard this, he so much did not like it—*si en a mal talant*—that he changed colour, and turned red as a flaming coal, and he spoke so loud that seven hundred people heard him at once. He swore again—'by that holy apostle to whom men go in pilgrimage'—St. James of Compostella—

'Par icel saint apostre que kierent peneant,'

that if anybody present assisted the duke as much as a bezant's worth—*la monte d'un besent*—that he should be strung up at once without delay, and told Aymon to be gone instantly—*sens nul atargement*

atargement—and threatened to seize his fief and his lands of chase,

‘Je saiserai vo terre et votre chasement.’

The duke replied ‘he *would* go with a malison,’ ‘*Dont ira malement,*’ and departed from court with four thousand and seven hundred knights. When the emperor beheld this he was vexed at heart—*s’en ot le cuer delant*—and he called the Duke Naimés to him and said, ‘Sire, give me counsel for the love of God,’ and Naimés replied ‘It is quite at your service—*Tot à vostre talant.*’

‘Sire, dist li due Naymes, un petit m’entendes.’

‘Sire, listen a little. I will give you good counsel if you will but take it; you see how Aymon the Hardy, Gerard de Roussillon, and your other barons are going off to their lands, and deserting you for the love of their brother, whom you are so angry with. I foresee much trouble from this, and much blame to yourself; now I advise you to choose an ambassador of high rank—

“Or prenes un message de grans nobilités,”

and to send to the duke your charters and sealed letters, and demand that he come and render service to you at the Nativity, and that he bring with him an hundred knights, well armed and equipped as his father did before him; and if he refuses, then send and gather all the men you can, with hauberks and helms, and caparisoned steeds, and take the duke captive and put him to shame; lay waste his dukedom far and near, slaughter and hang all his people, destroy his city, raze his castle, and don’t leave a wall of a town standing. So shall it be, lord king! if you are advised by me,—*Tot ensi sera fait, dans rois, se me crees.*’—When Karl heard this he felt reinvigorated, ‘*si ert resvigorés,*’ said it was good counsel, and that all should be done as he advised.

‘Naymes, dist l’emperer, bon conseil me dones.

*Tot ensi sera fait com vos le devisez.*’

But who shall be the messenger on this peculiar mission? By the advice of the Duke Naimés, Enguerrand d’Espilice, *vasal aduré*, was summoned to Karl’s presence—

‘Vasaus, ce dist li rois, car entendes à moi.’

Karl tells Enguerrand that he shall take Dreves and Hermenfroi, and ten knights altogether, and go and deliver gently without fear—*belement sens esfroi*—the message which the Duke Naimés advised him to send. Enguerrand replies, no thought of death will prevent him discharging himself entirely of his embassy.

The

The ambassadors put on their hauberks, close their vizors, and mount their war horses. The Emperor dismisses them, not without misgivings as to their fate, since he commends them to Jesus with many tears,

‘Tot en plorant les a à Jhesus commandé.’

They go out of the gates of Paris, *l’admirable cité*. Never in their lives will they all return together again.

‘Jamais jor de lor vies n’i seront tot rentré.’

They traverse the realm of France, the land of honour, *le païs honoré*, and come to Aigremont. The evident wealth of the town, and the strength of the castle and its fortifications, which placed its defenders beyond fear of bolt from cross-bow or of stone from mangonel, excited the admiration of the travellers. ‘Barons,’ says Enguerrand, ‘this is a strong place; Karl will never take it in all his life with any manner of siege-machine, unless it be starved out!’

They call to the warder of the gate. ‘Ho, warder! good friend!—*He! portiers, biaux amis!*—by your leave we will enter the city.’ When the warder heard them, he raised his voice and answered, ‘*à vostre volenté.*’ He opened the gate, let down the drawbridge,

‘Et li baron entrent de bone volenté,  
Et trepassent la rue, et le borc qu’est pavé,’

they came to the palace, and found Duke Beuve sitting in state with all his baronage. It appears, however, that the ambassadors on such occasions not only delivered themselves of their embassy *belement e sans effroi*, but added no slight insolence of their own invention, for Enguerrand not only demanded the Duke’s service at court at the Nativity, but added that he must come barefoot and in his shirt,—*Tot nus piès et en langes, issi est devisse*—if he does not come it shall be done to him as ought to be done to any convicted traitor—*tel traitor prové*. When the Duke heard this he nearly went out of his mind, and he swears by Lord God the King of Majesty—

‘à poi n’est forsené.  
Et jure Dame Dieu, le roi de majesté,’

evil was it that such a message should be said or brought to him; his love of Karl must have made the messenger mad. Evil was it that such insolence—*si grant viltè*—should be offered to him in his court. The Duke rose from his seat,

‘Li duc Bues d’Aigremont s’estoit levès en piès,’

and

and cried to his men, 'Barons, delay not, seize me these messengers, and cut every man of them to pieces.' Then his men start up, and draw their swords; but the Duke himself was quicker than any, for he cleaves Enguerrand's head with his sword down to the teeth, and tells the rest to take the body back to the Emperor for reply.

Karl was again for instant war, but the sage Duke Naimés once more proposes to send an ambassador to avert so great a calamity. 'Sire,' he says, 'by the body of St. Denis, keep your senses and take good counsel; try a more imposing embassy with a suite of four hundred.' 'A benison be to God,' said the Emperor, 'but so help me Saint Simon, I don't know whom to send.'

'Where shall we find the man to go,' said he, looking on his court, 'I will take care he does not lack guerdon.' But never a man of the circle durst raise the chin; they had their doubts about the Duke Beuve and his way of dealing.

'Il doutèrent le duc et la sien façon.'

When Karl saw this he shivered in his heart. 'What is this?' said he, 'is there no man here who will dare to take the staff? (the glove and staff were, as we said, the official ensigns of the ambassadors). To the dismay of Karl, Naimés proposes that Karl's own son Loihers (Lothaire) shall be the proper messenger, and all the court cry out in applause—'Sire, our true Emperor, he shall not be gainsaid, for we are all of his opinion. Now give your son the glove and staff.'

But Loihers took the matter courageously in hand, and stepped out before *any baron had even looked at him*, and came before the King and cried aloud:—'Emperor, you do wrong to be sorry; I will do the message; by the name of Saint Simon, I will not conceal a jot, so may my soul find mercy.'

'I have much fear of the Duke,' said Karl, '*le duc qui est felon*, that he will hold you captive in his donjon. Now speak gently with him—don't be overbearing—

"Or parles sagement, ne soies pas bricon,"

and give him my message.'

The advice of Karl to his son to speak *sagement* was of little avail, as we shall see. *Hé Dex*, says the *jongleur*, what great damage, and destruction, and confusion came to France from that day. We know that one hundred thousand lost their lives, so many a gentle lady lost her companion, and so many a city was laid waste in fire and ashes. The wife of the Duke Beuve had a foreboding of what was going to happen, for she spoke

spoke fair and courteously to her lord, 'Sire, and debonair Duke,' said the noble lady, with many gentle words, 'Ye know very well that Karl of the stern countenance—*Karles au vis fier*—is your liege lord, you cannot deny it, that he is, after Lord God (Dame Dieu), who is above all. And he does much honour to you, you cannot deny that, in sending you his eldest son Loihers. Listen quietly to what he will say, and if he utters anything foolish do not get wrath at once with your proper lord.' She continued with further speech of the same kind, but not with much good augury of success, for the Duke fell into wrath, and ordered her to her chamber, which was of painted gold work, and told her there to correct her maidens and die her silk, such was her business; his was of a different sort, 'Curses on the beard of any noble prince who goes to a lady's chamber for counsel.'

Loihers now stands in the presence of the Duke and all his baronage, who this time amounted to 2000 men; but all in vain had the advice of Karl been given to him to address the Duke *sagement*—he was still more haughty and insolent than Enguerrand, and so irritated the Duke that he ordered his barons to seize him. A desperate fight ensued, and in the end Loihers was slain with more than a hundred of his men, and Savaris of Toulouse was charged by the Duke Beuve to take the body of Loihers back to Karl for a reply. The Emperor receives the body with loud lamentation, amid the tears of his court and immediately commences war. He takes Aigremont, and Beuve is obliged to do homage barefoot and in *langes* to the Emperor, who spares his life, however, on account of the powerful intercession of Gerard de Roussillon. He is unable, however, to forgive him at heart for the death of his son, and concurs subsequently in a plot by which the Duke is killed by ambuscade, at the suggestion of traitors of the race of Ganelon, and the head was brought to Karl, who said, 'Friends, this is a very fine gift':—

'Amis, ce dist li rois, ci a mult bel present.'

Such was the tale of vengeance accumulating on the side both of Karl, and of the relatives of Beuve d'Aigremont and Doon de Nauteuil, when a fresh accident revived all the memories of past misdeeds, and created another civil war between Karl and his vassals.

To the Court of Karl with his seven crowned kings came Aymon with his four sons (nephews of Duke Beuve), and presents them to the Emperor. He says of them they are fair men, well-grown, and good at heart, and will do him service if he will.

‘ Je ai ci. iiii. fils que vus ai amené ;  
 Beau sunt et parcreü et si ont mult bonté  
 Et il vos serviront, se il vos vient a gré.’

Karl heard, and replied in a clear voice. ‘ Friend, may you fare happily. Blessed be the hour in which these were begotten. I will retain them willingly in my service and make them knights at the Nativity, for they are of my friends and of my blood !’ When Renaud, the eldest, heard this he went and bowed at Karlemaine’s feet ; but Karl raised him up and kissed him sweetly and softly on the mouth. Indeed, he rapidly takes a fancy to all the four sons, and says again—‘ Children, we will make you all knights at the Nativity. And give you hauberks and helms, and shields with lions on them !’ Alas ! says the poet, he had better have burnt them all to cinders, for all the harm they did in after life. Renaud, however, grew so rapidly in Charles’s favour that the Emperor said subsequently to him he would make him a knight on the very morrow at dawn :—

‘ Renaud, dit Karlemaine, mult as gente façon,  
 El non de Dame Deu chevalier te feron  
 Au matin, parson l’aube tantost com jor verron.’

In the ceremony of conferring knighthood on Renaud we have the clearest proof of the antiquity of the poem, for the lady who, in the eleventh century at least, played so prominent a part, assisting the knight to don his hauberk, fastening on his sword, buckling his spurs of gold, finds here no place at all. At the Court of Karlemaine, on the contrary, Karl calls for the hauberk, *qui fu luisans et cler*, he himself helps Renaud to put it on, he laces his helm, while Ogier fastens his sword, and Naimés buckles on his spurs, while the ‘ rois Salemons,’ the King of Brittany, gives him the ‘ *colée* ;’ not the accolade with the sword of later times, but now a mere blow of the hand on the back of the head or the side of the face. After which Renaud mounts his horse, already caparisoned with a steel poitrail, hangs his shield on his neck, and takes his lance in his hand.

After the same ceremony had been gone through by other knights, and after the quintain and the jousting, feasting takes place, and the four sons of Aymon serve the Emperor at table. When the banqueters rise from table they scatter themselves about the hall, and many go to chess, the favourite game of the times ; but one unfortunately which requires a calmer temperament in the loser than it was easy to find in those days, when a game of chess too frequently led to manslaughter and war, the devastation of kingdoms and the ruin of empires.

Renaud

Renaud and Bertolais, the nephew of Karlemaine, take to chess likewise, extended on the inlaid marble pavement; but alas! they quarrel at last—

‘Et tant i ont joé que puis si sunt iriè.’

Bertolais got angry, called Renaud a felon and renegade, and gave him a buffet which brought blood as all buffets did apparently in those days. Renaud went to ask for redress from the Emperor, but the Emperor, with the want of logic of the rough natures of that time, feeling that he should be angry with somebody, falls upon Renaud instead of Bertolais, and calls him ‘*mauvais garçon*’ ‘*coart*,’ in the presence of all the court. When Renaud heard this and saw that all heard it likewise, he burst out in anger, and swore that the time should come when he would demand justice for the murder of his uncle the Duke Beuve d’Aigremont. The Emperor heard this with immense wrath; he raised his steel glove and struck him in the face, so that the red blood flowed to the ground,

‘Si que li sans vermeus à la terre cola.’

When Renaud saw this he turned back and sought out Bertolais in the hall, seized the chess-board and dashed out his brains. Then ensued a general *melee*, in the midst of which the four sons of Aymon managed to escape.

The rest of the poem is occupied with the vicissitudes of the wars of Karl against the four sons of Aymon. Of the many thousand lines remaining very few are of sufficient interest to repay perusal. Some situations, however, have a certain dramatic and pathetic interest, and the chief of these are such as display the conflict of feudal fidelity and parental affection in the bosom of Aymon, the father of Renaud and his rebel brothers. Aymon, obeying the call of his feudal superior goes to the war against his four sons, and is obliged to *forjurer* them, that is, to swear he will treat them as outlaws, carry on war against them, and refuse them all aid in any extremity. This oath he faithfully keeps to the letter, although the heart of the father leads him at times to disobey the spirit of it. For example, after seven years of warfare his four sons are constrained to pass a winter as houseless outlaws in the forest of Ardennes. They have lost all their soldiers, they have but one horse between them, and that is without shoes, and his reins are broken; their helms are all rusted, their clothes are used up, their hair and beards have grown long and unkempt, and they feel more like brutes than men. In this extremity they determine to seek the hospitality of their own father’s castle,

trusting that in their present forlorn state no one will recognise them, yet knowing they run danger of being put to death on discovery. They reach the paternal castle, their mother the duchess is at home alone, and when they enter the hall she said—‘Barons, are ye noble knights? for ye seem to me to be more like hermits and penitents; nevertheless, whatever you require shall be at your service, for the love of God who is to judge the world, and in the hope that he will protect my four sons whom I have not seen these ten years, last February.’—Renaud asks how that is; the duchess tells them their own story and looks at Renaud, who feels all his blood tremble in his veins. The duchess beholds Renaud change colour; she looks in his face, recognises a scar there which he had from a child, and cries, ‘Renaud, if ye are he indeed, why conceal yourself? Fair son, I conjure you by God the Lord of all, if you are Renaud, tell me so instantly.’ As Renaud hangs down his head and weeps, the duchess has no more doubt, but bursting into tears, with arms thrown up—*brace levée*,—goes and kisses her child and his brothers one after the other, an hundred times at least; then she clothes them and feasts them, and sits by her sons with tearful eyes while they eat venison and flying fowl, and drink wine and spiced wine (*claret*) in large cups. Upon this enters the Duke Aymon, who came home from hunting, where he had taken four stags after hard chase, he sees the four men at table, ‘Dame, who are these men? they look like penitents.’ ‘Sire,’ says the Duchess, ‘these are your sons whom you have harassed so, let them stay here the night, they shall go in the morning at early dawn, I do not know if ever in my life I shall see them again.’ When the Duke heard this he turned red with anger, he put on a stern countenance and made a most characteristic speech, full of the most savage instincts of the age. ‘Children, it is ill for you to have come here: what do you want of me? Are there no knights and men at arms to take and hold at ransom? no men of religion, clerks and priests, and fat monks, who are white on the ribs and buttocks, who have livers and lungs buried in fat, and tender flesh and fat kidneys, finer are these to eat than swan or peacock. Go and break into their abbeys and ruffle them without stint. Those who give you of their substance, let them have peace, but those who will not let them be roasted with fire and embers. May God confound me if a roasted monk is not better than mutton. Out of my hall; clear out of my *donjon*. You shall not get a spear’s worth from me.’ If it had been any other man than Renaud’s father who had spoken this, he had struck his head from his trunk; as it was, he looked often at his sword, half drew it once, and was about to jump to his feet, when his brother stopped him.



him. 'For the love of God let be; in good and evil one must love one's father; if he commits folly we must put up with it.' After an angry retort of Renaud the Duke's anger abates, and he says to Renaud, 'Fair son, you are a brave fellow; in all the world there is not your equal.' Then he tells his sons to do as they will, to take what they like of his gold and silver, of his horses, palfreys, and destriers, of his hauberks, helms, and spears, of his pelisses of sable and ermine—*du vair et du gris*—only he will not look on, he will go out while they equip themselves in order to keep his oath to Karl; he cannot stay with them, he must leave them to the care of their mother, who has taken no oath against them. The aged father is driven to more singular subterfuges still at the siege of Renaud's castle of Montauban, when his sons are reduced to the last extremity of famine, and where under pain of losing his head he has been constrained by Karl to erect mangonels and catapults, and rain down missiles day and night into the famished fortress. Renaud finding his state hopeless, goes and seeks his father under the walls and explains their necessity. The old man says he must still be true to his oath and give him nothing; but his tent is full of good things to eat and drink, let Renaud go there and help himself and carry away what he can while he looks another way. On the next morning he assembles his most trusty followers together and explains the straits his sons are in, and begs them every morning to throw into the castle by means of his engines, not the pitiless missives they were accustomed to despatch, but slaughtered hogs—'*bacons*'—and vessels of wine.

Through all the monotonous single combats, ambuscades, pitched battles, and incidents with which the poem abounds, Renaud (Reinhold) stands forth as the most prominent character; his courage, his impetuosity, his quick sense of insult, his hatred of treachery, his fidelity to his friends and relations, his love of his brave steed Baiart,\* and his fidelity in spite of all his sufferings to his feudal attachment to Karlemaine, except when carried away by sudden passion, were just the qualities to make him the hero of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when he was as popular in France as the Cid in Spain, and his brother outlaw Robin Hood in England. If Renaud continues to war against his feudal chief, it is because he cannot break faith with his friends, because he can accept no conditions of peace which

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\* Baiart has quite a human sympathy with his master, and is endowed with supernatural powers. On one occasion when about to run a match, he feigns lameness in order to further his master's plans. At another he wakes up the brothers just as they were about to be surprised by ambuscade. They all live on his blood at one time.

do not include all his followers, and especially Maugis, his cousin, a sort of necromantic warrior, who several times succeeds by cunning, or by the aid of magic, in placing Karl in a most ridiculous position. Thus, knowing how much Karl detested him, on one occasion Maugis visits Karl in his tent in the disguise of a palmer, and feigning great sickness, by aid of some invented story of a prescription of an Eastern doctor, who has told him that he will never recover until he has been fed with peacock's flesh from the hand of a king, works on the goodnature of the Emperor to cut up a peacock for him and feed him like a child with his own hand, chuckling inwardly all the time at the idea of the rage the Emperor will be in when he discovers that he has been thus meekly feeding the enemy he hates most in the world. On another occasion he throws Karl into a sleep and transports him into the midst of the castle he is besieging, and then takes himself off, as the chief cause of continued warfare. The generosity which Renaud displays on this occasion, brings about a suspension of hostilities, and Renaud is allowed to depart as a pilgrim with Maugis to the Holy Land to do penance for the past. There they do battle with the Saracens. On their return to Europe, Maugis settles down as a hermit, and Renaud at last retires also from the world and the feudal state which surrounds him, leaves his castle in disguise, and works as a common porter for the masons employed in the building of the Cathedral at Cologne. The master-mason was astonished at his prowess as a carrier of stones and offers him twelve 'deniers' a day,

'Car ains ne vi el mont nul si très bon ouvrier.'

Renaud, however, would take but one 'denier,' just sufficient to buy bread, and his fellow-workmen enraged at this contempt of their notions of the laws of political economy, formed a sort of 'Trades Union' against him to put him to death.

We now proceed to give some account of a poem of a very different character; for of all the romances of the Carlovingian cycle '*Berte aus grans Piés*' is the most modern in feeling and perfect in construction, and the story is of really touching interest and delicately and artistically wrought out. Older romances of this title doubtless existed, for the romance as we now possess it was the work of '*Le Roi Adenès*'—his title *Le Roi* simply notifying that he was the acknowledged chief of the confraternity of Menestiers of the time, a sort of *chef d'orchestre* in fact. '*Berte*' is nearly the latest of all the cycle, being produced at the end of the 13th century. Adenès was a Fleming, and was born about 1240. His poetic talent introduced him early in life to the

notice of Henri III. Duc de Brabant, a great patron of the arts. After the death of the latter he travelled in Italy with Guy Count of Flanders, and there Marie de Brabant, daughter of his patron the Duc de Brabant, took charge of Adenès' worldly prospects. He followed the Princess to Paris, when she married Philip III., and it was at her suggestion that he executed various poetic works of which 'Cleomades' was the largest; none of them, however, equal 'Berte' in poetic skill or pathetic interest.

'Bertha,' the mother of Charlemagne, has retained a proverbial celebrity both in France and Italy, as evidenced by the expressions 'du temps que Berthe filait,' 'non ès più tempo che Berta filava.' Her statue is to be discovered among the statues adorning the west fronts of many of the great cathedrals of France, but always, alas! distinguished by large feet. Her statue, in popular language, has been known as that of the 'Reine Pedauque' (*pes oca*), the 'goose-footed queen;' \* and at Toulouse people swore 'par la quenouille de la Reine Pedauque,' and her tomb was still to be seen among the Royal sepulchres at Saint Denis before the Jacobins disturbed the ashes of so many kings and queens in 1793, and broke up their tombs. Bertha's ashes had lain undisturbed since 783, for 1100 years, in a sarcophagus with the inscription 'Berta mater Caroli Magni.'

It were to be desired, it must be said, that the fact of Bertha having had large feet had been suppressed, but in every other respect her person was charming, and her character was winning and delightful. She was, according to the romance, the daughter of Floire, King of Hungary, and of his wife Blanchefleur, a model of excellence and virtue. The Hungarians and the French were, says the romance, in those days, firm allies; it was the custom for the Hungarian Court to send their children to Paris to learn French, and moreover, in past time, they had fought as allies against the Arabs, 'S'aidoient li uns l'autre contre les Arabis.'

Pepin made proposals of marriage for Bertha, and when the arrangements for the marriage were complete the King Floire dismissed his daughter with many tears and much fatherly advice; telling her to be like her mother; to be neither severe nor bitter with the poor, but sweet and gentle; of frank demeanour, so that her goodness might appear both to God and the world, for he who does no good in the end pays for it. 'Never more beautiful woman than you did king or emperor behold. I commend you to God, who is a true governor, that he may watch over you ever in the spirit and in the flesh.'

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\* It is suggested by a French archæologist that the large-footed lady sculptured on the west front of French cathedrals may, after all, be the Queen of Saba, who is said in the Talmud to have had surpassing hands, but very big feet.

‘Fille, ce dist li rois, ressemblez votre mère ;  
 Ne soiez vers les povres ne dure ne amère,  
 Mais douce et debonnaire et de franche matère,  
 Si qu’a Dieu et au siècle la bontè de vous père ;  
 Or cil qui bien ne fait en la fin le compère.  
 Onc plus bele de vous ne vit rois n’emperère.  
 Je vous comant à Dieu qui est vrais governère,  
 Qui en ame et en cor en soit toujours gardère.’

The Queen Blanche fleur accompanied her daughter part of the way, and after a pathetic parting sent her onwards in charge of Margiste, an old attendant, and Aliste her daughter, generally called in the poem *la Serve*, with various opprobrious epithets. Aliste bore a wonderful resemblance to Berthe, which was the cause of the troubles the latter had to undergo.

When Berthe arrived in Paris the bells rang lustily, the streets were hung richly with cloth and strewed with grass and rushes, the ladies were all dressed in their richest attire, and the capital was glittering with jewels and wealthy display. The marriage took place with all due solemnity, but on the night of the wedding Margiste persuaded Berthe, by a cunningly-devised tale, to absent herself from the bed of her husband, and contrived to put her daughter in her place, and Berthe was given over into the hands of two ruffians with injunctions to take her into the forest of Mans and make away with her. The two ruffians take the queen off to the forest, but, as in the case of the two bravoës who quarrel about the fate of the ‘Babes in the Wood,’ so here one of these takes compassion on the poor lady, and the two fall into dispute about the fate of Berthe. While they are fighting Berthe takes flight through the forest, where she passed a night of wretchedness and terror, trembling at the howling of wolves and beasts of the forest, and flying hither and thither in fear and bewilderment. In the morning she arrives, wearied and fainting, and torn with briars, at a hermit’s lodge, with a door and a little wicket, and a wooden mallet to knock with. She knocks and the hermit looks out, sees a fair lady, and at this makes a cross before his face and asks her if she comes from God or the devil.

‘Devant son vis fit croix, puis lui a demandé,  
 S’ele estoit de par Dieu,\* moult l’en a conjuré.’

‘Sir,’ she says, ‘I am but a woman, *pleine de povreté*, let me come in, and I will tell you everything.’ ‘Fair lady,’ says the hermit, ‘neither in winter nor in summer can I let any woman enter here ; such is the order our superiors have laid down many

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\* *De par Dieu. De parte Dei. Like De par le roi. De parte regis.*

years ago.' When Berthe heard him she wept softly—*tendrement a ploré*. The hermit saw how worn out she was, and offered her some of his bread, which was black and full of straw—*noirs ert et pleine de pailles*. Berthe took the bread and wished God might repay him, but she was so faint she could not eat any of his bread: 'not even one single morsel did she swallow.'

'Nes un tout seul morsel n'en a-ele avalé.'

The hermit sighed at seeing this; he could not help it; he had tears in his eyes. She seemed to him to come '*de bonne part*' from God and not from the devil. He would have taken her into his cell if he could, but he could not, he was so loyal to the rules of his order.

'Il avait le cuer si plain de loyauté.'

'*Bele*,—fair one,' says the good man, 'be not cast down, I will tell you what to do. Take your way to the house of Master Simon and his wife, they live not far off and are good people, steady and of good reputation; I never knew better people by my hope of salvation—*si soit m'ame saisie*.' The hermit pointed out the way with tears of compassion in his eyes, and Berthe went off in the direction of the house of Master Simon. She met, however, Master Simon in the way, who, seeing so fair a lady in such piteous plight, with her dress all torn by the thorns, and hearing her speak so sweetly, was much touched, so that the watersprings of his heart came down upon his face—

'Bien semble gentil fame, moult gran pitié l'emprent,  
Si que l'eau du cuer sur sa face en descent,'

and he asked Berthe whence she comes. Now Berthe, in a fit of terror and anguish, during the night when the storm beat upon her and the noise of wild beasts was all around her, had vowed to God that if she escaped she never would disclose her real position, but pass as a woman of mean condition. So she answers, she is from Alsace, and has run away from home, from a cruel step-mother. Simon then takes her home to his house, and says, 'Wife, look what a present I make you!'

'Dame! esgardez, fait-il, dont je vous fais present.'

Master Simon's wife Constance, and his two daughters Ysabel and Ayglente, all come round Berthe, and bring her before the fire, and chafe her cold hands and feet, '*soigneusement*,' with tearful compassion, and bring her something to eat. But she had suffered so much in the wood she could eat nothing, but only drawing close to the fire, said 'God bless the hermit, it was so cold in the forest where it rains and blows.' Constance

and Simon and their daughters are filled with renewed pity for poor Berthe, and did what they could. Master Simon, who was no *vilain* at heart, put down a carpet and white matting under her feet, and they bring warm cloths and put them in her bosom. 'Constance,' says Master Simon, 'I am sure she must be hungry.' 'Master,' says Constance, 'she *shall* eat, by the body of St. Germain.' 'Lady,' says Berthe, 'I would sooner go to bed; I cannot eat, my heart is so faint.'

On the following days she recovered, and won the favour of everybody in the house by her gentle manner, while the daughters grew especially attached to her and marvelled at her skill with her needle, which, when they first discovered, they both ran off at once to their mother to tell her what a wonderful needlewoman Berthe was. So Berthe finds active occupation with her tapestry, and in going daily with her Psalter and her 'Heures' to the church hard by, where she always prays for her father and mother far away, and especially for King Pepin, that God will keep him from pride and folly.

'Pour le roy Pepin proie, celui n'oublie mie  
Qui Dame Dieu le gart d'orgueil et de folie.'

Meanwhile the hateful Servian woman—'child of a bad mother, may the Sacrament choke her!'—

'La Serve de putain que le cors Dieu cravente,'

who was reigning in her stead, was making herself daily more and more hateful to both high and low; all her care was to collect money, and as for the poor they cursed her night and day. She put taxes on everything, and taxed everybody, and when they could not pay seized everything they had. In ignorance of all this, after some years, Blanchefleur was seized with an irresistible longing to see her daughter once more, and leaving the King Floire at home to take care of the government, she set out for Paris and entered France, but what was her surprise to find herself received with marks of loathing and detestation on all sides, and this on account of her daughter:—curses fell thick around her; 'May her soul be carried off to hell, since she brought forth such a queen as lords it over us, and thus distresses us with her foul way of living; and he who begot her, may his soul be accursed!'

When Blanchefleur knows of this she exclaims, 'God! how can this be? whence comes such a diabolical state of things? it cannot be my daughter Berthe, who was so well brought up, and of good birth and ancient ancestry by both father's and mother's side.'

As the unhappy Queen Blanchefleur continues her journey,

amid a population all casting maledictions upon her, a peasant rushes forward and seizes her horse by the bridle. 'Dame, have mercy on me for God's sake. I have to complain of your daughter. I had but one horse, which earned my bread for me; with that I nourished myself and my wife Margerie, and my little children, who are now dying of hunger; and that has been taken from me.' The queen redresses his wrongs as best she can, and arrives at the king's palace, where the false queen and her mother are in great consternation. The old mother proposes to poison Blanchefleur; the daughter is for packing up her ill-gotten treasure and flying away with a male accomplice to Sicily. They do not agree upon what is to be done, but, as a temporary expedient, determine that the false queen shall be put to bed with a feigned sickness, and the windows curtained up so that the queen shall not be able to see the features of the impostor. Blanchefleur, after some successful attempts to oppose her entrance into the closed room, at length forced her way to the bedside of her supposed daughter. 'Great fear had the Servian, more than I can tell you. All her body was in a tremble: she had no fancy for laughing.'

'Grand paour ot la Serve, plus ne vous puis dire,  
Trestout li cors li trèuble, n'ot pas talent de rire.

After first greetings, 'Mother,' said the Serve, 'I suffer such pain that I am become as yellow as wax; the doctors say the light is too much for me, and that nothing is worse than speaking thus. I am very sorry not to see you. How I long to behold the king my father! But leave me to my repose and Jesus reward you.' When Blanchefleur heard the Serve speak thus she felt a pang at her heart. 'So aid me, God,' she cried, 'who never lies, this is never my daughter whom I find here: had she been half dead, by the body of St. Remi, she would have kissed and embraced me.' She rushes to the window, tears down the curtain, and sees at once it is not her daughter. 'Haro!' she cries, 'treason! treason! this is not my daughter. Alas! woe is me. This is the daughter of Margiste, whom I brought up. They have murdered my child Berthe, who loved me so dearly!'

'Haro! traï! traï!  
Ce n'est pas ma fille lasse! dolente aimi!  
C'est la fille Margiste, qu'avecques moi nourri,  
Murdri ont mon enfant Berte que m'amait si.'

Such are some of the most touching passages of a poem which is full of grace and tenderness, and written in a very careful and even style.

Berthe is of course discovered after a time, and that by the  
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King Pepin himself, when hunting in the forest of Mans. Some little difficulty takes place on account of her faithful adhesion to her vow while flying by night through the forest, but in the end all matters are wound up with due poetical justice.

Of the rest of the romances of the Carolingian cycle it would be both wearisome and unprofitable to give a similar analysis to those which we have already given. Some of them, like 'Garin li Loherain,' 'Raoul de Cambrai,' 'Fierabras,' 'Huon de Bordeaux,' 'Parthenopex de Blois,' 'Ogier le Danois,' and a few others, indeed repay a more attentive study than could be expended on the rest, but our limits compel us to restrict our notice of other Chansons to such passages as offer any striking particularity of manner or excellence of style.

Of all the cycle 'Garin li Loherain' is one of the most excellent in point of style and truthfulness of description of manners. This romance we include in the Carolingian series, although the events are supposed to happen in the time of Pepin. The following passage is very noticeable as offering a glimpse of the domestic life of a vassal of the 11th or 12th century, besides containing some fine lines of verse.

Begue, the Duke, was sitting one day in his castle of Belin, near Bordeaux, and near him the fair Beatrix his wife. The Duke kisses her on the mouth and on the cheek, and the Duchess smiles sweetly as he does so. He sees his children running up through the hall. The one was twelve and the other was ten years of age. With them were a troop of noble boys of rank; he sees them run the one to the other, and leap and sport and laugh in joyfulness of play. The Duke sees them and begins nevertheless to sigh; his lady observes and reasons with him. 'Eh! mighty Duke, why such mournful thoughts? you have gold and silver in your treasure chests, falcons enough have you on perch, and robes of sable and ermine, and mules and palfreys and hackneys, and well have you triumphed over all your foes.' The Duke replies: 'Dame, you have spoken truth, but you make a mistake in one thing—*wealth does not consist either in sable or ermine, or in coined money, mules or hackneys; but wealth consists in kindred and in friends. The heart of a man is worth all the gold of a country.*

" *N'est pas richoise ne de vair ne de gris,  
Ne de deniers de murs et de roncins.  
Mais est richoise de parens et d'amins;  
Li cuers d'un home vaut tout l'or d'un pais."*

'King Pepin has settled me in these borders where I have no dear kindred near me. I have but one brother, Garin of Lorraine ;



raine; it is seven years since I saw him; on that account am I full of sorrow, uneasiness, and regret.'

There are two scenes in 'Garin li Loherain' highly characteristic of the savage natures which chivalry had not yet humanized; one of them is where Guillaume de Blancafort has persuaded the emperor to outlaw certain friends and relatives of the empress; the latter pleads for them, but in vain; her interference irritates Pepin so much that he strikes her on the face.

This relation was evidently made at a much earlier date than the 12th century. It was not in the age of Quènes de Bethune and Chrestien de Troyes that one could have represented a king of France striking his queen in the face till the blood came.

In the other scene, Garin kills his adversary in a combat before the Court, and then throws himself on the body, rips it open with his sword Froberge, pulls out the heart with both his hands, and strikes a cousin of the dead man with it in the face, and tells him he can salt or roast it as he pleases.

The combat of Roland and Olivier, in 'Gerard de Viane,' under the walls of Vienne, in sight of two armies looking on while their champions do battle, with 'la belle Aude' likewise for spectator—whose feelings are torn asunder in a conflict of emotion as brother or lover seem to have the advantage—is one of the finest situations in all epic poetry.

The style of the older romances is generally the best. 'Garin li Loherain,' 'Raoul de Cambrai,' and 'Gerard de Roussillon,' are in this respect the most noticeable. In exemplification we give a few single lines from 'Gerard de Roussillon.' The first is a terse admonition to a suzerain not to provoke his vassal unnecessarily, for 'no man is in so good a way that he cannot be drawn out of it:—

'Nul n'est en bon chemin que l'on bien ne desvoie.'

So also the following line is expressive of the hereditary hatreds of the middle ages, when the 'blood revenge' went on accumulating from generation to generation. Speaking of a fresh death, the result of ancient feud, he says, 'Now has ancient hate begotten a new death!—

'Adès ha vielle haine novele morte portée.

So too these lines are significant of an age when generosity came next to valour among the virtues. 'Have you a wealthy prince? However great be his riches, if he have not generosity he must live in great shame.'

'Riches princes aves, qui avoir ha sans conte;  
S'il ne set qu'est donner, vivre doit à grande honte.'

Another unexceptionable maxim is thus tersely expressed:—  
 ‘By a bad king is many a free man brought to shame.’

‘Par mauvais rois est maint franc hom honni.’

A most characteristic feature of this Carlovingian cycle of *chansons* is that the ancient figure of Charlemagne is not represented in any of them—with the exception of the ‘*Chanson de Roland*’—with a majesty at all corresponding to the gigantic part which he played in history. Indeed, even in the ‘*Chanson de Roland*’ the poet, with great art, leaves his greatness to be surmised by indirect descriptive touches, and does not attempt to grapple directly with the grandeur of so mighty a leader of men.

The ‘*contenant fier*,’ the stern regard of Karl, is one of the attributes which occur most constantly, and this feature of his appears most to have struck his contemporaries and to have lived long in the memory of the people. Thus the Monk of St. Gall says, in speaking of an unfortunate reply of a bishop to the Emperor, ‘At this insolent word the Emperor regarded him with such flaming eyes that he fell to the ground, as though struck with lightning.’ *Au vis fier* is the constant epithet of Karl in the ‘*Chansons*.’ In the ‘*Reali di Francia*,’ the immense Italian compilation made from these Carlovingian *chansons* in the fourteenth century, the same quality occurs frequently. ‘He was so stern in countenance and look that no one could see him without lowering the eyes.’ In a *chanson*, called ‘*Charlemagne à Constantinople*,’ describing a fictitious pilgrimage of Charlemagne to the East, this feature is dramatically brought into play. A Jew enters a church, and sees Karl with his twelve peers. As soon as he saw Karlemaine he began to tremble, so haughty was his countenance. He nearly fell as he turned and fled. He mounted the marble stairs of the dwelling of the Patriarch, and said to him, ‘Go, sir, to the church, and make ready the font; straightway will I be baptised. I saw twelve Counts enter the church, with them a thirteenth. Never saw I such a form! By my troth, it is God in person. He and the twelve apostles are come to visit you!’

In the ‘*Chanson de Roland*,’ however, his moral grandeur is equal to his visible aspect. He is severe and gentle, valiant and prudent; the sagest in council and the boldest in combat; grave and majestic as king, yet affectionate and tenderhearted to his friends. But the great Emperor, with the lion look and wise in council—the worthy chief of a crowd of mighty barons—becomes entirely supplanted in the later *chansons* by a ridiculous mannequin impotent before the audacity, prowess, and politic skill of his barons.

It is impossible not to recognise that the Karl of the second cycle is no longer the Karl of the 'Chanson de Roland,' but that the last contemptible representatives of the Carlovingian dynasty have defaced in the minds of the *jongleurs* the majestic portrait of the great Emperor.

Indeed, not even in his own day was it possible that the stupendous genius of Charlemagne could be at all comprehended by his contemporaries; and perhaps he is the only great man about whom posterity can really complain that history has not preserved sufficient details to enable it to render him justice.

Among the four great kings of men who have existed—Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon—both in natural genius and in services rendered to civilization Charlemagne far surpasses his three rivals. These had the advantage of appearing in ripened periods of civilization, when the accumulated treasures and wisdom of a glorious past were open to them, and the materials for empire and dominion were ready to their hands. But Charlemagne stands alone in history as a creator and founder of a new order of civilization, besides being engaged, during a long reign of forty-seven years, in incessant, terrible, and successful warfare against the immense forces of heathenism and barbarism which threatened on all sides the nascent and struggling interests of humanity. The glory of Charlemagne is that, by the prophetic inspiration of genius, he saw what work posterity required of him, and that he spent his life and the resources of his empire without rest in its service. He was no vulgar conqueror, fighting for the mere sake of conquest; but his life of warfare was forced upon him by necessity, and he represented the Spirit of Order reducing the elements of chaos and destruction to obedience and clearing the theatre of modern society from the savage antagonists of the civilizing agents of humanity. He felt that with him

‘Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.’

He was, in the first place, the unwearied champion of Christianized Germany—of that half of the stubborn and mighty race which had so long scorned to submit to the yoke of civilization, but which had at length accepted it—against their still more stubborn and equally indomitable kindred who still fanatically clung to the worship of Odin (a religion of war and barbarism)\* and

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\* It is a curious and yet natural reflection that in the fancy of the people Karl himself supplanted Odin, whose worship he overthrew; thus, in Hesse, he has taken possession of the 'Mountain of Odin' (*Gudensberg, Wodensberg*). It is in that mountain that he sleeps with his head on a table, and his white beard growing round

and the savage customs of their ancestors. It took a thirty-three years' war, and, as a final resource, measures of appalling ruthlessness, such as wholesale execution and the transportation of whole nations to quell the almost invincible spirit of Odinism in those dauntless Saxon and Scandinavian barbarians. But in the end he accomplished it; and this and the establishment of the Papal power in independence by the subjection of the Lombards were the great achievements of the foreign policy of his reign. All his other tremendous conflicts with Saracens, Avars, Huns, Slaves, Serbs, Bavarians, and Batavians, were but episodes to the great unceasing battle between Karl and the Saxons. The eagle-like rapidity with which he flew from one campaign to another was not excelled by the swiftest movements of Napoleon himself,\* and in the sheer amount of work done as a commander it may be doubted if he was ever approached; and our admiration for this is increased by the consideration that it was all work done in the cause of civilization.

In home policy, both as a legislator and as a founder of learning, art, and science, he was equally remarkable, and in them he was assisted by a great man, who can be darkly studied through the memorials of barbarous documents—a man whom he felt to be alone capable of comprehending his policy and the true needs of civilization—the Anglo-Saxon Alcwyn or Alcuin. Alcwyn was of the great school of Anglo-Saxon priests and apostles who had so large a part in the Christianizing of Europe and Germany, of the school of the Willibrods † Willehads, Leo-fwyns (St. Lieuvain), and Winfrids (St. Boniface). Charlemagne met Alcwyn at Parma soon after his accession, and at once recognised the largeness of his mind, the depth of his learning, and that he was a man capable of comprehending the magnitude of his designs and the true interests of posterity, and he spared no pains to enlist him in his service. He entitled him throughout life '*Magistrum*,' his master; and in the school of the palace,

round it; when the beard has grown three times round it, the end of the world will have arrived. This myth is ingrafted on an old belief of Odin worship, when a similar legend of Odin was emblematic of the retreat of the sun during the winter months. So also the constellation of the Great Bear became Charles' wain:—the *Kaarhuagen* having before been the wain of Odin.

\* Thus in the years 775-776, after a terrible campaign against the Saxons in the summer of 775, Karl hears that the Lombards are revolted, and that the Papal authority is in danger. At the urgent request of the Pope he departs from the Weser with his *leudes* and all his officers of state, descends upon Friuli, puts down the Lombard revolt, establishes Frank governors in all the towns of Upper Italy; then departs as swiftly as he came, and is present at the *Champ de Mai* at Worms in the spring of 776; front to front again with Witikind and the Saxons.

† St. Willibrod is the patron saint of Utrecht; St. Lieuvain, that of Ghent.

over which he had placed Alcwyn, he did not disdain himself to come and sit among his pupils. With the aid of Alcwyn he spared no pains to restore in France the cultivation of literature and the knowledge of religion. It is almost impossible, indeed, to form an idea of the ardour with which the vigorous, earnest, and entirely fresh mind of Charlemagne threw himself into the pursuit of learning and science. 'Alcwyn,' says Eginhard, 'was able to appease in some measure the thirst for knowledge which consumed Karl, but never to wholly satisfy it.' Alcwyn became, in the expression of M. Guizot, for Karl 'a sort of intellectual Prime Minister.' Nevertheless Alcwyn, older than Karl and more versed in the history of the human intellect, thought it prudent at times to endeavour to modify the intensity of hope with which Karl awaited the speedy elevation of the European mind to the ancient heights of intellectual superiority. 'It does not depend on you or me,' he wrote to him, 'to make a Christian Athens of France.'

But that which especially distinguishes Charlemagne, and shows his real inborn genius, is, that with all his love of Latin, of letters, and his recognition of the intellectual eminence of Greece and Rome, he aimed at no imitative phase of civilization, but at something essentially new, something truly Frank and German. Thus, he caused a German grammar to be compiled; and he gave to the months and to the winds names—not derived, however, from Rome, as later times have done, but names of pure Frank etymology; he caused a collection of Teutonic war-songs and Teutonic songs and ballads to be made, which celebrated the actions of former chiefs—a collection unhappily not now in existence, but which doubtless contained much of what is now confused together in the 'Niebelungen,' whose main action is undoubtedly taken from Merovingian history, and the terrible struggle between Fredegonda and Brunehilde. Equally characteristic in this respect was his aversion to foreign costumes, his adherence to the national dress, and the fact of his never having worn the *chlamys*, the robe in which he was crowned by the Pope, but twice in his life. No real conception of the politic and intellectual grandeur of such a chief is to be found in the *Chansons de Geste*. There are documents, however—the Chronicle of the Monk of St. Gall, and the biography of Eginhard—which help to place him more vividly before the eyes, both as he was represented in the popular imagination of his time, and in his real manner and habit as he lived.

We learn from Eginhard that Charlemagne was of a powerful frame, tall and well-proportioned, although his neck was somewhat

what short; that his hair was abundant, and his countenance frank and full of animation. His step was firm, his attitudes imposing, but his voice seemed somewhat weak for so powerful a body; his health never ceased to be vigorous except during the last four years of his life; and he had a great aversion to being doctored. He was passionately fond of riding and hunting—like all the Franks. He was temperate both in eating and drinking, especially in the latter, as he hated drunkenness. During dinner he liked to hear music, or ballads recited by minstrels, or to listen to the reading of history, and especially of the works of St. Augustine. He was accessible to demands of justice night and day: he was fond of talking, and discoursed with abundance on everything. He adhered to the costume of the Franks, and disliked foreign costumes. He wore a linen shirt next his skin, over this a tunic with a fringe of silk. His *chausses* were bound by scarlet bands which crossed each other over his thighs and legs; and he wore buskins of gilt leather with long laces. In the winter he wore a large robe of otter-skin. His sword was always by his side, and the hilt and belt were either gilt or silvered. On state occasions he wore a robe of stuff of gold, and his buskins were enriched with precious stones; his sash was fastened with a gold clasp; he wore a crown of gold, which was, with his sword, ornamented with precious stones. On ordinary occasions his costume differed little from that of the common people.

If the *Chansons de Geste*, however, add little to our knowledge of Charlemagne himself, it is to them that historian, archaeologist, and philologist must turn to have any accurate conception of the real state of France in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, and of the origin and growth of the French language. The dead recitals of the Chronicles tell us little of the state of society; but here we have feudalism clothed with real flesh and blood, animated with its fiercest passions, and illustrated with many a trait which throws light on the manners and customs of the time.

It is from the contemplation of the state of society among this ruder northern race of the *langue d'oïl* that one turns with a grateful sense to that which engendered the sweet songs of the *langue d'oc*, in which the sentiment is often as tender, graceful, and delicate as if they were composed yesterday, and in which were contained in germ all the sweeter graces and sensibilities of chivalry and of modern life.\*

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\* In the songs of three only of the late Trouvères,—Oùnes de Bethune, the Châtelain de Coucy, and Thibaut Count of Champagne and King of Navarre,—are to be found strains equal in gentleness of thought to those of the Southern Troubadours. One of the Chansons, of the King of Navarre, that beginning

It is worth while observing how it was this immense body of French poetry passed out of sight, so as to be quite unknown until a few years ago. In the first place, a spurious monkish compilation, the Chronicle of the false Turpin, assisted to thrust the 'Chanson de Roland' into obscurity. This chronicle was forged by an archbishop of Vienne, about the middle of the eleventh century, for the purpose of bringing the shrine of St. James of Compostella into repute. This same archbishop, on becoming Pope, under the name of Calixtus II., in 1090, in order to give his own compilation more importance, anathematized all the existing romances of the *trouvères* about Charlemagne, and succeeded in consigning them to neglect, and in thrusting his own forgery on posterity as a real historical document. Then came the immense popularity of the romances of Chrestien de Troyes and the romances of the Round Table, which were so complete an embodiment of the more finely developed sentiments of a new generation, for whom the rough manners of their ancestors had lost its charm. Then followed an age in which the ecclesiastical power declined before the ascendancy of the civil—an age of subtlety, and chicanery, and faithlessness; of law and politics, personified in the relentless figure of Philip the Fair, and, for that generation, the subtle allegories and conceits of the interminable Roman de la Rose, formed the most congenial reading—a composition long preferred by the most accomplished intellects of those times to the poem of Dante. Subsequently, during the civil convulsions of France, and the desolation brought about by the English wars, the mind of the French underwent a fundamental change, out of which the very language came entirely reminted, and the old French of the thirteenth century was supplanted by French differing in no point of construction or declension from the French of the present time. Carolingian legend, however, after making a pilgrimage through all the literature of Europe, sprung up into new life, not in France, but in Italy; and in a more universally acceptable and enduring form in the works of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto.

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'De fine amor vient seance et bonté  
 Et amours vient de ces deus autres  
 Tout tres sont un qui bien i a pensée  
 Ja ne seront à nul jour departé,'

is quoted three times by Dante in his Treatise 'De vulgari eloquentiâ.'

Richard Cœur de Lion composed not in the tongue of the Troubadours but in that of the Trouvères.

The *Trouvères* were for the *langue d'oïl* what the *Troubadours* were for the *langue d'oc*; their office was *trover*, to invent—they were poets. The *jongleurs* were mere reciters. They recited the *chanson* in the market-places of towns and in the halls of the vassals, to the accompaniment of a *vielle* or rebeck, a kind of violin. The Neapolitan *lazzarone* still loves to lie on the Mole at Naples and listen to his *jongleur*.

ART. II.—1. *Platonis Euthydemus et Laches, Præfixa est Epistola ad Senatum Lugdunensem Batavorum.* Auctore Carolo Badham. Londini, item Edinæ, Williams et Norgate. Jenæ, Fr. Frommann. 1865.

2. *Platonis Convivium, cum Epistola ad Thompsonum.* Edidit Carolus Badham. Londini et Edinæ: apud Williams et Norgate. Jenæ, Fr. Frommann. 1866.

WHILE the place of the classical languages and literature in a liberal education has been vehemently attacked and successfully defended, the actual state of classical learning has scarcely been scrutinized as it deserved. Our Universities and public schools—welcoming in some cases, or compelled to admit in others, a larger infusion of exact and experimental science—have yet stood firm to the Greek and Latin languages as the best means of training the intellect and taste, and to the knowledge of ancient literature and life as the origin of modern civilisation. Their attention, however, has been in the mean time somewhat withdrawn from questions that once excited a keener interest. The crisis, when an insulting enemy is to be repulsed from our bulwarks, is not the moment for undertaking a minute investigation of the treasures we have to defend; and, in vindicating the surpassing worth of the ancient poets and orators, historians and philosophers, we have too hastily assumed that we have a sufficient knowledge of what those treasures in themselves really are.

It was not thus with former generations of scholars, at home or abroad; nor will it be so much longer with ourselves if we heed those symptoms of reviving interest in sound criticism, to which it is our object now to invite the attention of our readers. If we cannot claim for our subject the popular interest that waits on battles waged, whether at home or abroad, in the council or the field, for causes in which the passions excited are more conspicuous than the principles involved, we may find those who are content to sit apart on the hill of the Muses, in thoughts more elevate. Nor, when we remember that the principles we have to explain affect the condition not only of ancient literature, but of all the books that are the daily bread of our minds, do we despair of obtaining among readers trained in our standard English education an audience fit without being few.

It would be foreign to our purpose to re-open the dispute upon the worth of classical learning. We address those who recognize, not only the disciplinary use of linguistic studies, but the importance of knowing thoroughly the public history and polity,



and the private life, the arts, manners, and philosophy, of those nations which have handed down to us, with their civilisation, the undying memory of their noble deeds. But these principles will bear scanty fruit if we are unable to give a definite answer to the plain question—What are the materials of this highly-prized knowledge; what is the subject matter of ancient learning? The remains of antiquity are of two kinds, which we may call monumental and literary. The former comprise the relics of architecture and engineering, sculpture and painting, and minor works of art; the latter, books and inscriptions. The one class of works attest the character and civilisation of their creators by the appeal they make to the sense of fitness, utility, and beauty, common to human nature; the other speak directly to our common human intelligence through the organ of *language*. To interpret the works of art, to measure, compare, scrutinize, and discuss in journal after journal and memoir after memoir, their minutest details, is confessed to be a task worthy of all the combined skill of the artist and the antiquarian. But when the philologist comes forward to apply the like processes to the words and phrases and rhythms which make up the literary relics of antiquity, he is met with scorn as a trifler; his art is denounced as uncertain in its results; and self-satisfied indolence proclaims that a *general knowledge* of the language and texts of the ancients is enough for the perception of their meaning and the enjoyment of their beauties. Let the common rules of a grammar, sound or unsound, be learnt at school; let a lexicon, good or bad, be always at hand, and the self-styled scholar can skim over a corrupt text in ignorant admiration, despising the Dutch drudge who wastes the midnight oil on the hair-splitting subtleties and fruitless conjectures of criticism.

And yet it is from these Dutch drudges that we now venture to invite English scholars to learn as our fathers learned, and not to be ashamed to replenish our lamps from the same oil that filled theirs in the first ages of revived learning. The knowledge of the ancient authors has passed through three stages, which the classical student may be excused for symbolizing in imagery likely to be as lasting as it is ancient. First comes the golden age of primeval simplicity, free from all cares of criticism. The destruction of the Byzantine empire by the Turks, in the fifteenth century, drove a multitude of Greeks to seek refuge in the West, bringing with them many a copy of the old Greek authors. Venice offered the fugitives the shelter of an independent republic, whose fleets kept the Mohammedans at bay. From this centre Greek learning spread to the universities of Europe; and, in spite of the adverse faction thence nicknamed

Trojans, the new spring was eagerly imbibed by minds sated with scholasticism, and only scantily supplied with the lesser half of ancient literature in the Latin authors. Just as this source was opened, the invention of printing came in to secure its perennial diffusion; and the earliest printers were too eager for the spread of knowledge to be critical about their texts, and too confident in the value of their work to care what became of the manuscript when once perpetuated in type. Those first of learned typographers, the Alduses, printed the copies which they gathered from all quarters, as if they had been the autographs of Theocritus or Aristotle, and threw them away when done with as if they had been 'copy' of the most ephemeral matter. Thus the manuscript, chosen with no discrimination, was withdrawn for ever from the testing processes of later criticism. It was soon discovered that not even Aldine care and learning had availed to secure books thus produced from a host of faults, which were soon multiplied by conjectural emendations, like the heads of the hydra beneath the strokes of Hercules. Of this the prevailing character of the Greek scholarship of the Italians, perhaps the most conspicuous example is furnished by Julius Cæsar Scaliger, whose unbounded learning, the more marvellous from its being acquired late in life, was marred by want of critical judgment, as much as his wonderful acumen was distorted by unbounded vanity and contempt of opposition.

The best legacy that Scaliger bequeathed to the world of letters was the education of his more illustrious son, JOSEPH JUSTUS SCALIGER. Born on August 4, 1540, at Agen, on the Garonne, whither his father had removed from Italy, he went at the age of nineteen to Paris, to devote himself to the study of Greek. Dissatisfied with his progress while attending the lectures of Adrian Turnebus, Scaliger commenced, in the seclusion of his own room, a systematic reading of the Greek authors, beginning with Homer. Two years of incessant study carried him pretty nearly over the whole range of Greek literature, and this close uninterrupted converse with the ancients laid the true foundation of that critical power which was perfected by the studies of a whole life. Scaliger's invitation to the Professorial Chair in the University of Leyden forms the great epoch of the second stage of European scholarship; and the eulogy is scarcely too partial which has been pronounced on him by the living scholar, Cobet, who is labouring in the same spirit in the same University: '*videtur mihi pæne perfecti critici imaginem referre.*'

But we must turn from the galaxy of scholars, such as Henri de Valois, Casaubon, Salmasius, Heinsius, and Gronovius, who

laboured in the same field of critical scholarship in France and Holland, to trace the history of Classic literature in our own country. While the Leyden scholars were analysing Greek texts, the scholars of Oxford were devoting their wealth to maintain the cause of one Stuart, and opposing all the force of passive resistance to the Romanising inroads of another. It was not till the new settlement gave men time to breathe again that the seeds sown by Joseph Scaliger, in Holland, bore fruit in England in the labours of RICHARD BENTLEY; and even then the great controversy on Phalaris attests the utter absence in one University of the spirit of criticism which soon fixed its head-quarters in the other. Bentley's great work—the second and enlarged ‘Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris’ (1699)—marks the close of the seventeenth century as the epoch of the second or critical stage of English scholarship. Dealing as we are with principles rather than details, it would be foreign to our purpose to give even an outline of the vast mass of information on every part of ancient history and philology compressed within the limits of Bentley's two Dissertations. We have now to speak of them as the works which pointed out the true path of criticism, and founded in England a philological school no less illustrious than that of Leyden. The home of this new school was fixed at Cambridge by the appointment of Bentley to the Mastership of Trinity in 1700. Here Bentley found a congenial occupation in remodelling the University Press, and gave the world the fruit, not only of his own learning, but of his co-operation with continental scholars, in editions and critical essays too well known to scholars to need enumeration. The lamentable disputes into which he plunged the College and himself, partly from his reforming zeal, and partly from the unbridled arrogance in which also he resembled the Scaligers, would be alien to our subject, but for the curious fact that the great critic contrived to delay for four years the execution of the Visitor's sentence of deprivation by availing himself of a manifest error in the text of the College statutes. The example may serve to convince the most ‘practical’ men of the issues that sometimes depend on the state of a text. This greatest of English scholars, the prince of English critics, died on the 14th of July, 1742. The most distinguished of his Continental disciples was Valckenaer, whose comparison of the critical power of detecting truth and eliminating error to the skill of the mathematician, may help us to understand why this school found its most congenial seat at Cambridge.

Among the greatest services that the ‘*Epistola ad Millium*,’ and the

the 'Dissertations on Phalaris' rendered to classical learning was the redeeming the history of the Greek drama from the darkness of uncertainty and fable; and Bentley handed down the study and emendation of the Greek dramatists as a sort of sacred tradition to the Cambridge school. Here, if anywhere, was scope for the textual criticism of which he had set the example; for of all forms of composition, dramatic dialogue is one of the most liable to corruption by copyists, who, even if they could see the separate meaning of each speech, continually mistake the reflex light that they throw upon each other, and so are ever altering their words, cutting them into arbitrary lengths, and assigning them to the wrong persons; while the choral odes have been tampered with in every way by those who saw in them neither sense nor metre. It was just a century after the publication of Richard Bentley's first 'Dissertation on Phalaris,' that RICHARD PORSON created a new epoch in Greek scholarship, by the preface to his edition of the 'Hecuba of Euripides' in 1797, followed by the supplement four times as long as the original preface, in 1802. The characteristic distinction of the school of Porson from that of Bentley was the minute attention to grammar as the chief basis of emendation. In this he had a predecessor in Richard Dawes, who, born in 1708, and dying in 1766, reflects in his writings the animosity with which Bentley's arrogance inspired his younger contemporaries. His 'Miscellanea Critica' long held rule as the standard of Greek grammar; and although some of his Canons are chargeable with hasty generalization, he was the first to show how much of grammar and Attic usage remained to be discovered by attentive reading and comparison of passages.

Porson was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; but he had to vacate his fellowship, because certain scruples as to subscription debarred him from taking orders. However, his unrivalled learning obtained for him the office of Regius Professor of Greek, the merely nominal salary of which was eked out by an annuity of 100*l.*, subscribed by his friends. His final provision was his salary of 200*l.* a year as librarian of the London Institution, a post which would have afforded no scope for his powers, even had those powers not been clouded by infirmities, originating in his grief for the loss of his wife, and which an uncongenial position was likely to aggravate. It is scarcely wonderful, under such circumstances, that Porson should have left such scanty fruits of his vast learning,—a few essays and editions of Greek authors which he corrected for the booksellers, besides the famous edition of the four plays of Euripides,

Euripides, in which his critical methods were exemplified, and his posthumous edition of 'Photius's Lexicon,' and his 'Adversaria.'

We may, in passing, say a word to remove any impression that Porson was a mere book-worm, absorbed in boring among the mouldering manuscripts of Greek plays. To a classical scholarship of the widest range, he added a considerable knowledge of French, and his 'Letters to Travis' prove his mastery of an excellent English style. At a time when the etymological speculations of the best scholars were almost contemptible, there are passages in his writings which prove that he might have become a leader in the new school of comparative philology; and he had the merit, then almost unexampled among classical scholars, of, paying some attention to the most ancient form of our own language, which some call Anglo-Saxon.

The greatest ornament of the school of criticism founded by Porson was PETER ELMSLEY, whose lot in life forms a striking contrast to his master's. Enjoying a competent fortune amidst the quiet of a country cure, and finally attaining the dignity of Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, Elmsley was able to devote his whole life to the development of the critical principles which Porson had expounded. Besides his editions of select plays of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, and his labours in collating MSS. in the libraries of the Continent, he set an example, encouraging to those who would now revive a taste for critical scholarship, by his celebrated paper on Markland's Euripides in our seventh volume, and by his review of Porson's Hecuba, besides several other articles in the 'Edinburgh Review.' He died in 1825.

The same year witnessed the decease of PETER PAUL DOBREE, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, the intimate friend and disciple of Porson, whose literary remains he edited. Dobree was one of those men whose reputation rests more upon the opinion of the friends who know them well than upon their own actual performances. His posthumous 'Adversaria' contain an extraordinary amount of corrections, as striking for their ingenuity as self-evidently true by their aptness, and these extending over an amazing number of the best authors. Cobet, who always does justice to the English school, speaks of Dobree as 'qui in paucis sagax et solers fuit criticus et sanitatem illam popularium servat, quæ nil molitur inepte.'\*

These leaders called forth a host of followers, many of great merit, but many more distinguished by nothing but the facility

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\* 'Variæ Lectiones,' p. 7.

with which imitators exaggerate whatever is faulty in their models. That sagacity, which in the chiefs was the fruit of a life-long converse with the ancient authors, was supposed by the followers to be a native gift which they also might presume upon possessing; and, with the rashness of a Phaethon, they drove their reckless course over the 'cosmos' of grammar and metre, the idioms of the author's style, and the plainest laws of common sense. Every sciolist must invent canons in imitation of Porson, and edit plays after the example of Elmsley, as the certain road to share the reputation they enjoyed and the reward withheld from Porson. Emendation got the character of mere guess-work, and criticism came to be regarded as a mere trifling with words, just at the time when a new school of classical students were concentrating their attention on what they regarded as the far more valuable *things* to be learnt from the ancient authors. This contrast between words and things involved no little fallacy; but it was at least time to recal attention to matters of the weightiest moment, that had been comparatively neglected during the reign of verbal criticism.

The new impulse, which came from Germany, was of a two-fold character, whence we may be permitted to liken this third stage of modern scholarship to the age of brass. A revolution almost simultaneous was effected in the study of philology and in that of the subject matter of ancient literature. It had long been felt, rather than understood, that Human Language was in itself, apart from the literature embodied in each separate tongue, a fit subject for scientific investigation: but, while one school clung to the fond conceit, that fidelity to revealed religion required them to derive all human language from the Hebrew, more free enquiry had discovered no laws to guide amidst the heterogeneous mass of scattered facts and fancied resemblances. Our own literature furnishes examples of such misapplied ingenuity in the *Hermes* of Harris and the *Ἑπεα πτερόεντα* of Horne Tooke; and the great work, which Johann Christoph Adelung entitled *Mithridates*, from the king who could speak the twenty-two dialects of the tribes he governed, is the index of the state of comparative philology at the end of the 18th century.

It was then that the Indian conquests of our own nation began to bear unexpected fruits in the field of scholarship. The necessity of a more profound acquaintance with the native dialects, and the fascination of a language which was already ancient in the time of Alexander, furnished powerful motives for the study of Sanscrit, to men like Sir William Jones and his illustrious followers in Indian scholarship. Nor was the study confined to India. The mass of Sanscrit MSS. brought over to Europe fur-

nished the missing key to the students of comparative philology. The vague wonder excited by the likeness between Sanscrit and Greek—which found expression in the theory of one worthy, that the former was a dialect of the latter, derived from Alexander's campaign in the Punjab—soon gave place to the discovery that both were members of a great family of languages, stretching in a diagonal belt from India to Western Europe. It was then seen that comparative grammar was a true science, reposing upon sound foundations, and strictly conformed to the inductive method; that the elementary sounds may be classified according to the very organism of our speech, and their variations and interchanges explained by fixed laws; that thus a test is furnished to distinguish between the accidental resemblances of words and the real affinities which depend on fixed laws; and, above all, that the surest indication of a family connection between languages is furnished by the permanent structure of their grammar. Such were the leading principles of the new school of comparative philology, taught by A. von Schlegel, by Lassen, by the brothers Grimm, and by Pott, and embodied in the great 'Comparative Grammar' of Bopp.

While the science of language was being thus transformed, the study of ancient history, with all its cognate branches of knowledge underwent a complete revolution, the epoch of which is marked in this country by Hare and Thirlwall's translation of Niebuhr's *Roman History*.\* It is superfluous now to retrace such well-known ground as the principles of Niebuhr's work, the influence it has exerted, and the controversies it has called forth, in which those who have differed most widely from its conclusions have owed no less to its publication than the most devoted of Niebuhr's disciples. We are noticing it simply as at once the index and the chief motive power of the new direction which the scholarship of the now passing generation has taken towards the *subject matter* of classical antiquity rather than the criticism of classical literature. But it is worth while to observe, as a proof of the vital tie which links together all departments of sound scholarship, that it was the men trained at Cambridge in the school of Porson who were the first to welcome and reproduce the views of Niebuhr. It seems superfluous to refer to all that has been done in the same

\* The first sketch of Niebuhr's '*Römische Geschichte*' was published in 2 vols. 8vo., Berlin 1811, and translated into English by Mr. Walter, Lond. 1827, just as it was superseded by the matured result of Niebuhr's studies, of which the first Volume was published in 1827, the second in 1830, and the third, after the author's death, in 1832. Of the translation by the late Archdeacon Hare and the present Bishop of St. David's, the first volume appeared in 1828 and the second in 1832: the third volume was translated by Dr. William Smith and Dr. Leonard Schmitz.

and kindred fields by Böckh, Buttmann, Otfried Müller, Becker, Mommsen, and many others; and still more needless to remind English scholars, or even general readers, of such fruits of this school as the *Histories of Greece* by Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote, those of the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire by Dr. Arnold, Mr. Merivale, and Mr. Long, and the series of Dictionaries in which Dr. William Smith has collected into one focus all the choicest results of our present knowledge of antiquity. Side by side with these branches of knowledge, the science of Comparative Philology, with its recent offshoot of Comparative Mythology, has kept pace, giving us continually new glimpses of the primeval condition of our race, and the affinities of its several nations, till the inheritance of all former labourers in this field seems to have been concentrated in the learning and ingenuity of Professor Max Müller. And here we must add what may be thought a deferred tribute to our oldest University. It is an accident of the case that the name of Oxford has not appeared prominently in the preceding summary. Her boast is to stand in the ancient paths, making it her chief aim to cultivate the minds of her alumni by a widely diffused and comprehensive knowledge of the ancient poets, historians, and philosophers, for the sake of their direct teaching. She is less ready to explore that field of minute enquiry, which is more congenial to the scientific training of the sister University. But such distinctions are fast vanishing in the common fellowship of letters; and meanwhile no one would assign an inferior rank to the University which claims its part in Bentley, which produced Elmsley, Gaisford, Clinton, and Cornwall Lewis, under whose shelter Max Müller prosecutes his studies and his teaching, and which has the honour of being the *alma mater* of the greatest of our living scholars, whose name stands at the head of the present article.

It cannot be denied that this progress in the knowledge of antiquity has been regarded with sufficient complacency: for we are speaking now of the internal state of English scholarship, and not of the contests it has had to wage against modern theories of education. But to some eyes there are visible the fingers of a hand upon the wall; and an interpreter comes to tell us that the writing is, 'Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting.' An uneasy consciousness had already whispered that our recent scholarship, with all its gains, was suffering from the decay of that element which had once been its chief pride. With some few exceptions, we have been content to depend upon the critical labours of the Germans, and to receive our texts from a Bekker, a Dindorf, and a Stallbaum. The loss of energetic action, in this as in other powers, has led to a dislike of its exercise



exercise—‘*desidia, prius invisā, postremo amatur*’—and scholars have shown some tendency to resent whatever change is proposed in a text in which they have not had the skill to detect any fault. Meanwhile the decline of critical scholarship has been complained of in Germany as well as in England. At length a voice comes to us from the same quarter from which our forefathers derived the art of criticism; and Dr. Badham, speaking as the interpreter of that voice, bids us learn from the example of Charles Gabriel Cobet, who is pursuing and inculcating the same course by which Joseph Scaliger made the University of Leyden illustrious. The doctor introduces the professor not only with the enthusiasm of an admiring friend, but with the ardour of a champion defending a reputation assailed by envy. Certain German scholars, who have accused Cobet of supercilious scorn and the ostentation of learning, are likened to the Athenians, by the parody of a well-known passage in the ‘*Laws*,’ ὅσοι τῶν Γερμανῶν πονηροὶ εἰσὶ, διαφερόντως εἰσὶ τοιοῦτοι. And lest their slanders should mislead us also, to evolve ‘*nescio quam αὐτοκοβήτου speciem*,’ like Heine’s camel, out of the depths of that consciousness which is perverted by our want of respect for critical scholarship, Dr. Badham passes this eulogy upon Cobet,—‘*neminem unquam mihi visum esse in senes verecundiores, erga æmulos atque imitatores modestiores, denique in omnes præter mendaces et arrogantes mitiores*.’ Such praise must enhance the respect felt for the great light of Leyden by those who know him only by his critical labours; and will dispose us to listen with double regard to his earnest vindication of the principles and methods of criticism.

The vindication to which we refer is contained in Cobet’s inaugural address to the University of Leyden on his appointment to his chair, in which he maintains this thesis:—that the art of interpretation, based on the foundations of grammar and criticism, is the chief function of the philologist. Most justly does he recal attention to the first truth, that as all the knowledge of antiquity handed down to us by the ancients is embodied in *words*, and as whatever thoughts we conceive in our own minds, or derive from the conceptions of others, are bound up in words, so we can know nothing unless we know well the forms and meanings of those words, the phrases in which they are combined, and the idioms peculiar to countries, times, and writers. May we not, however, know these words without knowing them well? May we not have a knowledge sufficient for a practical acquaintance with all that is expressed by means of them? Certainly not. No careful student, no man of taste, with nice perception of the delicate shades of meaning, would admit this even of modern languages, whose forms are comparatively fixed and

easy to be learnt, and whose literature extends over a few centuries at the most. What then shall we say in the case of Greek, a language capable of almost infinite variety, a language spoken for two thousand years by nations of as many different tempers and manners, opinions and institutions, as covered the face of the ancient world, from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, from the Crimea to the cataracts of the Nile? It is not enough to recognize the immense diversity of its dialects in that first period when it was the living expression of the mental and political energy of free Hellas; the strong-voiced music of Homer, the rough terseness of the Doric, the voluptuous softness of the Ionic, the perfect grace and all-expressive capacity of the Attic; all differing as the character of the races that used them, but all having this in common, that they followed their own nature. Let any one who wishes to know the varieties that may be included under one common name, compare the poetry of Homer with that of Aristophanes and Menander, or, within the narrow interval of one century, the prose of Herodotus with that of Aristotle. But we must go much further. Hellas succumbed to the Macedonian, and her language, though it did not cease to be spoken, became in reality a dead one. No longer the organ of a free people, it lost the vital principle of spontaneous growth; and admitted, with a fatal facility, intrusive elements not only from the Eastern nations, over which it was spread by the conquests of Alexander, but from its use as the adopted tongue of educated Rome. Even where Greek literature was cultivated with the greatest zeal, as at Alexandria, it was what the affectedly vigorous language of our day would call a sham. The 'Scian and the Teian muse' were silent, the 'cup of Samian wine' was dashed down; but foreign imitators droned out endless hexameters as a supplement forsooth to Homer, and Oriental mystics fancied that they were talking the tongue of Plato. Styles were mixed in admired confusion: the rags of old writers quilted into patterns as bizarre as the walls into which ancient capitals and bases were built upside down: obsolete forms were revived for a show of learning; new forms invented for a proof of ingenuity. And so the current flowed down, spreading wider and growing shallower, and receiving new and more corrupt tributaries, till it spreads out into the dull featureless expanse of the Byzantine writers. Cobet has well observed, that what is called by the common name of *Greek*, and regarded by many as *one* language, is in truth a *long series of languages*, differing as widely in character as the age, the country, and the genius of those who used them.

Unhappily the grammar of the ancient Greek language, and the texts of the ancient Greek writers, have thus lain, so  
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to speak, at the mercy of a long succession of corrupt Hellenists; nor can we flatter ourselves that we have recovered that language or that literature, till we have detected and removed the incrustations that have gathered about them, layer upon layer, if they be not too often cankers that have eaten into the very substance. Assuredly this cannot be done by the rough and easy process on which some critics pride themselves, and which some opponents of criticism regard with just contempt,—a process which amounts to putting anything for anything else at the fancy of the corrector. To use the illustration just now suggested: What if I had the fortune to discover a bronze of Myron or Polycletus encrusted with dirt and verdigris? ‘Let it alone,’ some would say, ‘rather than spoil it by restoration!’ Well, of this presently; but suppose I persist in the attempt to recover what I can of the pristine form of the Discobolus or Diadumenus? Shall I trust it to some *soi-disant* genius, who will scrape and polish and even file it till it conforms to some canon of human beauty invented by himself? or shall I employ an antiquary, who has collected in marble or on gems what he believes to be copies of the original work, of various degrees of badness, to reduce it to an average of their deformities? No; I must seek for a true artist, whom long and patient study has familiarised with all the extant remains of Grecian art, who has learnt to distinguish different styles the moment he sees them, who has trained himself to that instinctive perception of the artist’s meaning which is acquired by knowledge, not by a fancied inspiration.

So it is in language and criticism. The ancients can only be truly known by those whose study of their works has imbued them with that knowledge of grammar and faculty of criticism by which those works may be restored to their pristine simplicity. The attempt to choose between a variety of meanings—each of which the text *may* bear by mixing up the senses of words and phrases used at widely different periods—besides being as arbitrary as it is indolent, violates the first canon of all interpretation,—that a true writer means one thing at a time, and says what he means. And what that meaning is can only be learned by the patient study of each writer, till we become as familiar with the force of his words and phrases and the ruling idioms of his speech, as if we heard him speaking. Thus only can we gain clear and certain notions of his language, instead of being dependent on authority and lexicons. Thus only can we pronounce, where the text has been corrupted, that he *could not* have spoken thus, and suggest what he probably did say.

How essential it is to add to this familiar acquaintance with

the books written by the ancients the knowledge of the *things* to which the words continually allude—things which were constantly in their hands and before their eyes, while we have to reconstruct their images from various sources—it is needless to impress on the scholars of the present day; for this is the department of antiquity into which we have plunged, as at once the most pleasant and most fruitful. One striking example we may give, in passing, of the power of this sort of knowledge to detect errors by common sense, even without linguistic learning. Major Rennell, in his great work on the Geography of Herodotus, points out errors in his author's text, where the real blunder was in Beloe's translation, and Herodotus himself had written what Rennell saw that he ought to have said.

But the question returns for the serious consideration of English scholars, whether in studying the phenomena of ancient life for their own sakes we have been sufficiently mindful of the mutual dependence of the provinces of the philologist and the antiquarian? Has there not been a disposition to separate such studies from the reading and interpretation of the ancient authors, as if the former were the knowledge of *things*, the latter only the knowledge of *words*? The things can only be known through the words in which they are described, and the words are continually perverted through ignorance of the things. The latter is a fact familiar to us in our daily experience of the substitution of known for unknown names, as when the sailor calls his ship the 'Billy-rough-un' for the 'Bellerophon,' and the plant named by the Italians *girasole*, from turning its flower to the sun, is transformed into the *Jerusalem* artichoke. That such errors are not avoided by presenting the image of the objects to the eye, is shown by the fancy of the rustic who first converted the sign of the elephant and castle into the pig and whistle. It is in the proper relation between antiquarian and critical studies that we fear our modern scholarship is weakest. While we have been subjecting some few chosen works to a thorough analysis of their language in the light of modern philology—of their metrical forms, their historical and mythological, geographical and antiquarian allusions—while we have been studying the structure of the Greek theatre and the monuments of Attica, the mythology of the Dorians or the politics of Athens—how many of us can claim to have perused and reperused the whole cycle even of well-known authors with the diligence of a Scaliger, a Bentley, or a Porson? How many a scholar, out of his library, could venture on the boast, '*Omnia mea mecum porto?*'

Let it not be supposed that we are carping unpatriotically at the present state of English scholarship. We have borne our testimony

testimony to what our countrymen have done for the knowledge of antiquity, and we would add our tribute to the generally diffused acquaintance with the best authors, the power of prose composition exhibited by some, and to the taste cultivated by the facile but more questionable accomplishment of verse-making. But there remains a standard short of which we would not 'rest and be thankful'—the same standard which is recognised in art. Not the artist only, but the connoisseur, would in vain claim reputation, or feel safe in acting upon his knowledge, if he were unable to distinguish a production of the Greek chisel from the limbs added to restore it, or an Etruscan from a Wedgwood vase; much less if he professed indiscriminate admiration for all alike, and replied to a purist, that the general impression of their beauty was all he cared for. So neither can the scholar claim that title in the highest sense, who does not know what it is that he is reading, who cannot detect the sunken rocks of obscurity that lie beneath the smooth surface of the book, or discern with a true pilot's ear the roar of the breakers on the shoals with which time has barred the channel. It is not sound scholarship to resort to any tricks of arbitrary interpretation rather than confess that there are many passages which, as they stand, are incapable of being understood or explained. Such obscurities are rarely the original fault of the writers, at least in the old living period of the language; but this is constantly the case with the later Hellenists. There is all the difference in the world between the ornate structure and dithyrambic copiousness of a Tragic Chorus, where the true scholar finds delight in hearing the majestic harmony, and tracing the intricate but beautiful pattern, and the sonorous verbiage with which the imitators try to hide the cold poverty of their minds, having little more sense than the song of birds. But the works of genius have come down to us through the hands of wretched imitators, and of copyists whose dull ignorance has been scarcely more injurious, till they are incapable of being read without alteration.

Few scholars have made ancient manuscripts their study, though many talk about them, and quote their authority; and the former class have many a rude shock to give to the blind faith of the latter. There seems to be a general impression that, after making some moderate allowance for various readings, manuscripts must be models of accuracy, and inscriptions must be almost absolutely perfect. We speak of inscriptions because they will aid us to explain, *à fortiori*, the case of manuscripts. Solemnly designed for lasting monuments, deliberately carved in large regular letters on enduring materials, an inscription has every presumption of care and accuracy; but one simple fact is

overlooked, that the record has often passed, in its last stage, through the hands of a common stone-mason or engraver. We have now before us a rubbing of the plate which bears the foundation-inscription of a building consecrated to learning. A printed copy, corrected with the utmost care, was delivered to the engraver; but there the process of supervision accidentally ceased, and the rubbing exhibits *precationirus* for *precationibus*, balanced by *dabet* for *daret*, besides two or three other errors. How much more scope must the facile progress of the pen give for careless, stupid, and wilful alterations: for all these three causes have been at work from the time when the autographs were first copied. Those autographs are irrecoverably lost; and it is a fond fancy that their recovery would give us perfect texts. Have our readers any idea of the aspect which a page of the 'Quarterly Review' would present if it were printed *verbatim et literatim* from the 'copy'? Publish it not at Charing Cross, tell it not in the ancient sanctuary of Whitefriars! Keep back the evidence of compositors and 'readers'! Let the case rest only on those published confessions, which are entitled, by a euphemism often most unjust to those deserving fellow-workers of the author, 'errors of the *press*,' where it should be errors of the head, the eye, the hand—from the thought of the coming phrase outrunning the writing of the last, the leaving the hand to finish a word from which the attention has passed on to the next, the mental confusion of sounds, even in the silence of the study.

We may console ourselves for this candid exposure of the faults of our autographs by the abundant return in kind which is made to us in every proof, even after it has passed the ordeal of correction by a reader devoted to this work alone, whose very care, however, often adds to errors that escape his vigilance those arising from his own preconceptions and misconceptions. How much more must this have been the case with a manuscript which was the product of only one hand, sometimes that of a crude learner, sometimes of a mere slave, like the *librarii* employed by Atticus? Nor do we want direct testimony to the errors which thus crept into the earliest copies. We find Theophrastus writing to Eudemus about a corrupt passage in a work of their common master, Aristotle; and Cicero complaining to his brother Quintus in these emphatic terms—'*De libris Latinis quo me vertam nescio, ita mendosi et scribuntur et veneunt.*' Cobet cites the remarkable testimony of Philemon from Porphyry's Homeric Questions. In discussing an error in the text of Herodotus, Philemon remarks that many errors had been transmitted to his time in the works of Herodotus, Thucydides,

Philistus, and other distinguished writers, and that all the poems (including those of Homer) were full, not only of mistakes in writing, but of *false corrections of rustic stupidity* (παραδιορθωμάτων πᾶν ἀγροίκων). If such were the originals and the earliest copies, what must be the result of the perennial sources of error that have gone on swelling from age to age?—the faulty pronunciation of the later Greeks; the confusion of letters joined together in the ancient copies; the mistakes in deciphering contracted writing and conventional signs; the conjectures made to supply illegible words and erasures, and to fill up or close up hiatuses; and, above all, the importation of marginal glosses into the text, often at places different from those to which they refer? Add to all these the ‘confusion worse confounded’ of the attempts made at correction by those who had neither knowledge nor discernment. Glance into a cell of the monastery on Mount Athos, where one sleepy monk goes on mechanically writing, with thoughts far away, to the droning dictation of another; or enter the school of some quick-witted Alexandrian professor, teaching his enthusiastic pupils to replace such nonsense by what he vainly deems his own sense; or to the chamber of some lonely student, with no check to guard him against the temptation of foisting in as many of his own fancies as he pleases on the passage from the MS. on his left hand to the blank paper under his right. Shall we any longer wonder that Cobet dispels the vain fancy of the trustworthiness of MSS. by the declaration which every one who has had any experience of their collation will endorse: ‘*Nullum unquam vidi codicem, qui sine multiplici emendatione legi intelligique posset. Vel antiquissimus et optimus quisque sæpe turpissimis erroribus, quorum nunc tironem paulo diligentiores puderet, inquinatus est.*’ The result is, that criticism is no mere refined accomplishment, by means of which ancient texts are made a little better or a little worse, according as the emendator may be more or less acute and judicious: it is at once a science and an art, the aid of which is absolutely necessary to make the ancient copies legible at all. It is truly ludicrous to hear the reverence expressed for MSS. by those who have never seen an ancient Codex, and who could not read one if it were to save their lives by benefit of clergy; and not less so to see their perfect contentment with a printed text which has itself been made up by innumerable emendations; for such is the case with every edition in common use.

The prevalent prejudice against the need of criticism is, if possible, surpassed by the misconceptions of its functions. The chief error, common to its idolaters and detractors, is that of regarding

regarding it as a game of ingenuity rather than a labour of scientific skill; only what the former extol as a sort of inspired felicity, the latter despise as a system of guess-work, as rash in its assaults on the most venerable authority as it is trifling in the points it handles, spoiling the sacred text of Homer or Æschylus to foist in a digamma or to remove a γε. Such was Bentley in the sight of Pope, when the author of the 'Essay on Criticism' would revenge the castigation of Atterbury:—

'Avaunt! is ARISTARCHUS yet unknown?  
The mighty Scholiast, whose unwearied pains  
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.  
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,  
Critics like me shall make it prose again.  
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your Better:  
Author of something yet more great than Letter;  
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,  
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.  
'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,  
Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*,

\* \* \* \*

For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,  
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.  
In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,  
Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;  
What Gellius or Stobæus hashed before,  
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.  
The Critic eye, that microscope of Wit,  
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.  
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,  
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,  
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,  
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.'

Had Pope lived to know how the revelations of the microscope have helped the cosmical view of nature as a whole, he would have learned, if not the value of minute criticism, the danger of an illustration.

The contrary prejudice, that criticism is a sort of inspired gift, granted but to a chosen few, is a superstition hurtful to the progress of sound scholarship. Doubtless this, like every branch of science, is advanced by a share in that *mens divini* which is quick to perceive remote analogies, to bring into contact the scattered elements whose combination flashes forth light, and to justify theories by the manifest fitness of their results. Of this faculty Bentley and Porson possessed, like Newton and Davy, an ample share; but the reconstruction of



of Terence and the settlement of the Iambic Trimeter were no mere happy guesses, any more than the discovery of the law of gravitation and the invention of the safety lamp. The witness borne to a work of genius by the instantaneous assent that it commands is often confounded with its instantaneous production. The inspirations of scientific truth visit only minds which are so familiar with the elements of knowledge as to be ever ready for the one decisive impulse that gives their final shape. When the limpid fluid that fills a glass is seen to flash into perfect crystals at a single shake, it seems to the ignorant the work of magic; but the fluid was first saturated with the substance, and had subsided by long rest to that precise temperature and condition at which but a touch was needed to call forth the forms of beauty.

Turning from the necessity of criticism to its methods, we again encounter two opposite errors. While some throw all into confusion by an unbridled license of conjecture, others are content with collecting a rude mass of various readings and undigested comments, which only create perplexity and disgust. But the antidote to the latter mistake has been found in the application of the rule, *'testimonia ponderanda sunt, non numeranda.'* It is apparent, from the very nature of the case, that of the immense number of the ancient MSS., most have been copied from a few archetypes, with new errors continually added to the old ones, so that the mere accumulation of readings was simply the multiplication of false witnesses. How few are the various readings that really deserve the name may be seen from a close examination of the ancient commentaries of Aristarchus and others on the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Patient investigation has not only confirmed this, but has enabled us to classify the MSS. into families, or, as they are called, recensions, to select the few which approach to the character of archetypal codices, and even to indulge the hope of finding some one ancient copy of at least some authors to which we may trace the origin of all the rest. Thus Cobet expresses the firm conviction that all the extant plays of Æschylus and Sophocles have come down to us through the single copy which is now preserved in the Laurentian library, beautifully written on parchment in about the 10th century, and that all the other MSS. in existence have been derived from this one codex. If this be true, what becomes of the mass of various readings which editors have collected, or of that 'singular agreement of the MSS.' which they are wont to regard as decisive evidence for any reading? In these researches, religion has been the guide of scholarship; for

for it is the free but reverent criticism of the text of the Greek Testament that has led to the most thorough investigation of the authority of codices, and the canons of Griesbach are still the only systematic expression of the laws of textual criticism. And in this field England has a Tregelles to rival a Tischendorf.

But the furthest results to which the collation of codices can be carried must still leave ample room for emendation; and it is in vain for those who are disgusted at the wanton license of conjecture to fall back upon the doctrine, that no alteration must be made without the sanction of MS. authority. Besides requiring what we have shown to be an impossibility, this doctrine leads to an interpretation as reckless as the criticism which it scorns. Let the right be granted to a modern scholar to attempt that which in ancient times—

‘Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ,’

to make a great writer utter *moderately good* sense; how is even this precious result to be obtained? By dealing with the thoughts of the writer as recklessly as the critic is said to tamper with his words—by kind condescension to the ‘brave neglects’ of Homer, and the forgetfulness of Herodotus—by placing senses upon words which they came to bear only centuries later—by inventing rules of syntax and prosody far more arbitrary than any canon of the critics. The result is to pervert grammar and common sense in order that a corrupt text may be left undisturbed, as when the principles of law and justice are wrested to protect the guilty. Such a method may confirm ignorance, but it can never advance sound scholarship.

What we desire to impress upon the new generation, whose tastes and habits of study may still be moulded, and to commend respectfully to those accomplished scholars whose services to criticism would be invaluable, is the simple doctrine that in this, as in every other branch of human knowledge, industry, common sense, and sympathy with human nature, are the conditions of success. Let the bugbears be chased away, that the materials of criticism are ponderous and unmanageable, that its methods are vague and uncertain, that its art is a gift of rare genius; let us give the ancients credit for being men who thought and wrote as men what human intelligence may comprehend; let that intelligence be applied to the habitual converse with them, in their works, which Cicero has described as the perennial source of a pleasure that no changes can take away; and all the clearness of vision, all the purity of taste, all the elevation of soul, which is the fruit of daily and nightly converse with those whose

whose genius is the light of all mankind, will enable us truly to divine their meaning where it is obscure, to restore it where it is corrupt. Criticism, like many a handmaid who has been despised as an humble drudge, will then stand forth in her true office as the torch bearer, without whose light the initiated would sit in darkness.

We have abstained from those details which might have cast upon our pages a repulsive air; but the principles we have maintained may be fortified by some interesting illustrations, at once of the errors that abound in MSS. and of the power of criticism to correct them. Of the manner in which great literary works are corrupted at the very fountain-head, we have in our own tongue the instance of Shakspeare. Far be it from us, however, to rush in upon the dangerous ground of examples borrowed from that battle-field of critics. Enough for our purpose is the one point on which they are all agreed, that there is no such thing as a genuine archetypal Shakspeare. It will be safer to choose illustrations from the old Florentine, whose name has passed into a proverb, but whose works are so little read that we need not fear to come into collision with pet theories about his text. If any one will take the trouble to read that part of the Preface to the edition of Machiavelli published in 1826, in which there is a comparison of the old text, printed from incorrect MSS., with the new as rectified from Machiavelli's autograph, discovered in the Magliabecchian Library, he will be able, even from one or two passages, to estimate the danger to which a book is exposed in the passage from one MS. to another. In the 'Art of War,' the old editions tell us that the 'cavalry, being thrown into disorder by this attack, cannot return into their ranks, which thing the infantry *very seldom* do.' But for *rarissimo* (very seldom) the author's autograph has *rattissimo* (very quickly), which makes all the difference between sense and nonsense. Again, the following weighty and sagacious observation occurs in the 'Reform of Florence:—'Where there is a great equality of citizens, a principedom cannot be set up; and in that city where there is a great inequality of citizens, a Republic cannot be established, but with great difficulty.' The reader will perhaps join us in admiring the profoundness of the observation; but we defy the most intelligent to do so if he leaves out the words which we give in italics; and yet these words appear nowhere, save in the author's own handwriting. We offer these as samples chosen from many others, which are themselves presented by the editor merely as specimens of a much larger class. We will add from our own contemporary literature but one example, in which the source of the blunder is as

obvious as its absurdity. In one of Mr. Roebuck's speeches, the reporter represents him as saying 'It will be said that all these reforms were introduced under the influence of *Prussia*. Pray under what other influence had Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and subsequent liberal measures been passed?' Here one of the old monkish copyists would have been content to leave Prussia its unknown share in English reforms; a conjectural critic might write long notes proposing half a dozen solutions of the difficulty, but common sense, guided by experience, restores the word *pressure*.

It sometimes happens with the ancient authors that one MS., like the Magliabecchian autograph of Machiavelli, has preserved, though not the sense which the other critics have corrupted, the original blunder which they vainly attempt to amend, and from which a critic restores the true reading. Thus the passage in Cicero pro Murena (c. xv. § 32), 'quem (Mithridatem) L. Sulla, maximo, et fortissimo exercitu, pugna *excitatum*, non rudis imperator, . . . cum pace dimisit,' is corrupted by the single word in italics, which is variously given in the books as *exaceraret*, *exacerbaret*, *excitaret*, *exacerbatum*, *excitatum*: but from the nonsense preserved in a single MS., *pugna exstaceret*, Niebuhr brought out the true sense by merely restoring the division of the word, '*pugnax et acer et non rudis imperator.*' In another passage of the same oration (c. viii. § 17) we read in all the editions—'quamquam ego jam putabam, iudices, multis viris fortibus ne ignobilitas objiceretur generis, meo labore esse perfectum: qui non modo Curiis, Catonibus, Pompeiis, antiquis illis, fortissimis viris, novis hominibus, sed his recentibus, Mariis, et Didiiis, et Caliiis commemorandis *jacebant*,'—where the same MS. gives *jacebam* (IACEBAM), which, though making neither sense nor grammar by itself, guided Dr. Badham to the true reading, *id agebam* (IDAGEBAM). Such examples may serve to show that the least *corrected* copies are often nearest to being correct.

We may quote a striking example of the blunders made by the copyists through confounding the forms of letters. Athenæus (xi. p. 500) discoursing upon the word σκύφος (a *cup*), states that 'the Lacedæmonians sent out Dercyllidas to deal with the wily Asiatics, as being a man unencumbered with the old Spartan simplicity, and unlikely to be imposed upon: wherefore the Lacedæmonians called him Σκύφος.' But why the nickname of a *cup*? Was it a symbol of profundity, or was the hard-headed Lacedæmonian expected to perform the feat which an eminent diplomatist is said to have practised on a Russian emissary in the East, and floor the Persians in their cups? A passage of Xenophon (Hellen. iii. 1, § 8) suggested

to Porson the solution of the mystery. That historian tells us that Dercyllidas, a man full of stratagems, was nicknamed *Sisyphus*, the luckless hero who would circumvent Jove himself; and the critic, well knowing how often the copyists confound K and I C by uniting the letters, saw that CKΤΦΟΝ in Athenæus was a corruption of CICTΦΟΝ. Cobet cites another example from Athenæus, in which the monkish copyist, having before him νῆες κῆ (i. e. 25), read the κῆ as the abbreviation with which he was familiar, for κύριε. We happen to be able to match this with a modern case of error from pre-occupation of mind. An editor of a volume of sermons was astounded by a proof from an eminent printing office in Scotland, in which certain sublime statements of Holy Writ were represented as the peculiar teaching of the *Scotch Seceders*. In his perplexity he looked at the copy, and found the well-known abbreviation of SS. for *Scriptures*. In commenting upon so strange a V.R. he deemed it prudent to explain, that he meant a *Various Reading*, not a *Venerable Reformer*.

In confirmation of our previous remarks, we may add that copyists who write what they do not understand, or cannot understand if they would, *must* commit frequent and enormous blunders. Such persons would have more than enough to do in following accurately the simple text before them; but they never could have had a mere text to follow, for the MS. from which they copied must have had its errors and omissions, and the necessary supplements and corrections would be exhibited in the margin, where they would keep company with notes, comments, and conjectures. These would be so effectually confounded by the transition, that in many instances the copyist would treat as a supplement and admit into the text what was only intended as a scholium; while he would treat as a note what his predecessor had supplied at the side of the page when he found he had omitted it in its proper place. This accounts for the many unnecessary explanations occurring in orators who would have been the laughing-stock of their audience if they had offered any thing so absurdly superfluous, and for the many repetitions which disfigure writers usually concise. Not only do we find numberless pieces of information which serve about as much purpose as if a modern writer or orator should speak of New York in *America*, or Malta in the *Mediterranean*, but in some places the information is so placed that we can scarcely conceive how even the dullest transcriber should suppose it was part of the author's sentence. In the oldest and best MS. of 'Æschines,' we find a passage in the oration against Ctesiphon, which may be rendered thus:—'Their most intimate

friends made many embassies to Thebes; as first, *This was a General*, Thrasybulus of Collyta,—Leodamus of Acharnæ, as good a speaker as Demosthenes, and to my mind more agreeable, *this also was a public speaker*, Archedemus called Pelex—a *demagogue*, Aristophon the Azenian, a *public speaker*, Pyrrhandus the Anaphlystian, &c. These supplements have, it is true, long ago disappeared from our editions of this speech, but there are many hundreds still remaining which are scarcely less absurd. Take, for instance, the one in Xenophon's 'Anabasis,' iv. 1, 27, with which Cobet has compared the passage cited above; 'Ἀριστὼννμος Μεθυδριεύς [Ἀρκὰς] καὶ Ἀγασιάς Στυμφάλιος [Ἀρκὰς] —Καλλίμαχος Παρράσιος [Ἀρκὰς καὶ οὗτος]. He proves, by a threefold argument, that these are interpolations, first by the resemblance of Ἀρκὰς καὶ οὗτος in the one place with ῥήτωρ καὶ οὗτος in the other; secondly by the improbability, not to say incredibility, that Xenophon should need to tell his readers that any of those places were in Arcadia; and thirdly by pointing out that the Greek mode of expression would, in such a case, have been different.

The defenders of such blemishes may persuade unripe scholars that this argument is weak and vague, because we have no right to limit a speaker or critic by our notions of what does or does not require explanation; but what can they say when the information is false, or when the additional words, in place of making the argument clearer, confound or contradict it? Can it be Xenophon, for instance, who takes care to inform his readers (Hellen. ii. 2, 13) that Sellasia is 'near the Laconian territory,' when he well knew, and was writing for those who well knew, that it was not near it, but far within it, lying, as Cobet has shown, about 200 stadia from the capital? Or, to borrow a few illustrations from Dr. Badham's Euthydemus, and from his letter to Professor Thompson, could Plato have reasoned as follows (Conv. 180 B.)? 'The gods honour this courage in love generally, but they especially approve and admire and reward when the beloved object is constant to the lover than when the lover is so to the beloved, for the lover is a diviner thing *than the beloved, for he is inspired*, for which reason they honoured Achilles more *than ALCESTIS*,' &c. From which it would follow that the gods admire that least which is most like themselves, and that Alcestis is to be considered as a lover. All this confusion arises from some grammarian thinking to make clearer what was as plain and simple as it could be. 'The gods approve most when the ἐρώμενος is constant to the ἐραστής because it is more divine, wherefore they honoured Achilles the more.' 'I thought,' says Socrates, in the same dia-

logue, 'that I should make a splendid panegyric upon Love, because I supposed that in praising any subject you must tell the truth about it, and pick out the facts that are most in its favour. So I thought I should make a grand performance of it inasmuch as I knew the truth.' Can anything be simpler? But some annotator thought otherwise, and added his explanation; in consequence of which we now read in all MSS. and all editions this elegant and perspicuous sentence, 'inasmuch as I knew the truth of praising anything.' 'It would be a shame,' says Gorgias, in the dialogue which bears his name, 'that I should refuse (to dispute), especially as I myself made the offer—to ask,' adds the text, 'whatever any one pleases.' The explainer no doubt meant to say, *to answer whatever any one pleased to ask*; and no doubt Plato would have written thus if he had thought it necessary to explain himself further.

Sometimes a corrupt reading occasions an explanation or addition; and on the restoration of the true reading the interpolation is at once detected. Thus in the 'Symposium' we have in p. 183, A., εἰ γὰρ ἡ χρήματα βουλόμενος παρά του λαβεῖν, ἡ ἀρχὴν ἄρξαι ἢ τιν' ἄλλην δύναμιν ἐθέλοι ποιεῖν οἵαπερ οἱ ἐραστοί—where the ridiculous addition of ἄλλην δύναμιν is merely due to the corruption of δὴ τινα, which is necessary to ἀρχήν, into ἡ τινα. A more striking example occurs in the 'Laws,' Book iv. p. 710 A. The stranger is asked whether the quality to which he is alluding is Temperance. 'Yes,' says he, 'but that vulgar sort which is not necessarily connected with wisdom,' ἀλλ' ὅπερ εὐθὺς παισὶ καὶ θηρίοις τοῖς μὲν ἀκρατῶς ἔχειν πρὸς τὰς ἡδονὰς ξύμφυτον ἐπανθεῖ, τοῖς δὲ ἐγκρατῶς. No one will attempt to translate such a passage, but it is pretty evident that the gist of it would be to represent this natural self-restraint as *sometimes* producing intemperance and *sometimes* temperance. The reader has only to change τοῖς μὲν into τοῦ μὴ, and he will at once clearly understand the whole sentence, and perceive to what kind of person we are indebted for the appendage τοῖς δὲ ἐγκρατῶς.

Leaving a whole catalogue of other illustrations as inducements for our readers to follow for themselves the line which we recommend, we have now only to indicate the quarters from which the aptest guidance may be obtained.

CHARLES GABRIEL COBET was born at Zwolle, on the Zuyder Zee, in the year 1813. His father, who was land agent and steward to several of the Dutch nobility who possess large estates in the northern provinces of Holland, was descended from one of those numerous emigrants whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove out of France into countries where they could breathe the air of religious freedom. The same act of bigotry to which Germany is indebted for the possession of Buttmann

(*Boutemont*), Savigny, de la Mothe Fouqué, Michelet, and others, which also enriched England with her Laboucheres, Romillys, and Latouches, her Gambiers, Garniers, Chevaliers, &c., filled Holland with men whose names have become illustrious in the liberal arts. Of the professors who have added a lustre of late years to the University of Leyden several are derived from this stock,—the eminent Latinist Peerlkamp (*Perlechamps*), the Orientalist Dozy, and last but not least Cobet. The happy admixture of the phlegmatic Batavian with the vivacious Gaul would seem to offer the very best physical conditions for the making of a consummate scholar; but in the last-named gentleman there is a double proportion of the Gallic element, as his mother was a Frenchwoman, the niece of a General in the French army. He was created an extra Professor of Greek in the University of Leyden in 1846 on account of his great merits, though there was no vacancy at the time.\*

Cobet stands unquestionably at the head of the band of scholars who have revived in the University of Leyden the school of criticism which was founded there by Scaliger, but with the advances which experience has taught them to make upon the methods of former times. To the discursive learning of Bentley, who was chiefly concerned to restore concinnity of phrase, and correctness of statement, and metrical harmony; and to the grammatical accuracy of the school of Porson, Elmsley, and Dobree; the Dutch school add a profound study of the ancient grammarians and of the Byzantine writers, through whose works

\* It may interest our readers to have before them a list of Professor Cobet's works, and the following is, we believe, complete:—

1. '*Prosopographia Xenophontea*.' An undergraduate's prize essay, but showing the future scholar.
2. '*Observationes Criticæ in Platonis Comici Reliquias*' (1840). His thesis for the doctor's degree; which attracted the notice of the German scholars, and among others of old Godfrey Hermann.
3. The Inaugural Discourse upon his appointment as Professor in 1846, which we have referred to more than once in the course of this article.
4. The Scholia on Euripides at the end of Geel's edition of the *Phœnissæ* (1846).
5. The edition of Diogenes Laertius, in Didot's series of Greek authors (about 1847 or 8).
6. An edition of the *Anabasis* of Xenophon (Leyden, 1859).
7. An edition of the *Hellenics* of Xenophon (F. Muller, Amsterdam, 1862).
8. The Fragment of Hyperides' Funeral Oration, with admirably learned and ingenious notes (Leyden, 1858).
9. The Treatise of Philostratus, *περὶ γυμναστικῆς*, and a severe critique on its discoverer, Minoides Menas, which is well deserved (Leyden, 1858).
10. An edition of Lysias, with an excellent preface (Amsterdam, F. Muller, 1863).
11. The *Mnemosyne*: a periodical, which, as it went on for several years, became more and more the work of Cobet, and was written almost entirely by himself. He afterwards published separately his own contributions to the early portions under the title of *Variae Lectiones* and *Novæ Lectiones* (1857 and 1858). But there is as yet no separate publication of the later numbers of the *Mnemosyne*.
12. An edition of the Greek Testament, edited in conjunction with A. Kuenen (1860), with a Preface which will well repay perusal.



they are able to trace the actual steps of corruption in the Greek language. In the latter they detect the forms familiar to the copyists, those very forms of the introduction of which they find the Attic grammarians—Mœris, Ammonius, and Phrynichus—constantly complaining. While thus convinced that the MSS. must not be servilely followed, they rely on the familiarity, which may be acquired by long study, on the one hand with the tricks and peculiarities of copyists, on the other with the pure ancient idioms, to enable us to substitute those idioms for the errors of the copyists. To a superficial observer these critics may seem to disparage and undervalue the authority of manuscripts; but the careful study of what the MSS. really are tends more and more to confirm the judgment of the Dutch school, and to justify their refusal to follow blindly such blind guides.

England still possesses distinguished scholars trained in the school of Porson, Elmsley, and Dobree. Trinity College, Cambridge, continues to be the chief seat of sound criticism. Its new Master, PROFESSOR THOMPSON, has few equals and certainly no superior in Europe in Greek scholarship; to one of its former Fellows, CANON BLAKESLEY, we owe an edition of Herodotus, which is full of original criticism most successfully applied to many of the innumerable questions in history, topography, mythology and genealogy, which that author presents; two of its present Fellows, MR. COPE and MR. CLARK, the Public Orator, have gained honourable distinction by their critical labours, and from the latter we are anxiously expecting the long-promised edition of Aristophanes: while from the same College has come MR. MUNRO'S edition of 'Lucretius,' which is the most valuable contribution made to Latin scholarship for many years past. But it were vain to deny that, amidst the attention devoted to other branches of classical learning, the art of criticism needs that new impulse which, after the lapse of centuries, is once more offered to us by the example of Leyden. And therefore it is that we desire to welcome the efforts of an English scholar who has made this field of study peculiarly his own. We do not assign to DR. CHARLES BADHAM the invidious distinction of standing alone in his devotion to the traditions of our older scholarship, like a literary Abdiel—

'faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he;'

but, at all events, he is the special exponent among us of the views of the Dutch school, with whose leaders he is personally familiar, and whose principles he has thoroughly mastered. He is well known to the best scholars at home and abroad by his critical editions of the Iphigenia in Tauris, the Helena and

the *Ion* of Euripides, and of the *Phædrus* and *Philebus* of Plato; which contain many felicitous emendations, marked by sagacity and critical insight worthy of a Porson or an Elmsley. Having lately received from the University of Leyden the honorary degree of Doctor Litterarum, as the recognition of the merits with which the chiefs of the University were personally conversant, he has acknowledged the honour by an essay in the art of emendation, worthy of the school of criticism to which he has been affiliated. His choice has fallen upon the *Euthydemus* of Plato, to which the *Laches* is appended to fill up the just measure of the volume. How well he has exemplified the principles he has adopted, will be confessed by every classical scholar who will make a minute examination of his text. But the portion of the volume which will prove most generally interesting is the prefatory ‘*Epistola ad Senatum Lugdunensem Batavorum*,’ in which Dr. Badham gives specimens of emendations over a wide range of authors, including *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*, *Thucydides*, *Plato*, and *Plutarch*. Among the works passed under review in the Letter to the University of Leyden, the *Laws* of Plato were but scantily quoted, and no wonder; for, like all preceding scholars, Dr. Badham had judged that the extent of the corruption was such as in most cases to baffle all attempts at emendation; but on a closer inspection, and reasoning from analogy, of a few passages which he thought he could correct with certainty, he saw reasons for changing his mind and renewing his endeavours. To account for the well-known difficulties in settling the text of this Treatise, Dr. Badham contends that no other work within the compass of Greek literature has suffered to so great an extent from two of the commonest forms of corruption, the additions made by ignorant correctors, and the mistakes in the endings of words. The reason of this he finds in the probability, of which renewed examination has convinced him, that all the existing copies of Plato’s work which contain this Treatise are derived from one MS., in which the final syllables were compendia; and the ignorant copyists accommodated the cases and other terminations to those of the nearest words, without studying the true syntax; thus giving us innumerable corruptions of such a form as ἐφ’ ἵππων ὀχουμένων for ἐφ’ ἵππων ὀχούμενα. Guided by these principles, Dr. Badham has come to the conclusion that many of the cases that seemed hopeless are not beyond the art of the critical physician. He has published the result of his experiments in a letter addressed to Professor Thompson, on whose elevation to the Mastership of Trinity he passes a well-deserved encomium.

‘Libentissime sane ex hoc exemplo didici non omnes honores in verbosissimum et inanissimum quemque conferri, sed valere etiamnum apud

apud civitatis principes honeste partam doctrinæ virtutisque famam. Tibi vero quis non ex animo gratuletur, qui te semper strenuum amicum atque adiutorem omnibus præbueris, quorum studia et conatus probares ?

It remains to cull a few emendations, out of the hundreds which crowd the pages of both letters, as samples of Dr. Badham's critical performances, and of the principles which guide him.

In the beautiful Chorus of the *Trachinæ* (vv. 497-530), describing the contest between Hercules and the river Acheloüs for the hand of Dejanira, Sophocles, seeing the objection to the description being put into the mouths of the virgins who could not have seen the fight, throws in at the end the phrase which is commonly read ἐγὼ δὲ μάτηρ μὲν οἶα φράζω, and which the commentators explain on the principle of making some sense out of anything,—‘Ego autem velut mater (i.e. verecundanter) loquor,’ or else, ‘I relate it as the mother (did).’ But, by the insertion of a single letter, Dr. Badham reads, Ἐγὼ δὲ μάτηρ μὲν οἶα φράζω, for, as we read in the ensuing words, Dejanira left the side of her mother, who remained the only close spectator of the combat.

We have not space to show how sense is restored to a beautiful passage of the *Ædipus at Colonus* (1119-20) by the correction of τὸ ΔΙΠΑΡΕC to ΤΑ΄ΔΕΙ ΠΑΡΟC, but it is worth while to quote in Dr. Badham's own words an example from the same play, in which the principles of metre and sense guide to a correction:—

‘1164-5. σοὶ φασὶν αὐτὸν εἰς λόγους ἐλθεῖν μολόντ’  
αἰεῖν, ἀπελθεῖν τ’ ἀσφαλῶς τῆς δεῦρ’ ὁδοῦ.

Non nego fieri posse ut Sophocles si verbum magna vi præditum aliter commodè inserere non posset trisyllabicam vocem in fine versus truncatam positurus fuerit. Sed μολόντα non modo vi caret, sed vel ad explendum metrum vix admitti deberet. Non enim hic de loco unde venerit Polynices nec de itinere agitur, sed tantummodo de rebus quas sibi concedi precatur. Mihi persuasum (est) μολόντα locum vocabuli occupare quod magnopere sensum adjuvaret, scilicet μόνον, ejus prius et postquam ut toties factum est cum λ confusum est, scriba masculinum postulari ratus τ adjecit.’

The metrical argument suggests to the author a converse emendation on Catullus:—

‘Eandem quam Sophocli extorquere conor licentiam alii poetæ concedendam puto ut sensum versui reddamus. In Catulli Coma Berenices, vv. 78-9,

Quicum ego, quum virgo quondam fuit, omnibus expers  
Unguentis una millia multa bibi.

Pro *expers* legendum *aspers*. Literas A et X a librariis sæpe confundi docuit Magnus Gronovius in Observationibus ad Livium.

Euripides

Euripides supplies two interesting examples of palæographic corrections. Medea having appealed to Ægeus (v. 744),

Ὅμνυ πέδον Γῆς πατέρα θ' Ἥλιον πατρός  
τοῦμοῦ θεῶν τε συντιθείς ἅπαν γένος.

Ægeus makes the fit response (v. 750),—

Ὅμνυμι Γαίας δάπεδον, Ἥλιου τε φῶς.

But the copyist, misreading ΔΑΠΕΔΟΝ as ΛΑΜΠΙΠΟΝ, attached this word to the second clause, and then, to set the grammar straight, *Γαίας* was changed to *Γαίαν*.

We are reminded of Porson's saying that in criticism, as in Love and War, nothing however slight must be overlooked, by the correction of another passage in the same play, which has hitherto been the *cruz* of all Editors: (909-910)—εἰκὸς γὰρ ὄργας θῆλυ ποιεῖσθαι γένος Γάμους παρεμπολῶντος ἀλλοίους πόσει. All the ingenious and unsatisfactory notes on this unheard of construction might have been spared if scholars had only observed that the Vatican MS. has γάμου. Following this indication our Corrector borrows a σ from ἀλλοίους which does not want it, and restores it to the unjustly despoiled πόσει. This brings out the true force of the word παρεμπολῶν: *When a strange union beguiles and conveys away their husbands.*

A striking instance of mistaking abbreviations is found in the *Hecuba* (vv. 846-7), where the common text has,—

Δεινὸν γε, θνητοῖς ὥς ἅπαντα συμπίπτει  
καὶ τὰς ἀνάγκας οἱ νόμοι διώρισαν,  
φίλους τιθέντες τοὺς τε πολεμωτάτους,  
ἐχθροὺς τε τοὺς μὲν πρὶν εὐμανεῖς ποιούμενοι.

Strange and inconsistent results, indeed, for *laws* to work out. But in truth *Hecuba* is speaking of the power and inscrutable providence of the *gods*; and the copyist, not understanding the abbreviation ΘΟΙ ΜΟΝΟΙ, altered it by the common error, *notum pro ignoto*, into ΟΙ ΝΟΜΟΙ.

Aristophanes supplies our author with, as he says, one *ερμαιον*, which he thinks will please all 'qui iudicium auctoritati anteponendum putant.' Having quoted an example of the reverence of the editors for the MSS. in their rejection of the reading of Diogenes Laërtius, οἴνου τ' ἀπέχει κάδῃ φαγίας for οἴνου τ' ἀπέχει καὶ γυμνασίων, he gives the following as a proof not merely of errors of MSS., but of the *mala fides* of scribes in the same play of the *Clouds*:—

'Vv. 376-8: Ὅταν ἐμπλησθῶς ὕδατος πολλοῦ ἀναγκασθῶσι φέρεσθαι, κατακρημνάνεμαι πλήρεις ὄμβρου δι' ἀνάγκην, εἴτα βαρεῖαι εἰς ἀλλήλας ἐμπίπτουσιν ῥήγνυνται καὶ πατάγουσιν.

This is that 'consistent reading of all the MSS.,' on which editors would rely less if they remembered that it may represent but one original copy of little value; and, besides the awkward construction of the *εἶτα*, it gives us the admirable sense that the clouds are *compelled through compulsion!* But the reference to this *very passage*, which Socrates immediately afterwards dips into the forgetful ears of Strepsiades, might have made the editors suspect their own slowness also—

Vv. 383-4: Οὐκ ἤκουσάς μου τὰς Νεφέλας ὕδατος μεστὰς ὅτι φημὶ ἐμπυπτούσας εἰς ἀλλήλας παταγεῖν διὰ τὴν πυκνότητά ;  
whence we correct v. 378, διὰ τὴν πυκνότητά βαρεῖαι.

These specimens may serve to indicate the kind of matter that awaits the reader who is disposed to break the bulk of which they are but samples. They form but an introduction to the mass of emendations on Plato, of which we have space left for only some two or three. In the *Cratylus* (p. 424, D), καὶ ἐπειδὴν ταῦτα διελώμεθα τὰ ὄντα εὖ πάντα, αὖθις δεῖ τὰ ὀνόματα ἐπιθεῖναι (Orelli), Sauppe saw that οἷς was necessary to the sense, but he did not perceive that the useless ΑΘΙC was made up of ΑΟΙC, the final letter of πάντα with the very word wanting. Dr. Badham reads, τὰ ὄντα αὖ πάντα οἷς δεῖ κ.τ.λ. The same dialogue obtains the ending which it evidently wants, by the equally simple and ingenious correction of the one final word, changing Ἀλλὰ καὶ σὺ πειρῶ ἔτι ἐννοεῖν ταῦτα ἥδη into ἧ δὲ ἔχει.

As our object has been to awaken attention to the revival of criticism among us, we have preferred selecting a few striking specimens of the success of the method to criticising the critic; but lest any young scholar should imagine that criticism is a safe trade, requiring no prudence, we will mention two or three cases in which, as it seems to us, even Dr. Badham falls into error.

In p. xv. of his *Epistola ad Senatum Lugd.*, among other examples of words suffering from the omission of a syllable in their midst, Dr. Badham gives from Plato's *Banquet* (p. 215 D) ἐκπεπληγμένοι ἔσμεν, which he considers faulty on account of its connexion with κατεχόμεθα. But the perfect here is from its nature equivalent to a present (for the man δὲ ἐκπέπληκται remains ἐκπεπληγμένος, the permanent state following and presupposing the particular fact), and the correction of ἔσταμεν is altogether unnecessary. We are the more surprised at his not having perceived this, because we have in this same dialogue, and but a page or two from this very passage, ἐκπεπλήχθαι, and exactly in the same sense. There is nothing absolutely faulty in this correction; but the alteration on p. vii. of a manifestly

corrupt line in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus (620), ἐς τὸν πολλὸν φίλοις καρποῦσθαι χρόνον, into ὥστ' οὐ π. occasions what appears to us an intolerable construction—'I would not utter tidings, false and fair, For friends to cherish with a fleeting joy.' The sense of the latter verse might be expressed either by φίλοις καρποῦσθαι or ὥστε φίλους καρποῦσθαι, but a mixture of the two constructions is inadmissible. We have also some doubt about the necessity of making any change in the passage from the 'Sophist,' 242, C. (*Epistola ad L.*, p. xxxiii.)—εὐκόλως μοι δοκεῖ Παρμενίδης ἡμῖν διειλέχθαι—which we should render, 'It seems to me that Parmenides has conversed with us in an off-hand manner'—i. e., as if he did not care whether we understood him or not. A passage in the 'Laws,' 752 C., is exactly similar to the one in question—ὡς εὐκόλως καὶ ἀφόβως ἀπείροις ἀνδράσι νομοθετοῦμεν—'How unconcernedly and coolly we legislate,' &c.

We could point out other instances where we are inclined more or less to demur either to the necessity of an alteration or to the propriety of the one adopted, both in Dr. Badham and in Professor Cobet; but it will be enough to observe that no works require to be read so critically as those of the critics themselves.

The two Epistles upon which we have been commenting fully sustain the reputation which Dr. Badham enjoys on the Continent of being the first living scholar in England. This being so, is it not surprising that a man who can do so much for the advancement of Greek learning, and who can impart instruction to our ripest scholars, should be prevented from affording to literature a tithe of the service which he is capable of rendering, because his time is absorbed in a routine of daily drudgery? There is something very touching in the graceful humour with which Dr. Badham (in the Epistle lately cited) veils his deep feeling as to his present position, leaving it to his friends at Leyden to understand, if they think fit, that all posts of learned leisure or more dignified employment had been *a dignioribus occupati*! We, however, well knowing that such is not the case, cannot help deploring that in a land like ours, amply provided with such posts, and wont to confer them with no grudging hand on scholarly distinction, Dr. Badham, notwithstanding all his critical labours, should continue to fill no higher office than that of head master of a proprietary school at Birmingham, over which dreary place he contrives to throw a classic interest: 'Memineritis me quam longissime a Musis in *Chalybum terram* relegatum vivere.' We would follow up the allusion with the hope that in this iron age of material work, his skilful labours in what is at present the least popular branch of learning may herald an age of English scholarship, which shall have nothing of Birmingham

ham but its energetic industry, and nothing of its iron but its fibre and toughness, qualities which sound criticism alone can give; and to this hope we would fain add a second, that he himself may not want the reward due to the leader in such a regeneration.

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ART. III.—1. *Insect Architecture, &c.* By James Rennie, A.M. London, 1857.

2. *Homes without Hands, being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction.* By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S. With New Designs by W. F. Keyl and E. Smith. London, 1865.

AMONGST the various races of mankind the degree of civilisation to which any particular nation may have attained is, in a great measure, evidenced by its proficiency in the art of building. Rude savages content themselves with mere holes scooped in the ground, or with a few branches temporarily erected for the purpose of keeping off the wind and the cold,—a contrast, indeed, to the convenient mansions and noble castles of a civilised nation. But with the brute creation we often find, the lower the organism, the more marvellous the structure of the dwelling-place. The larger animals, for the most part, do not construct abodes; the lion and other wild carnivora make use of caverns and hiding-places, but show no signs of skill either in improving these natural haunts, or in building for themselves; so with the sagacious elephant and other pachydermata, we meet with no instances of architecture amongst them. Birds, however, are pre-eminently builders, and their nests are often very elaborate structures. Certain insects, as bees, wasps, and ants, surpass the birds in their architectural designs and operations; even very low down the scale of creation we meet with extraordinary instances of architecture, one kind of little *rotifer*, for instance, almost rivalling in its building instinct the beaver and the bee.

Various and numerous are the builders, of such diverse habits of life and architectural tastes, furnished with building implements of so many different forms; some framing structures for themselves; others appropriating the deserted abodes of other animals, or forcibly ejecting the rightful occupant; some burrowing in the ground, others in stone, others in wood; others mining tunnels in the leaves, stems, fruit, roots, &c., of various plants, to the utter destruction, in many cases, of the prospects of the agriculturist; others, again, taking up their abodes in

the furniture of our houses, or making their tents amongst our wearing apparel, or perforating our books, or scooping out places of lodgment in our Natural History collections; some, again, making the living bodies of animals both their food and habitations; others occupying the lofty boughs of trees, or making their habitations under the eaves of our houses; others constructing homes in the mud-banks of our rivers, or in the sand of the sea-shore. Then, again, as to the buildings themselves, some are of extreme simplicity, others rival in their completeness the works of the human architect; some are simply for places of concealment from enemies, and some for the nurseries of the young; others for keeping out the cold, others for temporary abodes in which the inmates may complete their metamorphoses, others for play-grounds or toy-houses—as, for instance, the Bower-birds of Australia; others for traps to catch prey. Various, also, are the tools or building instruments used by animal architects: some employing their beaks, some their feet, some their jaws; the small rotifer, referred to above, fabricating its bricks of clay within its own body.

The materials used in animal habitations are of all possible kinds. Some creatures build their homes of paper, others of wax, others of moss, sticks, straw, or feathers; others of mud. Some line the cavities they have excavated in wood with pieces of rose leaves; others spin a web around leaves of different kinds, and conceal themselves within them as in tents; others prefer to make use of the deserted houses of various molluscs, and encase themselves snugly within; some form balls of dung in which the young are developed; some clothe themselves, like Hercules, with the skins of their victims and lie in ambush for their prey.

The simplest form of animal habitation is a burrow, whether in the ground, stone, wood, or other substance. Many animals adopt this form of habitation both amongst mammalia, birds, a few reptiles, some crustacea, molluscs, spiders, and insects. All vertebrate burrowing animals excavate their homes out of earth, the invertebrate out of earth, wood, or stone.

Of this form of habitation amongst the mammalia, the most common instances are those of the rabbit, fox, badger, mole, &c., of our own country; while numerous interesting examples of this kind of home occur in other lands, as in that of the prairie dog, chipping squirrel, pouched rat, &c., of North America; the mole-rat of Asia, the sand-mole and the strange-looking aard-vark of South Africa, and the armadilloes of South America. An earth-burrow may be a simple tunnel, with the nest at the extreme end of it—as in that made by the rabbit, when about to produce



produce her young—or it may consist of several passages forming a complex abode, as in the fortress of the mole. Of this very common creature Mr. Wood, who has carefully studied its habits, gives us several interesting particulars, some of which we shall transcribe :—

‘This extraordinary animal does not merely dig tunnels in the ground, and sit at the end of them, but forms a complicated subterranean dwelling-place, with chambers, passages, and other arrangements of wonderful completeness. It has regular roads leading to its feeding-grounds; establishes a system of communication as elaborate as that of a modern railway, or to be more correct, as that of the subterranean network of metropolitan sewers; and is an animal of varied accomplishments. It can run tolerably fast; it can fight like a bulldog; it can capture prey under or above ground; it can swim fearlessly; it can sink wells for the purpose of quenching its thirst.’

Mr. Wood considers the mole to be by far the fiercest and most active mammal within the British Isles. ‘Indeed so remarkable,’ he says, ‘is it for both these qualities that I doubt whether the great feræ of tropical climates can equal it either in ferocity, activity, or voracity. The mole’s appetite is enormous, and it is hardly possible to conceive and quite impossible to describe the fury with which it eats. It hunches its back in a most curious manner, retracts the head between the shoulders, and uses its fore-paws to assist it in pushing the worm into its jaws.’ The mole, however, does not enjoy the exclusive peculiarity of this habit of dining; the carnivorous chelodines of America eat ‘exactly after the same fashion employed by the mole, seizing their food in their jaws, and tearing it to pieces by the aid of the armed fore-paws, one foot being applied at each side of the mouth, so as to push food forwards while the head draws it back.’ ‘From seeing the animal eat, I can readily conceive,’ our author adds, ‘the fury with which it must be animated when it fights, and can perfectly appreciate the truth of the assertion that it has been observed to fling itself upon a small bird, to tear its body open, and to devour it while still palpitating with life.’ The mole is certainly an animal of very varied accomplishments; but our subject has less to do with animals than with their habitations; so let us glance at that of the mole. The author to whom we are principally indebted for our knowledge of the structure of the mole’s domicile is Henri le Court, who, about the time of the French revolution, spent the latter portion of his life in studying the habits of this creature.

‘We all know,’ writes Mr. Wood, ‘that the mole burrows under the ground, and that it raises those little hillocks with which we are so familiar; but we do not generally know the extent

extent or variety of its tunnels, or that the animal works upon a regular system, and does not burrow here and there at random. How it manages to form its burrows in such admirably straight lines is not an easy problem, because it is always in black darkness, and we know of nothing which can act as a guide to the animal.'

The ordinary molehills with which everyone is so familiar are nothing more than the materials which the creature throws out from its burrow; and, 'if they be carefully opened after the rain has consolidated the heap of loose material, nothing more will be discovered than a simple hole leading into the tunnel. But let us strike into one of the larger tunnels, as any mole-catcher will teach us, and follow it up until we come to the real abode of the animal.'

The mole's encampment or fortress, in which it resides from the autumn to the spring, is a very complex structure; it must be stated that this domicile is totally distinct from the nest in which it brings forth its young, and is separated often at some distance from it. The fortress is formed under a large hillock of considerable size, but 'not very conspicuous, because it is always placed under the shelter of a tree, a shrub, or a suitable bank, and would not be discovered but by a practised eye. The subterranean abode within the hillock is so remarkable that it involuntarily reminds the observer of the well-known maze with which the earliest years of youth have been puzzled throughout many successive generations.' It is not easy to give a recognisable description of the mole's encampment without an illustration; there is a central apartment, or keep, forming a nearly spherical chamber, situated at the bottom of the mound; this is the only room which the structure contains, all other portions of the domicile consisting of passages of peculiar form. Around this chamber are driven two circular galleries, 'one just level with the ceiling, and the other at some height above.' These two galleries are of unequal diameter, the upper one nearer to the apex of the mound being the smaller; they are connected together by five nearly equidistant passages, 'but the only entrance into the keep is from the upper gallery, out of which three passages lead into the ceiling of the keep;' so that the mole, before he can gain admittance into his parlour downstairs, when once he is in the lower gallery, has to ascend to the garrets, from which he must again descend one of the three passages which, as already said, lead to the keep. Besides the passages we have mentioned there are eight or nine others, the orifices of which, with a view to make the roads as complicated as possible, are never formed opposite to those which connect the lower with the

the upper gallery. We have said that the mole cannot get into his parlour from the lower gallery without climbing into the upper one. We must not forget, however, to mention that there is a passage which is situated at the bottom of his parlour leading to the main road :—

‘This high road,’ to quote the words of Professor Bell, ‘differs essentially from all the other routes and excavations, both in its construction and use. It extends from the fortress to the extremity of the domain in nearly a direct line, forming, in fact, the main route of communication between the fortress and the different parts of the encampment; and the alleys which lead to the hunting-ground, or quarries, open into it on each side. Its circumference is larger than the body of the mole, though not large enough to admit of two individuals passing each other. The walls are beaten by the frequent pressure of the animals’ sides against them until they become very smooth and compact. . . . In some instances the same mole forms a second and a third road; but this is generally done in order to extend its operations to a new and a more productive district. In other cases many moles are known to employ one road, though they never intrude upon each other’s hunting-ground. In this case, should two of them meet, one must retreat into the nearest alley, or a battle ensues, which proves fatal to the weaker of the combatants.’

It is in these high roads that the mole-catchers set their traps; for the animals are constantly traversing them, as by these means alone they are able to visit their different hunting-grounds. Mr. Wood considers the use of so complicated a series of cells and passages to be extremely doubtful. The only object, he says, that can at present be surmised is that the rightful owner may rest safely in his middle chamber, and that in case of alarm, he might escape through either of the many passages which surround his home. But surely this ‘only object’ is an obvious and satisfactory explanation, as the excellent living naturalist, whose words we have quoted above, observes: — ‘Nothing can be imagined more admirably calculated to ensure the security or the retreat of the inhabitant than such an arrangement of internal routes of communication as this. The chamber communicating beneath directly with the road, and above with the upper gallery,—this with the lower of five passages, and the latter again with the road, by no less than nine,—exhibit altogether a complication of architecture which may rival the more celebrated erections of the beaver.’ We want information with regard to whether it is the male alone that constructs the fortress, or whether he is aided in his excavations by his faithful partner. Is not the latter allowed admittance, and a winter abode in the same apartment, or where does she spend the inclement season?

The nest of the mole is never placed in one of the keeps; it is formed by excavating and enlarging the point of intersection of several passages, and is made of grass, leaves, &c.; the young are produced in the spring.

Doomed to hard labour more than any other member of the mammalian mining classes, the mole has accordingly been provided with every requisite for this purpose. Its cylindrical-shaped body, its soft and silky fur, each hair of which being inserted in the skin at right angles to the surface enables it to move backwards and forwards with ease, the amazing strength and the structure of its fore arms and hands, the latter combining, in mechanical efficiency, the united office of the spade and pitchfork, the elongated cranium, the peculiar bone for the support of the pointed muzzle,—a living auger,—the extraordinary muscular development of the neck, strengthened by another peculiar bone in the cervical ligament, the outward direction of the palms of the wide hands,—all these are points in the organisation of the mole which render it admirably fitted for the work it has to perform.

‘Had this creature,’ Mr. Wood well observes, ‘been a rare and costly inhabitant of the tropics, how deep would have been the interest which it would have excited. How the scientific world would have crowded to see the marvellous structure of a skeleton wherein are several accessory bones, and which exhibit peculiarities hitherto found only in fossil remains! How great would have been the admiration evoked by its soft, velvet-like fur; its tiny eyes deeply hidden in the fur, so as to be sheltered from the earth through which the animal is continually making its way; the strange mixture of strength and softness in the palms of its fore feet, and the elastic springiness of its nose. But because it is a native of our own country, and to be found in every field, there are but few who care to examine a creature so common, or who experience any feelings save those of contempt or disgust, when they see a mole making its way over the ground in search of a soft spot in which to burrow, or pass by the place where the mole-catcher has strung up his victims on the trees, as Louis XI. was accustomed to suspend the bodies of those who had committed the crime of trespassing on the royal domains.’

Closely allied in outward form and habits to the mole are the shrews, so common in every field and lane; they are burrowing animals, but not such efficient miners as the first-named creature. So extremely flexible are the noses of some of these little *soricidæ* that they sometimes serve the purpose of the elephant’s proboscis! Mr. Peale mentions that a shrew mole in his possession was able to bend the snout to such an extent as to force food into its mouth!

Weasels and otters are believed by many people to be burrowing animals,

animals, but there is much reason to think that this is not the case, and that these tenants of subterranean abodes have taken advantage of some ready-made cavity.

Opposite page 22 in Mr. Wood's work is a spirited drawing of a prairie dog 'town,' the name given by hunters to the localities frequented by the very interesting little animal, the wishtonwish (*Spermophilus Ludovicianus*), of the banks of the Missouri and its tributaries. In spite of the name the animal is no dog, but a rodent, related to the European marmot. These prairie dog villages vary considerably in extent; some occupy an area of a few miles only, others cover a large tract of country; they consist of numerous small mounds varying in size, some reaching a height of sixteen inches, others barely rising above the surface of the ground. The form is that of a truncated cone, the base being about two or three feet in circumference.

According to Mr. Say, the entrance to the burrow is either at the summit or at the side of the mound; the hole at first descends vertically to the depth of one or two feet, whence it continues downward in an oblique direction. Many individuals occupy one burrow, and may be seen sporting about the mounds; now diving into the holes, but quickly popping their heads out again. Not unfrequently very undesirable acquaintances enter the home of the little wishtonwish, in the shape of rattlesnakes and owls, who resort thither both for the sake of comfortable shelter, and of making a meal on the junior members of the prairie dog's family. But 'in spite of the formidable foes by which it is attacked, and which take up their residence in the very centre of its habitations, the prairie dog is an exceedingly prolific animal, multiplying rapidly, and extending its excavations to vast distances. Indeed, when once the prairie dogs settle themselves in a convenient spot, their increase seems to have no bounds, and the little heaps of earth which stand near the mouth of their burrows extend nearly as far as the eye can reach.' During the winter these animals keep within their homes in a semi-dormant condition; the entrances to the burrows are closed up, and each individual forms a compact ball of dry grass with a small aperture at the top, in the centre of which he sleeps warmly and securely.

We must not linger too long over the many interesting instances of burrowing mammalia; but there is one strange looking creature of the mouse tribe which excites so much curiosity by the 'questionable shape' of its head, that we must not pass it over without a brief notice; we allude to the gopher or pouched rat of Canada (*Pseudostoma bursarius*). In the general form of its body it partly resembles a rat, and partly

a mole; but its chief peculiarity lies in the possession of a pair of large oval-shaped pockets or pouches, one on each side of the creature's cheek, which, when distended with food, present a most extraordinary appearance. These pockets open internally into the mouth, one on either side of the cheek; they seem to serve the purposes of a portable larder, the food being stuffed into these natural sandwich-boxes and consumed at the pleasure of the animal. At one time it was supposed that these pouches were used for the purpose of conveying away from the burrow the excavated soil, as they were frequently found filled with earth; but this was done by the natives who had killed specimens, for the sake of preventing the collapse of the pockets. 'Like the mole, the gopher throws up little hillocks at regular intervals, sometimes twenty or thirty feet apart, and sometimes crowded closely together. The nest of the gopher is made in a burrow constructed expressly for the purpose, and is placed in a small globular chamber about eight inches in diameter. The bed on which the mother and her young repose is made of dried herbage and fur plucked from the body. This chamber is the point from which a great number of passages radiate, and from these other tunnels are driven. These radiating burrows evidently serve two purposes, enabling the animal to escape in any direction when alarmed, and serving to conduct it to its feeding-grounds.' These creatures are said to do much mischief in gardens to which they frequently gain admission, by eating off the roots of the plants which grow there. As it is almost a foot in length, and has very large sharp projecting incisor teeth, the gopher is eminently fitted to cause great devastation in cultivated grounds. The strange-looking edentate animal of South America, called the Pichiago (*Chlamyphorus truncatus*), is admirably adapted for scooping its long galleries in the soil; this creature is furnished along the whole length of a large portion of its body with a curious cuirass or coat of mail, which protects the head and back, and when it reaches the tail it turns abruptly downwards, 'as if on hinges, and forms a kind of flap over the hind quarters, which are short and square;' hence the specific name of *truncatus*.

The pichiago is rather a rare animal, being confined to the districts about Mendoza, on the east of the Cordilleras. The coat of mail is 'as flexible as the chain or scale armour of the olden times, and accommodates itself to every movement of the animal.' An examination of the skeleton of the pichiago will convince any one of the animal's efficiency as a miner; its pointed muzzle and strong bones of the head, its short arms, provided with broad palm-shaped feet, furnished with five long,

sharp, and strong claws, worked by powerful muscles, recall the similar structure of these parts in the mole.

We must not take up further space by enumerating the burrowing powers of other edentata, such as the great armadillo, the manis, and other scaly-clad animals of North-America and India; but will conclude this short sketch of burrowing mammalia with a notice of another edentate animal, the aard-vark of South Africa. Mr. Wood gives us the following succinct account:—

‘The curious aard-vark of Southern Africa (*Orycteropus Capensis*) resides for the most part in great holes which it scoops in the ground. The name aard-vark is Dutch, signifying earth-hog, and is given to the animal on account of its extraordinary powers of excavation, and the swine-like contour of its head. The claws with which this animal works are enormous, as indeed is needful for the task which they are intended to perform. They are by no means intended merely to excavate burrows in soft or sandy soil, though they are frequently employed for that purpose; but they are designed for labours far more arduous. By means of these implements the aard-vark tears to pieces the enormous ant-hills which stud the plains of Southern Africa—edifices so strongly made as to resemble stone rather than mud, and capable of bearing the weight of many men on their summits. These marvellous dwellings are absolutely swarming with inmates; and it is for the purpose of feeding upon the tiny builders that the aard-vark plies its destructive labours. Towards evening the aard-vark issues from the burrow wherein it has lain asleep during the day, proceeds to the plains, and searches for an ant-hill in full operation. With its powerful claws it tears a hole in the side of the hill, breaking up the stony walls with perfect ease, and scattering dismay among the inmates. As the ants run hither and thither in consternation, their dwelling falling like a city shaken by an earthquake, the author of all this misery flings its slimy tongue among them, and sweeps them into its mouth by hundreds. . . . Thus the aard-vark tears to pieces many a goodly edifice, and depopulates many a swarming colony, leaving a mere shell of irregular stony wall in the place of the complicated and marvellous structure which had sheltered so vast a population.’

Passing on now from burrowing mammalia, we come to burrowing birds; and these may be divided into those that excavate their own homes in earth or wood, and those which generally appropriate already-made hollows or tunnels, accommodating them to their respective habits. Of the true miners may be enumerated the sand-martin, the puffin, the wood-peckers, and the stormy-petrel of our own country. We shall restrict our notices to this latter division.

Amongst the swallow tribe we have an exceedingly interesting

example in the pretty little sand-martin (*Cotyle riparia*), one of our earliest spring visitors, whose circular excavations are familiar to every one. In the cases of architecture hitherto noticed we have seen how obviously suited to these purposes are the implements of the animals employed. The strong palmated feet of the mole, with their five sharp-pronged nails, bespeak the animal's occupation at a glance; but this palpable adaptability of the instrument to the work which it performs is far from being always recognisable in several animals.

Among birds, the little sand-martin, with its slender feet and minute bill, seems at first sight but ill-fitted for engineering operations. 'Few would suppose,' as Mr. Wood remarks, 'after contemplating its tiny bill, that it was capable of boring tunnels into tolerably hard sandstone. Such, however, is the case, for the sand-martin is familiarly known to drive its tunnels into sandstone that is hard enough to destroy all the edge of the knife.' The mode in which this little miner excavates its gallery, at the end of which it places its nest, has been carefully observed and well described by Mr. Rennie, whose name is well known to every naturalist as an admirable observer of the habits of animals.

'The bird works with its bill shut. This fact our readers may verify by observing their operations early in the morning, through an opera-glass, when they begin in the spring to form their excavations. In this way we have seen one of these birds cling with its sharp claws to the face of a sandbank, and peg in its bill as a miner would do his pickaxe, till it had loosened a considerable portion of the hard sand, and tumbled it down among the rubbish below. In this preliminary operation it never makes use of its claws for digging: indeed, it is impossible it could, for they are indispensable in maintaining its position, at least when it is beginning its hole. We have further remarked that some of these martin's holes are nearly as circular as if they had been planned out with a pair of compasses, while others are more irregular in form: but this seems to depend more on the sand crumbling away than upon any deficiency in the original workmanship. The bird, in fact, always uses its own body to determine the proportions of the gallery, the part from the thigh to the head forming the radius of the circle. It does not trace this out as we should do by fixing a point for the centre around which to draw the circumference; on the contrary, it perches on the circumference with its claws, and works with its bill from the centre outwards; and hence it is that in the numerous excavations recently commenced, which we have examined, we have uniformly found the termination funnel-shaped, the centre being always much more scooped out than the circumference. The bird consequently assumes all positions while at work in the interior, hanging from the roof of the gallery with its back



back downwards as often as standing on the floor. We have more than once, indeed, seen a bank martin wheeling slowly round in this manner on the face of a sandbank, when it was just breaking ground to begin its gallery. All the galleries are found to be more or less tortuous to their termination, which is at the depth of from two to three feet, where a bed of loose hay and a few of the smallest breast feathers of geese, ducks, or fowls is spread with little art for the reception of the eggs. It may not be unimportant to remark also that it always scrapes out with its feet the sand detached by the bill; but so carefully is this performed that it never scratches up the unmined sand, or disturbs the plane of the floor, which rather slopes upwards, and of course the lodgment of rain is thereby prevented.'

There has been much difference of opinion with respect to the excavating habits of the common kingfisher—some maintaining that it is a true miner, others, and apparently with more evidence on their side, asserting that it merely makes use of some ready-made hole in the bank. Certainly there is nothing in the structure of this bird to forbid its being able to excavate its own home, its strong conical beak being well adapted to pierce sandstone or earthy banks. The deserted burrows of the water-vole are not unfrequently taken possession of by the kingfisher, which enlarges and adapts them to its own necessities. 'In all cases the bird takes care to increase the size of the burrow at the spot where the nest is made and to choose a burrow that slopes upwards, so that however high the water may rise, the nest will be perfectly dry.' Those who have examined the nest of the kingfisher have always found in it a large quantity of comminuted fish-bones. It is well known that the kingfishers, like the predacious birds, cast up from their crops the indigestible portion of their food; and in the kingfishers this consists chiefly of the bones of minnows, sticklebacks, young trout, &c. &c. Now it has long been a disputed point amongst naturalists as to whether the bird designedly deposits these castings in the hollow as a stratum on which to lay her eggs. On the negative side is Mr. Rennie, who thus writes in his edition of 'Montague's Ornithological Dictionary':—

'In the bank of a stream at Lee, in Kent, we have been acquainted with one of these nests in the same hole for several successive summers, but so far from the exuviae of fish bones ejected, as is done by all birds of prey, being dried on purpose to form the nest, they are scattered about the floor of the hole, in all directions from its entrance to its termination, without the least order or working up with the earth, all moist and fetid. That the eggs may by accident be laid upon portions of these fish-bones is highly probable, as the floor is so thickly strewed with them that no vacant spot might be found, but they assuredly are not by design built up into a nest. . . . It frequents

the same hole for a series of years, and will not abandon it though the nest be repeatedly plundered of the eggs or young. The accumulation of cast bones in one of these holes has perhaps given origin to the notion of the nest being formed of them.'

But in favour of the other view there is a very high authority, namely, Mr. Gould, who succeeded in removing the kingfisher's nest entire and placing it in the room of the British Museum devoted to such objects. This example represents a flat-surface of aggregated fish-bones of about half an inch in thickness, with a very shallow depression in the centre; there is no admixture of sand or soil, the nest consists entirely of fish-bones. This case has been generally, we believe, considered sufficient to establish the fact that the kingfisher always forms these bones into a nest, and does not merely lay her eggs at random upon the ejectment. We confess we do not see that the question at issue is so settled as to negative the other assertion, though it is sufficient, perhaps, to modify it. Our own experience of kingfishers' nests is in favour of Mr. Rennie's opinion. We have examined a nest after the bird had laid two or three eggs, and found the fish-bones scattered about and mixed promiscuously with the sand on the floor of the hole.

The curious puffin or sea-parrot often digs its own burrow, but also not unfrequently disputes the possession of a ready-made rabbit-hole with that animal. The males principally engage in the work of excavation; the holes extend to the depth of three feet, and have occasionally two entrances. The single egg which sea-birds usually lay is deposited at the end of the tunnel on the bare ground without any materials to form a nest. Mr. Seely tells us that the puffins are so intent upon their work of excavation that they may often be taken by the hand at that time. The stormy-petrel, so dreaded by superstitious sailors, and the smallest web-footed bird known, is, we are told, an accomplished miner in such localities where no ready-made holes exist. 'Off Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia, there are many low-lying islands, the upper parts of which are of a sandy nature and the lower composed chiefly of mud. Not a hope is there in such localities of already existing cavities, and yet to those islands the petrels resort by thousands for the purpose of breeding. The birds set resolutely to work and delve little burrows into the sandy soil, seldom digging deeper than a foot, and, in fact, only making the cavity sufficiently large to conceal themselves and their treasure.' The sailors imagine that the stormy-petrel never goes ashore nor rests, that it does not lay its egg on the ground, but holds it under one wing and hatches it while flying!

The woodpeckers, of which there are at least three undoubted species

species belonging to our own country, but which are gradually becoming more and more scarce, will furnish us with interesting instances of wood-tunnelling birds. It would not be easy to mention any other created thing which by its structure evinces more perfect adaptation of means to an end than these beautiful birds. Possessed of a strong-pointed beak wherewith to pierce a hole—with feet and tail admirably suited to retain the bird firmly fixed to the tree on which it is at work—with a remarkably shallow keel of the breast-bone, so as to allow it to place its body close to the wood and to diminish the labour of ascending—the woodpecker is eminently fitted for its peculiar mode of life. The woodpeckers of this country, however, are not able to make holes in sound wood, and always choose such timber as is either already dead or has begun to decay. ‘Sometimes the bird selects a spot where a branch has been blown down, leaving a hollow in which the rain has lodged and eaten its way deeply into the stem. In such places the wood is so soft that it can be broken away with the fingers or scraped out with a stick; and in many a noble tree which seems to the eye to be perfectly sound, the very heart wood is being slowly dissolved by the action of water which has gained access through some unsuspected hole. Oftentimes a large fungus will start from a tree, and in some mysterious manner will sap the life-power of the spot on which it grows. When the fungus falls in the autumn it leaves scarcely a trace of its presence, the tree being apparently as healthy as before the advent of the parasite; but the whole character of the wood has been changed by the strange power of the fungus, being soft and cork-like to the touch. Although the eye of man cannot readily perceive the injury, the instinct of the woodpecker soon leads the bird to the spot, and it is in this dead, soft, and spongy wood that the burrow is made.’ Our own celebrated naturalist, Waterton, was, Mr. Wood believes, the first to point out this fact, and showed him many examples of the fungus and its ravages among the trees, several fine ashes and sycamores having been reduced to mere stumps by the silent operation of the vegetable parasite.

The North-American woodpeckers, however, are furnished with more powerful boring-instruments, and are able to hollow out for themselves dwellings in the sound wood, though they generally select that which has already begun to decay. Pre-eminent amongst these birds is the great ivory-billed woodpecker (*Picus principalis*) of Brazil, Mexico, and other Southern States. So incessantly does this bird work with his hard pickaxe-shaped bill, that in an hour or two, according to Catesby, he will form a bushel of chips, on which account the Spaniards call these birds ‘carpinteros.’ The same writer tells us that the Canadian Indians

set a high value on the bills of these birds, and form coronets of them for their princes and great heroes. The unconquerable courage of this bird is what probably renders the possession of its bill so valuable in the eyes of the Indians.

What visitor to the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens is unacquainted with the toucans, those strange-looking birds of brilliantly-varied plumage and enormously-developed bills of wax-like appearance, and shape like lobster's claws? These birds make their nests in the hollows of the tall trees of South America: it is a matter of doubt whether they are their own miners or not. They are said to prefer those cavities which can only be entered by small apertures, and for this laughable reason: 'It was supposed that the young of the toucan were liable to the attacks of monkeys and large birds of prey, and that whenever the parent bird was alarmed all she had to do was to poke her beak out of the aperture. The assailant, on seeing such a huge bill, fancied that an animal of corresponding size must be behind it, and therefore fled from so doughty a foe.'

Of burrowing reptiles there are but few examples, of which the yellow snake of Jamaica (*Chilabothrus inornatus*) is one of the most interesting. By what means is a snake able to excavate a burrow and throw out the earth? As the creature has not been observed in the act, it has been conjectured that it 'loosens the earth with its snout and then works the loose soil out of the hollow by successive contractions of the segments of the abdomen, which would thus deliver the soil, after the manner of the Archimedean screw.'

Of burrowing invertebrate animals we meet with many curious instances amongst the Crustacea, Mollusca, Arachnida, and Insecta. We must be content with a few illustrations from each of these classes. Amongst the Crustacea the land-crabs, concerning which so many strange stories have been told, are good excavators. Mr. Wood has selected the violet land-crab of Jamaica (*Gecarcinus ruricola*), the fighting-crab, whose laughable aspect has given it its generic name of *Gelasimus*, and the robber-crab (*Birgus latro*), of the islands of the Indian Ocean, as instances of burrowing crustacea. The violet land-crab, 'sometimes called the black crab, and sometimes the toulourou, is exceedingly variable in its colouring; sometimes black, sometimes blue, and sometimes spotted. Whatever may be the colour, some tinge of blue is always to be found, so that the name of violet crab is the most appropriate of the three. Wherever the land-crab makes its home, the ground is filled with its burrows, which are as thickly sown as those of a rabbit-warren, and within these habitations the crabs remain for the greater part of the day, coming out at night to feed, but

being always ready to scuttle back at the least alarm. Should, however, their retreat be intercepted, they are as ready to fight as to run, and have a curious habit of seizing the foe with one of the large claws and then shaking off the limb at its junction with the body. As the muscles of the claw retain their tension for some little time after the connection with the body has been severed, the enemy feels as much pain as if the claw were still attached to the crab, and in the momentary confusion caused by the bite, the crab takes the opportunity to conceal itself in some crevice. As is the case with all Crustaceans, it suffers but a temporary loss, a new limb soon sprouting out and taking the place of the discarded member. The burrows in which the land-crabs reside are always situated some distance from the sea, generally a mile away, and sometimes as much as two or three miles. These crabs pay an annual visit to the sea for the purpose of depositing their eggs in the water. The fighting-crab is another interesting burrower, and lives in pairs, the female being within and the male remaining on guard at the mouth of the hole, his great fighting-claw across the entrance. This species possesses one very large and one very little claw, so that it looks as if a small man were gifted with one arm of Hercules and the other of Tom Thumb. As it runs along with the wonderful speed which belongs to all its kin, it holds the large claw in the air, and nods it continually, as beckoning to its pursuer. . . . As may be conjectured from its popular name, it is a very combative species, holding its fighting claw across its body, just as an accomplished boxer, and biting with equal quickness and force.'

The ocypode, or swift-footed crab of Ceylon, is another admirable burrower, making deep excavations, bringing up literally arm-fulls of sand, which with a spring in the air, and employing its other limbs, it jerks far from its burrows, distributing it in radii to the distance of several feet. 'So inconvenient,' says Sir Emerson Tennent, from whom we are quoting, 'are the operations of these industrious pests that men are kept regularly employed at Colombo in filling up the holes formed by them on the surface of the Galle face, which is the only equestrian promenade of the capital; but so infested by these active little creatures that accidents often occur by horses stumbling in their troublesome excavations.' \*

There are two small kinds of Isopodan Crustacea which, by their boring habits, often cause considerable damage to wooden piers and the timber of ships; these are the *Limnoria*

\* 'Ceylon,' vol. i. p. 300.

*terebrans* and the *Chelura terebrans*. Though diminutive creatures they are able to do incredible mischief by reason of their immense numbers.

There are many instances in the animal kingdom of injuries effected by the tunnelling habits of different creatures. When we look at the formidable implements with which many kinds of animals are furnished we cease to wonder at the results which they effect; but in some cases, as in molluscs, we meet with no evident means whereby some species are enabled to accomplish their marvellous operations. By what instrument is the delicate *pholas*, with shell as thin as paper and as brittle as a wafer, enabled to excavate deep tunnels in rocks as hard as flint? Members of this family of molluscs burrow in stone, clay, wood, mud, and other substances, and in these holes they live immured. Various opinions have been advanced as to the mode of excavation employed by these molluscs—some asserting that the animal within the shell secretes an acid which acts upon the chalk or limestone as a corrosive solvent—others maintaining that the holes are made by the friction of the shell alone, others by that of the animal's foot. As to the acidulated theory, there does not appear much in its favour. The acid, even granting its existence, would affect chalk or limestone it is true, but sandstone and wood are not liable to be acted upon by an acid solvent. The most probable explanation is that the animal wears away the rock by the continual friction of its foot, or by the rotatory motion of the shell. No doubt the process must be exceedingly slow, but time is a necessary element in many operations. Certain however it is that these shell-fish are able to cause great destruction to submarine works; breakwaters, piers, and ships, being frequently destroyed by them. Of the ravages occasioned by this family of molluscs the well-known so-called ship-worm is a striking instance. This creature (*Teredo navalis*) always burrows with the grain of the wood, whereas the wood-boring *pholas* burrows across the grain:—

‘The ravages committed by this creature are almost incredible. Wood of every description is devoured by the ship-worm, whose tunnels are frequently placed so closely together that the partition between them is not thicker than the paper on which this account is printed. As the teredo bores, it lines the tunnel with a thin shell of calcareous matter, thus presenting a remarkable resemblance to the habits of the white ant. When the teredos have taken entire possession of a piece of timber, they destroy it so completely that if the shelly lining were removed from the wood, and each weighed separately, the mineral substance would equal the vegetable in weight. The ship-worm has been the cause of numerous wrecks, for it silently and unsuspectedly reduces

reduces the plankings and timbers to such a state of fragility, that when struck by the side of a vessel, or even by an ordinary boat, large fragments will be broken off. I have now before me two specimens of worm-eaten timber, one of which is so honeycombed by this destructive mollusc, that a rough grasp of the hand would easily crush it. Yet this fragment formed part of a pier on which might have depended a hundred lives, and which was so stealthily sapped by the submarine miners that its unsound state was only discovered by accident.'

Some idea of the destruction caused by these animals may be gathered from the fact that the Government works at Plymouth and Devonport alone in one year were damaged by them to the extent of 8,000*l*. Mr. Wood is of opinion that the plan proposed by Quatrefages of poisoning the enemy by throwing a few pounds of corrosive sublimate into the docks where the vessel lies is effectual; but he thinks the most effectual method would be to saturate some timber with corrosive sublimate for a long period of time. This prepared wood may then be cut into planks and used in the same manner as the copper sheathing. On this subject we must refer the reader to Mr. George Jeffrey's remarks in his third volume of 'British Conchology,' p. 160.

Of burrowing arachnida we have several interesting instances in the trap-door spiders (*Mygale*) found in various parts of the world. Latreille gives them the name of mason-spiders. A species (*M. nidulans*), found in the West Indies, 'digs a hole in the earth obliquely downwards about three inches in length and one in diameter. This cavity she lines with a tough thick web, which when taken out, resembles a leathern purse, but what is most curious, this house has a door with hinges, like the operculum of some sea shells; and herself and family, who tenant this nest, open and shut the door whenever they pass and repass.'\* There are some interesting specimens of these trap-door spider habitations in the British Museum; one specimen is furnished with two doors, one at each end. 'The door of one end is rather loosely and irregularly made, as is indeed the whole end of the nest; but, at the other extremity, the door is beautifully rounded, very smooth, and fitting with astonishing neatness into the aperture.' This nest was found in Albania. The mygales are nocturnal in their habits, staying at home in the day-time and wandering in search of prey at night. Inside the house may frequently be found the remains of insects upon which the owner of this curious structure has feasted. Should any one lift up the lid, the resident, being never 'at home' for strangers, hastens to

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\* Darwin's 'Zoonomia,' vol. i. p. 253, 8vo. edit.

the entrance, hooks its hind legs to the silken lining of the door, and the fore legs to the side of the tube, and endeavours to close the lid.

‘ Nothing short of actual violence will induce the trap-door spider to vacate the premises which it so courageously defends. It will permit the earth to be excavated around its burrow, and the whole nest to be removed, without deserting its home; and in this manner specimens have been removed and placed in positions where their proceedings could be watched.’

Mr. Wood draws particular attention to a specimen of trap-door nest which was found at Adelaide in Australia:—

‘ The workmanship is wonderful, and the hole with its cover, looks as if it had been made in clay, by means of the potter’s wheel, so regular and true are its outlines. The hole itself is circular, but the door is semicircular, the hinge extending across the middle of the aperture. Two points in this door are specially worthy of notice, the one being that its edge, as well as that of the aperture, is bevelled off inwards, so that the accurate closure of the entrance is rendered a matter of absolute certainty. The second point is that the outer surface of the door, together with the surrounding earth, is ingeniously covered with little projections, so that when the door is closed, the line, which on smooth ground would have marked its presence is totally hidden. The shape of the door, too, is remarkable. Towards its hinge it is comparatively thin, but upon the edge it is very thick, solid, and heavy, so that its own weight is sufficient to keep it firmly closed. The “hinge,” to which allusion has frequently been made, is not a separate piece of workmanship, but is a continuation of the silken tube which lines the tunnel. An exact imitation of its principle may be made by taking the cover of a book, and cutting it across from the inside, until all its substance except the cloth or leather is severed, and then bending the two portions back. The cloth or leather will then form a hinge precisely similar to that of the trap-door spider, the pasteboard taking the place of the earthen door.’

Of the numerous instances of burrowing insects we have not space to mention more than a very few. At some period of their existence a very great number of insects are burrowers either into wood, sand-stone, earth, leaves and stems, fruits and flowers of various plants. The Hymenoptera, as an order, are notorious burrowers; bees, saw flies, and ants, occurring readily to the mind. Mr. Wood treats us with interesting notices of the various earth-burrowing insects, such as the *Saüba* ant of tropical America, whose habits have been carefully watched by Mr. Bates; the dusky ant (*Formica fusca*) of our own country, that hollows out subterranean abodes of great extent and intricacy, the brown ant (*F. brunnea*), also of our own country,—both of which species have been admirably studied in their operations by M. Huber



and Mr. Rennie; mining bees of the genus *Andrena*, who dig deep burrows in clay, placing at the bottom honey and pollen for the young when hatched; some of the species, we are told, are treated much as the wives of savages are treated, for all the work is done by the females, while 'the males do nothing but amuse themselves, circling about the nests in graceful undulations.' Others belonging to the genera *Pompilus*, *Mellinus*, *Oxybelus*, *Philanthus*, and *Bombus*; some preferring spiders as food, others beetles, others the hive-bees. Of the hive-bee-eating British hymenoptera, the boldest, we are told, is the *Philanthus triangulum*, for 'it provisions its nest with the common hive-bee, seizing the luckless honey-makers and carrying them off to its nest.' But of all hymenopterous insects none perhaps surpass the common wasp as a builder of a subterranean abode. Although every one is acquainted with the general appearance and structure of a wasp's nest, few have observed it in the course of manufacture:—

'In the early days of spring, a wasp issues from the place in which it has passed the winter and anxiously surveys the country. She does not fly fast nor high, but passes slowly and carefully along, examining every earth-bank and entering every crevice to which she comes. At last she finds a burrow made by a field-mouse, or perhaps strikes upon the deserted tunnel of some large burrowing insect, enters it, stays a long while within, comes out again and fusses about outside, enters again, and seems to make up her mind. In fact, she is house-hunting, and all her movements are very like those of a careful matron selecting a new home. Having thus settled upon a convenient spot, she proceeds to form a chamber, at some depth from the surface, breaking away the soil, and carrying it out piece by piece. When she has thus fashioned the chamber to her mind—for she has a mind—she flies off again, and makes her way to an old wooden fence which has stood for many years, and which although not rotten, is perfectly seasoned. On this she settles, and after running up and down for a little time, she fixes upon some spot and begins to gnaw away the fibres, working with all her might. . . . At last she has gathered a little bundle of fibres, which she gnaws and works about until she reduces them to a kind of pulp, and then flies back to the burrow.'

The bundles of ligneous fibres thus detached, to quote the language of the author of 'Insect Architecture,' are moistened before being used with a glutinous liquid which causes them to adhere together, and are then kneaded into a sort of paste, or *papier maché*. Having prepared some of this material, the mother wasp begins first to line with it the roof of her chamber, for wasps always build downwards. The round ball of fibres which she has previously kneaded up with glue she now forms into a leaf, walking backwards, and spreading it out with her mandibles, her tongue, and her feet, till it is as thin almost as tissue paper.

One sheet, however, of such paper as this would form but a fragile ceiling, quite insufficient to prevent the earth from falling down into the nest. The wasp, accordingly, is not satisfied with her work till she has spread fifteen or sixteen layers one above the other, rendering the wall altogether nearly two inches thick. The several layers are not placed in contact like the layers of a piece of pasteboard, but with small intervals or open spaces between, appearing somewhat like a grotto built with bivalve shells, particularly when looked at on the outside. This is probably caused by the insect working in a curvilinear manner. Having finished the ceiling she next begins to build the first terrace of her city, which, under its protection, she suspends horizontally, and not like the combs in a bee-hive, in a perpendicular position. The suspension of which we speak is also light and elegant, compared with the more heavy union of the hive-bee's comb. It is in fact a hanging floor, immoveably secured by rods of similar materials with the roof, but rather stronger. From twelve to thirty of these rods, about an inch or less in length, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, are constructed for the suspension of the terrace. They are elegant in form, being made gradually narrower towards the middle and widening at each end, in order no doubt to render their hold the stronger. The terrace itself is circular, and composed of an immense number of cells formed of the paper already described, and of almost the same size and form as those of a honeycomb, each being a perfect hexagon, mathematically exact, and every hair's breadth of the open space completely filled. These cells, however, are not used as honey-pots by wasps as they are by bees, for wasps, certain foreign species excepted, make no honey, and the cells are wholly appropriated to the rearing of their young. The grubs, like those of other hymenopterous insects, are placed with their heads downwards, and the openings of the cells are also downwards, while their united bottoms form a nearly uniform level upon which the inhabitants of the nest may walk. In the case of the carder-bee, when the young one has escaped from its cradle-cell, that cell is subsequently appropriated to the storing of honey. But in the case of wasps, a cell thus evacuated is immediately cleaned out and repaired for the reception of another grub—an egg being laid in it, as soon as it is ready, by a female wasp. When the foundress-wasp has completed a certain number of cells and deposited eggs in them she soon intermits her building operations in order to procure food for the young grubs which now require all her care. Their food consists principally of flies and other insects. In due time the grubs which were early hatched cease to feed, and spin a cover over

their cells; they then change to perfect insects, and lend their assistance in the extension of the edifice, enlarging the original coping of the foundress by side walls and forming another platform of cells, suspended to the first by columns, as that had been suspended to the ceiling. In this manner several platforms of combs are constructed, the outer walls being extended at the same time, and by the end of the summer there are generally from twelve to fifteen platforms of cells. The cells constructed towards the end of the season are larger than those of the earlier made platforms; these are intended for the purpose of rearing the grubs which will become male and female wasps. In all but the late-constructed cells neuter wasps are produced. These are the workers, the males, like the drones of a bee-hive, performing no menial service. Each platform contains upwards of 1000 cells, so that in a vespiary there would be more than 15,000 cells. Réaumur has calculated that a single nest may produce every year more than 30,000 wasps, reckoning only 1000 cells, and each serving successively for the cradle of three generations. But although the whole structure, we again quote Mr. Rennie, is built at the expense of so much labour and ingenuity, it has scarcely been finished before the winter sets in, when it becomes nearly useless, and serves only for the abode of a few benumbed females, who abandon it on the approach of spring and never return; for wasps do not, like mason-bees, ever make use of the same nest for more than one season.

We must not dwell longer on instances of burrowing animals, but must refer the reader to Mr. Wood's book, where he will find much curious information, and many admirable illustrations.\*

Of British mammalia that construct pensile homes in which to rear their young or to inhabit, the harvest-mouse and squirrel are instances. Of this first-named beautiful little animal and its nest, there is an admirable illustration at page 195 of Mr. Wood's work:—

'The harvest-mouse surpasses all its congeners in the beauty and elegance of its home, which is not only constructed with remarkable neatness, but is suspended above the ground in such a manner as to entitle it to the name of a true pensile nest. Generally it is hung to several stout grass-stems; sometimes it is fastened to wheat-straws; and

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\* Mr. Wood arranges animal habitations under the following heads:—  
1. Burrows. 2. Pensile homes. 3. Real buildings or domiciles formed of mud, stones, sticks, &c. 4. Sub-aquatic habitations. 5. Social habitations. 6. Those which are formed parasitically on animals or plants. 7. Homes built on branches. 8. Miscellaneous habitations. It is evident that such a classification of animal habitations according to their principle of construction is confused, and that the divisions run frequently one into the other.

in one case, mentioned by Gilbert White, it was suspended from the head of a thistle. It is a very beautiful structure, being made of very narrow grasses and woven so carefully as to form a hollow globe, rather larger than a cricket ball and very nearly as round. How the little creature contrives to form so complicated an object as a hollow sphere with thin walls is still a problem. It is another problem how the young are placed in it, and another how they are fed. The walls are so thin that an object inside the nest can be easily seen from any part of the exterior, there is no opening whatever, and when the young are in the nest they are packed so tightly that their bodies press against the wall in every direction. As there is no defined opening, and as the walls are so loosely woven, it is probable that the mother is able to push her way between the meshes, and so to arrange or feed her young.'

The common squirrel of our country constructs two kinds of homes, a winter residence for hibernation, and a summer one for itself and young.

'These two nests are as different as a town mansion and a shooting-box: the former being strong, thick-walled, sheltered, and warm; and the other light and airy. The winter cage is almost invariably placed in the fork of some tree, generally where two branches start from the trunk. It is well concealed by the boughs on which it rests, and which serve also as a shelter from the wind. The summer cage, on the contrary, is comparatively frail, and is placed nearly at the extremity of slender boughs, which bend with its weight, and cause the airy cradle to rock and dance with every gust of wind.'

Of birds that fabricate pensile nests of various forms and materials there are numerous examples, occurring, however, generally in hot countries. The members of the *Ploceidæ* (weaver-birds), a sub-family of *Fringillidæ*, are conspicuous as builders of suspended nests.

'All the pensile birds are remarkable for the eccentricity of shape and design which marks their nests, although they agree in one point, namely, that they dangle at the end of twigs and dance about merrily at each breeze. Some of them are very long, others are very short, some have their entrance at the side, others from below, and others again from near the top; some are hung hammock-like, from one twig to another; others are suspended to the extremity of the twig itself; while others that build in the palms, which have no true branches and no twigs at all, fasten their nests to the extremity of the leaves. Some are made of various fibres and others of the coarsest grass straws; some are so loose in their texture that the eggs can be plainly seen through them, while others are so strong and thick that they almost look as if they were made by a professional thatcher.'

The object of the weaver-birds in selecting the ends of twigs, seeds, palm leaves, &c., and very frequently in suspending their

nests over water, is that they may baffle the designs of thievish monkeys, or other enemies, upon the eggs and young. Opposite page 201 there is a spirited plate of monkeys, weaver-birds, and nests. The following account of the weaver-birds engaged in nest building was supplied to Mr. Wood by an eye-witness. The species mentioned is the *Ploceus ocularius*, a smallish yellow bird, which makes its nest in the shape of a chemist's retort, or like a very large horse-pistol suspended by the butt.

'The bird that builds these nests is colonially termed the yellow oriole. The ingenious little creature is nearly as large as a thrush, and is of a bright yellow colour, except the ends of the wings, which are of a brownish hue. It is gregarious, and when a good locality has been found, several hundred nests will be suspended from some dozen trees within a few yards of each other. The most pliant branches are invariably selected from which the nest is suspended, and in all cases the end of the nest overhangs the stream, so that any additional weight would bring the nest into the water. The birds make a great disturbance when building, there being usually a regular fight in order to secure the best places. In building the birds first commence by working some stout flags or reeds from the branch, so as to hang downwards. They then attach the upper part of the nest to the branch, so as to form the dome-like roof. By degrees they complete the globular bulb, still working downwards, and lastly, the neck is attached to the body of the nest. Great skill is required to keep the neck even and open, and yet no machine could accomplish the work better than do these ingenious little architects. The upper part of the nest is very thick and firmly built, more than twice as thick as the neck, and the material of which it is made is far stronger. In some cases I have seen one nest attached to another; and when this is the case, the second builder strengthens the first nest, and then attaches his own thereto. Should by chance a hawk or monkey venture into the vicinity of a colony of birds, it is chased and chirped at by hundreds of these little creatures, who make common cause against the intruder, and quickly drive him off. During the building of the nests the river side is a most interesting place, as the intelligence and diligence of the birds are most remarkable.'

Perhaps the little tailor-bird of India and Ceylon is as wonderful an instance of architectural skill as can be found amongst birds. Using her beak as a needle, the tailor-bird stitches for herself and little ones a comfortable home.

'The manner in which it constructs its pensile nest is very singular. Choosing a convenient leaf, generally one which hangs from the end of a slender twig, it pierces a row of holes along each edge, using its beak in the same manner that a shoemaker uses his awl, the two instruments being very similar to each other in shape, though not in material. These holes are not all regular, and in some cases there

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are so many of them that the bird seems to have found some special gratification in making them, just as a boy who has a new knife makes havoc on every piece of wood which he can obtain. When the holes are completed, the bird next procures its thread, which is a long fibre of some plant, generally much longer than is needed for the task which it performs. Having found its thread, the feathered tailor begins to pass it through the holes, drawing the sides of the leaf towards each other so as to form a kind of hollow cone, the point downwards. Generally a single leaf is used for the purpose, but whenever the birds cannot find one which is sufficiently large, it sews two together, or even fetches another leaf and fastens it with the fibre. Within the hollow thus formed the bird next deposits a quantity of soft white down, like short cotton wool, and thus constructs a warm, light, and elegant nest, which is scarcely visible among the leafage of the tree, and which is safe from almost every foe, except man.'

Amongst insects there are many beautiful instances of pensile-nest makers, both in the larval and perfect condition; and here again we notice the Hymenoptera as deserving the chief attention, on account of the variety, beauty, and singularity of the homes they construct. We have already noticed the wasp as a burrower; there are wasps which are also builders of pendent nests, these are popularly called tree-wasps, such as the *Vespa Norvegica*, the *Vespa sylvestris*, and the *Vespa borealis* or *arborea*. The nests, which are pretty little objects, and familiar to almost every one, are often swung from the extremity of a branch; one species prefers silver firs, another gooseberry trees. In the animal-architecture room of the British Museum may be seen several specimens of nests made by the pasteboard wasps (*Chartergus nidulans*), which attract notice at once by their large size and 'singular shape.' Réaumur was, we believe, the first to give a description of these interesting specimens of insect architecture. This wasp, as his name implies, is a pasteboard manufacturer; the nest is supported from the branch of a tree; 'the card with which he forms the exterior covering of his abode is so smooth, so strong, so uniform in its texture, and so white, that the most skilful manufacturer of this substance might be proud of the work. It takes ink admirably. The nest is impervious to water. It hangs upon the branch of a tree, and those rain drops which penetrate through the leaves never rest upon its hard and polished surface. A small opening for the entrance of the insects terminates its funnel-shaped bottom. It is impossible to unite more perfectly the qualities of lightness and strength.' The inside of the nest consists of several circular platforms, fixed all round to the sides; they are smooth above, and have their hexagonal cells on the under surface; the centre of each platform is perforated for

for the admission of the wasps at the extremity of a short funnel-shaped projection, and through this access is gained from story to story. These nests, unlike that of the common wasp of this country, are occupied for successive seasons by their builders. A specimen of the pasteboard-wasp's nest from Ceylon has been found which was of the astonishing length of six feet. The nests of *Polistes*, another genus of hymenopterous insects, are extremely curious. We must refer the reader to the British Museum, where will be found several of these nests, as also those of various other genera, such as *Icaria*, *Raphigaster*, *Mischocyttarus*, *Apoica*, *Polybia*, &c.

Let us leave further notice of the denizens of the field or air, and take a glance at what is going on in the sub-aquatic world.

Fishes as architects first claim our attention. It is well known that certain kinds of fish make nests, in which the eggs are developed, and the little fry take shelter. Even in the time of Aristotle, the nest-making peculiarities of some kinds of fish attracted attention. The father of natural history thus writes:— 'Of river fish the male glanis manifests great care for its young; the female, after having deposited her eggs, goes away, but the male continues to guard them, paying only so much of attention to them as to drive away other fish lest they should carry the eggs away. He does this for the space of forty or fifty days, till the fry have grown strong enough to escape being devoured by other fish.' Aristotle also speaks of a fish called the *Phycis* as being the only marine species which manifests the same anxious care for its brood. The *phycis* is probably a species of goby found in the Adriatic. The male makes his nest of the roots of grass rack (*Zostera marina*), that long ribbon-shaped weed, with its beautiful grass-green leaves, common on our own shores. It is probable, too, that this is the fish to which Ovid alludes in the 'Halieuticon,' 122.

'Atque avium dulces nidos imitata sub undis.'

The best instances of architecture among the fishes are those which are produced by the sticklebacks (*Gasterosteus*), those well-known little beings whose spiny bodies, brilliant colours, and dashing courage make them such favourites with all who study nature:—

'These fishes make their nests of the delicate vegetation that is found in fresh water, and will carry materials from some little distance in order to complete the home. They do not, however, range to any great extent, because they would intrude upon the preserve of some other fish, and be ruthlessly driven away. When

the male stickleback has fixed upon a spot for his nest, he seems to consider a certain area around as his own especial property, and will not suffer any other fish to intrude within its limits. His boldness is astonishing, for he will dash at a fish ten times his size, and by dint of his fierce onset and his bristling spears, drive the enemy away. Even if a stick be placed within the sacred circle, he will dart at it, repeating the assault as often as the stick may trespass upon his domains. Within this limit, therefore, he must seek materials for his nest, as he can hardly move for six inches beyond it without intruding upon the ground of another fish. Although the nests of the stickleback are plentiful enough, they are not so familiar to the public as might be expected, principally because they are very inconspicuous, and few of the uninitiated would know what they were, even if they were pointed out. Being of such very delicate materials, and but loosely hung together, they will not retain their form when they are removed from the water, but fall together in an undistinguishable mass like a coil of tangled thread that has been soaked in water for a few weeks. The materials of which the nest is made are extremely variable, but they are always constructed so as to harmonize with the surrounding objects, and thus to escape ordinary observation. Sometimes it is made of bits of grass which have been blown into the river, sometimes of straw, and sometimes of growing plants. The object of the nest is to protect the eggs from the numerous enemies that would devour them, the worst enemies of all being probably the sticklebacks themselves.\*

The habits of spiders are always well worth close observation, and the architectural skill which some species display in the construction of their homes or snares is extremely interesting. The great water-spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*) yields to none of its kind in its architectural powers. Spinning a web of silk which it attaches to some submerged plant, this spider fills it with air needful for respiration. Within this house, that looks like a ball of silver, the water-spider deposits her eggs and hatches her little ones. Spiders breathe atmospheric air, and could not long survive if immersed in water without the requisite oxygen. 'The precise analogy,' as Mr. Wood remarks, 'between the nest and the diving-bell of the present day is too obvious to need a detailed account.' There had long been a question as to the mode in which the air was introduced, some maintaining that the air was evolved by the plant upon which the nest was fixed. To the experiments of Mr. Bell naturalists are indebted for the solution of this interesting problem, and subsequent observers have abundantly

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\* We remember noticing in a bottle of whitebait, purchased by a friend in London, four or five specimens of the three-spined sticklebacks! Our worthy friend, when dining at a well known hotel in Covent Garden, was surprised to find a few spines sticking in his tongue and between his teeth.



verified the above-named gentleman's account. Placing specimens of *argyronetæ* in different glass vessels with water-weed, he carefully watched their habits. He saw the spider constructing its silky habitation, and ascending to the surface at intervals, taking down with it each time a bubble of air which it left in connection with the nest.

'In this way no less than fourteen journeys were performed, sometimes two or three very quickly one after the other; at other times with a considerable interval between them, during which time the little animal was employed in extending and giving shape to the beautiful transparent bell, getting into it, pushing it out at one place, and amending it at another, and strengthening its attachments to the supports. At length it seemed to be satisfied with its dimensions, when it crept into it and settled itself to rest with the head downwards. The cell was now the size and nearly the form of half an acorn cut transversely, the smaller and rounder part being uppermost. The manner in which the animal possesses itself of the bubble of air is very curious. It ascends to the surface slowly, assisted by a thread attached to the leaf or other support below and to the surface of the water. As soon as it comes near the surface it turns with the extremity of the abdomen upwards, and exposes a portion of the body to the air for an instant, and then with a jerk it snatches, as it were, a bubble of air, which is not only attached to the hairs which cover the abdomen, but is held on by the two hinder legs, which are crossed at an acute angle near their extremity, the crossing of the legs taking place at the instant the bubble is seized. The little creature then descends more rapidly, and regains its cell, always by the same route, turns the abdomen with it, and disengages the bubble.'

Every one who has ever looked into a pond or river is acquainted with certain forms of animal life which construct for themselves tenements of small sticks, rushes, aquatic weeds, shells, gravel, and other substances. At first sight a person would suppose that these bundles of twigs were gifted with locomotion, for the head and legs of the lodger, which are the only portions which are protruded, are not always visible; these 'walking-sticks' are made by the larva of certain species of insects, which from their habits have received the name of *Phryganidæ*\* from some naturalists. The larva is a soft-bodied maggot, with the exception of its head, which is hard; it has strong jaws, and two curved hooks at the end of the last segment, by means of which the creature fastens itself to its house. In still-water the houses are chiefly built of light materials, such as twigs and bits of grass, but where the current is strong more solid and heavier substances

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\* From the Greek *φρύγανον*, 'a dry stick.' The sticks being immersed in water, however, are always wet.

are used to prevent the stream sweeping them away. Caddis-worm tenements are not unfrequently made of shells of molluscs, especially of the circular planorbis, the animals being often alive and carried about wherever the captor wishes. Some curious experiments have been made by a lady with these caddis-worms; having turned a number of animals out of their houses, she placed in the vessel with them various materials, such as pieces of coloured glass broken small, cornelian, agates, onyx stones, bits of broken marble, slender sprigs of coral, brass-shavings, gold and silver leaf, coralline, and pieces of tortoiseshell, and then watched the manner in which they dealt with these materials. It was found that coralline forms a very curious dwelling; Miss Smee, the authoress of the experiments, says that the pieces of the skeleton blanchied coralline are put together in such a manner that the case has an appearance as if it had been the work of a basket-maker instead of that of a larva.

‘But perhaps a more singular-looking case than even these wicker-work ones are those which are made from pieces of tortoiseshell, such as fragments of the teeth of a tortoiseshell comb. If these be given to a worm, it will be seen that it will arrange them crosswise. In doing so it will make its house slightly resemble a hedgehog whose bristles are erected. It seems astonishing that there is such a variety of forms in the appearance of these different caddis cases. For what can be more unlike each other than cases made from fragments of the teeth of a comb and that from the pieces of skeleton coralline? What is more extraordinary is that the same worm which can build the basket-looking case can also construct the one resembling a hedgehog when its bristles are erected. In fact, if a caddis is able to make itself a case from any one of the substances already mentioned, it is able to build from all of them. For I have tried their capabilities in that way by giving a caddis a certain kind of material to construct his house, and as soon as it was completed I turned it out, and then gave the same worm something different to work upon.’

The following interesting account of the manner in which caddis-worms construct their houses is by the same lady:—

‘The worms commence by placing together a number of the pieces of the substances they wish to employ. These are then cemented loosely together so as to make a foundation for building its subsequent structure. These first pieces that are used as a foundation are always cast off before the completion of the edifice. The cement used by the caddis in fastening the pieces of its house together is a secretion which proceeds from its mouth. With it the different pieces are fixed together in the most perfect manner. This cement answers the same purpose to the caddis-worm as the mortar which is used by the brick-layer in the construction of his buildings. After the foundation has been formed, the caddis proceeds by lifting up with its feet a piece of

the material it is employing for its building. This is turned on every side, either in order to discover whether the piece will or will not suit, or else to find out which is the side that will best fit into the space required for it. If the piece is found to answer all the purposes required by the caddis, it is cemented into the space reserved for it by this secretion, which proceeds from its mouth. If, however, the piece does not suit the space, that piece is instantly rejected, and another one is taken up by the worm in the same manner as the previous one was. Sometimes the caddis is obliged to take up several pieces before it is able to meet with one fit for the purpose. This makes the task of building extremely tedious and laborious. Indeed, with the creature's slender legs it seems marvellous that it is able to take up the different pieces with them, particularly when heavy ones are selected, which is the case when the worms inhabit rough waters; for in those localities the materials are principally large stones, or else thick heavy bits of wood, which must render the building extremely laborious. The building is continued by the caddis, in the manner just described, without stopping, until it has succeeded in raising a house according to its taste. When it has completely finished, the whole body of the worm is encased in it with the exception only of its head and legs, and even these are capable of being drawn into its building, either for its pleasure or for their protection at the appearance of danger.\*

As to the time taken for a caddis to build its case, there is great difference amongst individuals. Some take much longer time than others, and require a week or more to do what another will perform in twenty-four hours. When the larva is about to assume its proper form, it spins a grating over the entrance of the case, and remains dormant till it assumes the condition of a perfect insect.

We will now draw attention to one of the most wonderful of all house-building creatures, when we consider that the architect is a minute worm, scarcely visible to the naked eye of any but a naturalist, a little delicate thing about as thick as a horsehair, and the twelfth part of an inch in length. The little creature in question, which is known by the name of *Melicerta ringens*, is common enough in clear ponds, where it may be found sometimes in extraordinary profusion attached to the leaves or stems of various aquatic plants. How is it that Mr. Wood, who has evidently used his eyes to some purpose, has omitted all notice of this exquisite little creature as a builder? In the whole aquatic world of animals there is surely no more interesting object for contemplation than the *Melicerta*. As we have frequently witnessed the manner in which this little creature builds its own house, we will endeavour to explain it to the reader. But, first, as to the places where it is found. As we

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\* See 'Intellectual Observer,' vol. v. p. 307.

have said, in almost all clear water, such as mill-pools and ponds, through which a current of water gently flows, the melicerta may be found. If a portion of water-weed be brought home and placed in a glass vessel, and the leaves of the plants be carefully examined with a lens, the observer will probably detect delicate projecting objects of a reddish colour, light or dark, according to the nature of the bottom of the pool. These are the tubular cases of the melicerta. If one of these be placed on a slip of glass and viewed under the microscope with a power of about fifty diameters, we shall notice that this tube is made of several series of round clay or mud pellets. By-and-by, if we do not shake the table on which our specimen is placed (for melicerta is a timid creature), we shall see the occupant slowly unfold the anterior portion of his body from the orifice of the tube. At first, as has been well described, 'a complicated mass of transparent flesh appears involved in many folds, displaying at one side a pair of hooked spines, and at the other two slender truncate processes projecting horizontally. As it composes itself more and more, suddenly two large rounded discs are expanded, around which, at the same time, a wreath of cilia is seen performing its surprising motions. Often the animal contents itself with this degree of exposure, but sometimes it protrudes further, and displays two other smaller leaflets opposite to the former, but in the same place, margined with cilia in like manner. The appearance is now not unlike that of a flower of four unequal petals; from which resemblance Linnæus, who compared it to a ringent labiate corolla, gave it the trivial name of *ringens*, by which it is still known.\*' By continuing to gaze on this marvel of creative skill, we notice that it every now and then bends its corolla-shaped head down upon the tube, holding it there a second or two, and then raising it up again. What is the meaning of this? Melicerta is adding a brick to his house; sometimes the bricks fall off after deposition, the material used not being sufficiently tenacious. The bricks are made of the same substance which human architects so generally use, namely, of clay, the only difference being that the bricks of the rotifer are round and soft. Under a power of about 200 diameters the observer will see a singular circular cavity below the large discs of the head; this cavity gradually becomes filled with particles of clay; a number of cilia line the cavity, and by their action cause the particles of clay to rotate rapidly, and to be consolidated. When the brick is formed the animal bends down his head and affixes

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\* See Gosse's 'Tenby,' p. 313, and Plate xxi., where there is an admirable drawing of this creature.

it to the tube, and then begins to form another pellet. The particles of clay or other adhesive material are drawn into the cavity where the bricks are formed by the ciliary action of the discs, a small channel conducting them from the upper portion of the disc to the cavity in question. If portions of carmine or indigo be mixed with the water in which the melicerta lies, the animal will make use of them and add rings of red or blue to its tube. It is impossible to imagine a more interesting instance of animal architecture than that exhibited by this minim of creation.

The marine worms, known as *Serpulæ*, *Sabellæ*, and *Terebellæ*, so common on every coast, construct their own cities of stones, shells, mud, sand, &c., in which they dwell. This they do by means of their tentacles, which they use as fingers, grasping particles of sand and mud, and adding them to their tubes. Mr. Gosse has given an interesting account of the mode in which the *Sabella vesiculosa* builds its house of mud.

That extremely beautiful bivalve mollusc, the *lima*, constructs for itself a habitation, in which it lives, not by boring into stone or wood, as in the case of the *pholas* already mentioned, but by binding together bits of coral, nullipore, &c., with its byssus filaments.

‘It is not contented with hiding itself among the loose coral, for the first rude wave might lay it naked and bare; it becomes a marine mason, and builds a house or nest. It chooses to dwell in a coral-grotto; but in constructing this grotto it shows that it is not only a mason, but a rope-spinner, and a tapestry-weaver, and a plasterer. Were it only a mason it would be no easy matter to cause the polymorphous coral to cohere. Cordage then is necessary to bind together the angular fragments, and this cordage it spins, but how it spins it is one of the secrets of the deep. By some means or another, though it has no hand, it contrives to intertwine this yarn among the numerous bits of coral so as firmly to bind a handful of them together. Externally this habitation is rough, and therefore better fitted to elude or to ward off enemies; but though rough externally, within all is smooth and lubricous, for the fine yarn is woven into a lining of tapestry, and the interstices are filled up with fine slime, so that it is smooth as plasterwork.’\*

This ‘nest’-making habit is not restricted to full-grown individuals; the nests are generally found under large stones at low-water mark; sometimes several are contained in one habitation. *Lima hians* is abundant at Herm, and the people of the island call these shells, ‘angel’s wings.’ Properly speaking, the lima grotto is no nest in the sense in which we speak of a bird’s-nest,

\* Rev. David Landsborough in Rymer Jones’s ‘Aquarian Naturalist,’ p. 475.

for it is not constructed for the temporary purpose of rearing and concealing the young, but for the permanent abode of individuals of all ages.

Of mammalia that build social habitations the beaver is the most conspicuous ; and, although many exaggerated accounts have been written of the operations of these animals, the fact remains that they are most skilful engineers. Mr. Wood describes the manner in which the beaver forms a dam.

‘When the animal has fixed upon a tree which it believes to be suitable for its purpose, it begins by sitting upright, and with its chisel-like teeth cutting a bold groove completely round the trunk. It then widens the groove, and always makes it wide in exact proportion to its depth, so that when the tree is nearly cut through it looks something like the contracted portion of an hour-glass. When this stage has been reached, the beaver looks anxiously at the tree, and views it on every side, as if desirous of measuring the direction in which it is to fall. Having settled this question, it goes to the opposite side of the tree, and with two or three powerful bites cuts away the wood so that the tree becomes overbalanced, and falls to the ground. This point having been reached, the animal proceeds to cut up the fallen trunk into lengths, usually a yard or so in length, employing a similar method of severing the wood. In consequence of this mode of gnawing the timber, both ends of the logs are rounded and rather pointed.’

The next part of the task is to make these logs into a dam, so as to keep the water to the proper level. The logs are placed horizontally, and formed into a mass with earth and stones, so as to be sufficiently strong to resist the force of the stream. Instances of dams measuring two or three hundred yards in length, and ten or twelve feet in thickness are not uncommon. It is curious to observe that if the water rises with a strong current the dam is made in a convex shape, so as the better to resist the force of the water ; but if the stream runs slowly, the dam is carried straight across the river.

‘In places,’ says Hearn, who has given an excellent account of the habits of this animal, ‘which have been long frequented by beavers undisturbed, their dams, by frequent repairing, become a solid bank, capable of resisting a great force, both of water and ice ; and as the willow, poplar, and birch generally take root and shoot up, they by degrees form a kind of regular planted hedge, which I have seen in some places so tall that birds have built their nests among the branches.’

The dome-shaped beaver-houses are built of the same materials as the dams, being proportioned in size to the number of inhabitants, there being generally four old ones, and six or seven young

ones. Sometimes there are several divisions or apartments in a beaver-house, but they are not, as a rule, connected with each other except by water. Hearne says he once saw a large beaver-house built in a small island that had near a dozen apartments under one roof, but with two or three exceptions, they had not communication with each other except by water. As there were beavers enough to inhabit each apartment, it is more than probable that each family knew their own, and always entered at their own doors, without any further connection with their neighbours than a friendly intercourse, or to join their united labours in erecting their separate habitations, and to help in adding to the dam when requisite.

The old story about the beaver using its broad flat tail as a trowel to smooth over the mud of its house, it is hardly necessary to add is a fiction. When it originated we are unable to say; the ancient natural history writers, Aristotle and Pliny, do not allude to it. The error no doubt arose from the habit of the animal constantly slapping its tail as it moves along.

In his chapters on Social Insects, Mr. Wood gives us, amongst other interesting matter, an account of one of the most terrible insects in existence; this is the Driver Ant (*Anomma arcens*) of Western Africa. Like many species of ants, this insect is remarkable for its sagacity and skill. We shall conclude our sketch of the architecture of animals with a notice of the habits of this insect. It is a curious fact that though found in immense numbers, it has never yet been discovered in the winged condition, and the male and female are unknown.

‘The workers are uniform in colour, but exceedingly variable in size. Their hue is deep brownish black, and their length varies from half an inch to one line, so that the largest workers nearly equal the common earwig, while the smallest are no larger than the familiar red ant of our gardens. They are called driver-ants because they drive before them every living creature. There is not an animal that can withstand the driver-ants. In their march they carry destruction before them, and every beast knows instinctively that it must not cross their track. They have been known to destroy even the agile monkey when their swarming host had once made a lodgment on its body, and when they enter a pigstye they soon kill the imprisoned animals, whose tough hides cannot protect them from the teeth of the driver-ants. Fowls they destroy in numbers, killing in a single night all the inhabitants of the hen-roost, and having destroyed them have a curious way of devouring them.’

It appears according to the experiments of the Rev. Dr. Savage, that the ants begin at the base of the beak, and pull out the feathers

feathers one by one, until they have stripped the fowl regularly backwards, working over the head, along the neck, and so on to the body. Not having sufficient strength to pull the feathers out by main force, they grub them out by the roots, then pull the bird to pieces and devour it. So completely, we are told, is the dread of the driver ant in every living creature, that on their approach whole villages are deserted.

‘Their sallies are made in cloudy days and in the night, chiefly in the latter. This is owing to the uncongenial influence of the sun, an exposure to the direct rays of which, especially when the power is increased by reflection, is almost instantaneously fatal. If they should be detained abroad till late in the morning of a sunny day by the quantity of their prey, they will construct arches over their path, of dirt agglutinated by a fluid secreted from their mouth. If their way should run under thick grass, sticks, &c., affording sufficient shelter, the arch is dispensed with; if not, so much dirt is added as is necessary to eke out the arch in connection with them. In the rainy season, or in a succession of cloudy days, the arch is seldom visible.’

When the rain descends in such torrents as to flood whole tracts of country, and the habitations of the driver ants are deluged, the insects adopt the following means of escaping destruction :—

‘As soon as the water encroaches upon their premises they run together and agglomerate themselves into balls, the weakest (or “the women and children,” as the natives call them) being in the middle, and the large and powerful insects on the outside. These balls are much lighter than water, and consequently float on the surface until the floods retire, and the insects can resume their place on dry land. The size of the ant balls is various, but they are, on an average, as large as a full-sized cricket-ball. One of these curious balls was cleverly caught in a handkerchief, put in a vessel, and sent to Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum.’

Their manner of crossing streams is equally curious, though shared by other species of ants.

‘Crawling to the end of a bough which overhangs the water, they form themselves into a living chain, and add to its length until the lowermost reaches the water. The long wide-spread limbs of the insect can sustain it upon the water, especially when aided by its hold on the suspended comrade above. Ant after ant pushes forward, and the floating portion of the chain is thus lengthened until the free end is swept by the stream against the opposite bank. The ant which forms the extremity of the chain then clings to a stick, stone, or root, and grasps it so firmly that the chain is held tightly, and the ants can pass over their companions as over a suspension bridge.’

We must end this sketch of a very attractive subject, and refer



refer those who take an interest in natural history to the works at the head of this article. Mr. Rennie's book has long and deservedly been considered a standard book on the architecture of insects, and we have much pleasure in cordially recommending Mr. Wood's recent work on the architecture of animals generally. The author is a careful observer of nature, and writes in a pleasant and attractive manner. The illustrations for the most part are executed with great spirit, and we have no doubt that 'Homes without Hands' will increase in popularity as it becomes more widely known.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Das Leben Jesu für das Deutsche Volk, &c.*, By D. F. Strauss. Leipzig, 1864.  
 2. *Das Leben Jesu.* By D. F. Strauss.  
 3. *Das Charakterbild Jesu.* By Daniel Schenkel. Wiesbaden, 1864.  
 4. *Das Bild Christi.* By J. F. von Oosterzee. Hamburg, 1864.  
 5. *Der Geschichtliche Christus.* By Theodor Keim. Zurich, 1865.  
 6. *Jesus Christ, son Temps, sa Vie, son Œuvre.* By E. de Pressensé. Paris, 1866.  
 7. *Untersuchungen über die Evangelische Geschichte, u. s. w.* By C. Weizsäcker. Gotha, 1864.  
 8. *Wann wurden unsere Evangelien verfasst?* By Constantin Tischendorf. Leipzig, 1865.  
 9. *Der Ursprung unseren Evangelien, u. s. w.* By Dr. Gustav Volkmar. Zurich, 1866.

**T**HIRTY years ago the 'Life of Jesus' of Strauss startled the world like a clap of thunder out of a calm sky. Theology has never since ceased to feel that shock. No German writer, of whatever school, has been able to banish the recollection of it from his pages. It was a book that marked an epoch; not, indeed, in the same sense as the 'Summa' of Aquinas, or the 'Organon' of Bacon, for these constructed, whilst that strove only to destroy. These were positive, and succeeding thinkers were obliged to take them up and carry on the thoughts they presented. The work of Strauss was negative: no wish to retain anything weakened the arm that wielded the destroying hammer; no mistrust as to what the world might be without Christianity, prevented him from doing his very utmost towards its destruction. In the name of criticism he declared that the Gospels were almost valueless as historical materials; in the name of science he pro-

nounced that miracles were impossible; in the name of the highest philosophy he professed to show the process by which the idea of such a character as that of Jesus Christ might be evolved out of the minds of a people, if but a few historical elements were given them.

The 'Life of Jesus,' considered as a mine sprung under the ancient theology for the purpose of destroying it utterly, is a most remarkable production. But it claims a different rank from this. It is a work of science and philosophy. Christianity and the character of its author are facts; and this earnest disciple (ardent we must not apply to one whose thoughts are hard, clear, chilling, and crushing as the iceberg) of the new school of Hegel, having demolished the grounds on which these facts used to rest, will show us in the name of science the new grounds on which they are henceforth to repose.

What reasoning, what fierce denunciation, what wild wailing this book drew forth from astonished Christendom need not now be recalled.

The man who, after playing bowls with spectres in the Catskill mountains, fell asleep, and awoke in the next generation, found, according to Irving's charming story, a state of matters in his native village not very flattering to his pride, or comforting to his affections. Dr. Strauss has just performed a similar feat, after thirty years of slumber; and in his case, too, the results are not adequate to his wishes. His scientific principles, whatever they are, ought by this time to have produced settled results. This is the property, and therefore the test, of all true science, that whatever difficulties it may contend with at first, it conquers them by its power of grouping facts already known, of explaining new ones that occur, and of ordering and arranging ideas. Aristotle was right when he said that all science must be capable of being taught. After thirty years then, there should be, if the principles are true, something like a concord of testimony from all the facts since examined, something like an agreement among theologians upon some settled principles, if not those of Strauss, then those to which subsequent verification has brought his principles down. This, however, is by no means what the irrefragable Doctor finds; and the new 'Life of Jesus' surveys the state of things with no great approbation. On this head we will allow the author to speak for himself, compressing his critical survey a good deal, and paraphrasing it, but allowing him to distribute his praise and blame.

'The work we published thirty years ago, comparable in its way to "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason," was intended to demolish all old prejudices of theology, and to substitute pure science for the same.

And now after thirty years, in a manner permitted to few, we revisit the field of discovery, to take account of the new scientific method in its results. Candour compels us to own that they are not entirely to our satisfaction. Our predecessors, Paulus, Hase, and Schleiermacher, had all persisted in treating the Gospels as historical authorities; all of which we, by good rights, made an end of. Every single narrative of the Evangelists we put into the crucible of our criticism; and how little of them we reported to be pure gold after our assay is known to mankind. Yet (will mankind believe it?) a Neander springs up after us, with his three mottoes from Athanasius, and Pascal, and Plato, with these invocations to all the good geniuses of philosophy and theology to help him in his strait, and with a certain tincture of philosophic education of a sort, with some training even in historical criticism, and concocts a quite "pitiable" book, in which he adheres to the miraculous in some degree, and considers all the Gospels inspired. Even Gfrörer, who ought to have known better, admits some of the miracles, in order, as we charitably suppose, to astonish the critics a little, and to create a sensation when he was "perorating" after dinner. As for Meyer, who believes in all the miracles, it is laudable no doubt thus to throw himself into the position of the author he is expounding, at the expense of his own critical faculty. Of Ebrard, who wrote against us, we must say that his "restoration of orthodoxy really amounts to impudence;" the man actually treats the Evangelists as trustworthy historians. Weisse was a man of another sort, the first, indeed, who accorded to our book a sensible examination. Weisse went with our arguments against St. John; even mended them. But then he had a hankering after St. Mark, and neglected our great principle of explaining the miracles as reminiscences of the Old Testament; cannot wholly divest himself of miracles; in short, about Weisse "there is nothing thoroughgoing; sound critical principles are crossed by the idiosyncrasies of a dilettante," and his work has now no more interest for us than that of curiosity. Of Ewald, we will say that there is a great deal of rhetoric and of unction, and that his mode of treatment shows the extremities to which theology is reduced, endeavouring by a cloud of words to disguise and conceal the inevitable. Lately two books of another stamp have appeared, the little tract of Keim, and the work of Renan. Keim lays down the principle that the life of Jesus should be interpreted by the laws of history and of psychology; but the sanguine man imagines that all theology will adopt his principle, which he does not thoroughly follow out even for himself; and we lose patience with him when he talks to us of the apostolic origin and the unity of the Gospel of St. Matthew; nor can he disentangle himself from miracles. Upon the whole, while he believes he has satisfied the demands of science, he is plunged in the illusions of theology. Renan, again, is misguided enough to retain the narrative portions of St. John, being, in fact, ignorant of the German works on this subject that have not been translated into French. Schenkel had wellnigh escaped us, having published his "*Charakterbild Jesu*" after this

survey of ours ; but we descend upon him in a separate book, and we tell him, rather tartly perhaps, that in endeavouring to reconcile science and theology, he will please neither of them ; that his science is an attempt to serve theology, for which theology will not thank him on account of the breadth of his admissions.\*

Strauss thus cynically 'perorating' (we thank him for the word), after thirty years' use of his great scientific discovery, teaches us more things than he dreams of in his philosophy. In his anxiety to denounce trespassers, he forgets that he must produce disciples. Science, to be true, must be capable of being learned ; where then are those that have learned it ? Which of the great principles of the master have come to be admitted as theological axioms ? It is a lame and impotent result to introduce us to Neander the 'pitiable' and to Gfrörer talking miracles for effect, and to Ebrard impudently orthodox, and to poor half-and-half Weisse, and to rhetorical Ewald, and to Keim with his adherence to St. Matthew, and to Renan with his scraps of St. John, and to Schenkel, who, thinking to reconcile orthodoxy and science, has been denounced by one hundred and seventeen orthodox teachers. Not one of all these adopts the author's three great principles,—that the Gospels are not historical, that a miracle is impossible, and that the life of our Lord as recorded in the Gospels is an accretion of myths. The inference to our minds is that none of this boasted science is established, because there was none to establish. The world's astonishment, thirty years since, was not as that of men that wonder at the rosy dawn of a bright day, but as of men among whom some crashing bolt falls, and scathing the eyes with its blinding sheen, leaves them to recover their eyes as best they may.

We are not concerned with the somewhat strange selection of names ; but if the list had been extended the argument would have been the same. Tholuck, Ullmann, Lange, Riggenbach, De Pressensè, and a host of others who have treated the life of the Lord, might have been cited, but none of them as true disciples. Among those who have discussed the Gospels, Olshausen, Bleek, Hilgenfeld, Volkmar, Holtzmann, and a hundred beside, might have been cited, whose results, differing widely amongst themselves, differ widely each from those of Strauss.

It could hardly we presume be agreeable in any case to wake from a preternatural sleep of thirty years, and to descend from the Catskill mountains, and to present our somewhat antiquated figure to a generation that has gone far towards forgetting our existence.

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\* See the new '*Leben Jesu*,' pp. 31-39 ; also '*Christus des Glaubens*,' &c., Berlin, 1865.

But could such a writer ever hope to see disciples following in his footsteps? His aim was to disprove the authenticity of the Evangelists and to deny the reality of Him whom they represented. Had men parted with their belief under this withering theory, they could not have continued to write about the subject. Having witnessed the burial of Christianity—a burial with no resurrection—they would have departed, with such feelings as might be in their hearts; only one with the nerves of a Strauss, could descend into the vault and descant upon the dead, his probable age, his lineaments, the fashion of his shroud. The living love the living. ‘The dead praise not Thee, neither they that go down into silence.’ Had Strauss been able to demonstrate all his theses (may we be pardoned the supposition?), the New Testament would have been a closed book for evermore—men would have turned from the reproachful record of their greatest delusion. There, where tottering age, with the grave before it, and round-eyed childhood, striving to take in by gazing the novel problem of life, and resolute manhood, wishing to know and follow the law of duty, found life and comfort, and a living voice that quickened the living pulses of their hearts, would have been only darkness and cold unwholesome airs. A Bible with no face of Christ there, and with no one word to trust to! had that been the fate of mankind, at least the race of commentators would have been silenced for ever. Dr. Strauss would have seen the last of them. It is as instructive as it is pathetic to see how, in Dr. Strauss’s catalogue, each writer refuses the sheer abyss; clings to some one record, to one line of evidence; tries to reconcile old truths with new criticisms, that all may not be death. Nay, what a difference even between Strauss and Renan here. If the German has the advantage in research and rigorous argument, the Frenchman, rash, fantastic, inexact, keeps some fragments of the documents, and so preserves for his narrative some kind of life.

The general views then of Strauss have been before the world for more than thirty years, and have caused the production of books and pamphlets to be told by hundreds; but they do not bear the test that all scientific systems bear with success: they have not come to be adopted by friend and foe alike, on account of their intrinsic force and power of explaining facts. Let us see whether the details of the system have fared any better. The principal points on which he labours are the critical history of the Gospels and a certain theory of myths.

We do not pretend in this place to do more than to give the reader, who may not have followed the argument, a general notion of the questions about the Gospels, which have been discussed

with so much patience and labour for the last fifty years. First let us speak of the date when these four books were written. It must be borne in mind that to insist on a late origin for the Gospels is a necessity of Dr. Strauss's position, for his theory of myths depends upon it. That theory is that in the course of time certain fundamental ideas of Christianity received, by a spontaneous process of creation, a dress of legends and inventions which blended themselves inseparably with the true history. For the growth of such legends time would be indispensable. There must be an interval during which the Church unconsciously evolved the false, and allowed it to mingle with the true. If there were proof that one of the Gospels was written, just as we have it now, within a few months of the crucifixion, the mythical theory would be out of the question, and the only choice would lie between believing the history and attributing conscious falsification to the narrator. In contending that the Gospels were not in existence in their present form earlier than the middle of the second century, Strauss is contending for a century of silent mythformation, without which his theory must fall to the ground. We do not believe that but for this necessity such a theory could ever have been sustained. The external evidence for a late origin of the Gospels is only negative at best; and even this negative evidence is almost nothing, and when weighed against the opposite proofs in a fair balance will always kick the beam. The conclusion of Strauss admits with sufficient candour his object in contending for a late origin:—

*'We do not find certain traces of the existence of our three first Gospels in their present form until towards the middle of the second century; consequently, not for a whole century after the time when the chief events of the history contained in them took place, and no one can reasonably maintain that this period is too short to make the intrusion of unhistorical elements into all parts of the evangelical history possible or conceivable.'*

We, however, who have no prejudice in favour of these unhistorical elements, must be allowed to view the evidence for the date of the Gospels from a different side. We do not desire to find a late date, but to see whether there are any valid objections to the dates usually adopted. There is a large mass of evidence that points to the early origin; it is only modern criticism that insists upon a later. Constantine Tischendorf has summed up very clearly for us, in the little tract named at the head of this article, the evidence of the two first centuries on this subject. It is needless to observe that he has been attacked for this service; Zeller calls the pamphlet 'pretentious and superficial,' which it is not; and Volkmar tells us that it is possible to be a reader of manuscripts,

manuscripts, like Tischendorf, and yet to be scarcely able to criticise even the text of the New Testament, still less to be a historical critic of the difficult problems of the second century. These amenities from learned persons, whose conclusions are greatly at variance among themselves, signify, that one may adopt any view about the origin of the Gospels except that for which alone there is any strong historical evidence.

There is not room here to offer even a sketch of that evidence ; but we can indicate the line it takes. The broad question is, whether the Gospels were in existence and accepted as genuine at the end of the first century, or became part of it about the middle of the second. Three great theologians, towards the close of the second century, at Lyons, Carthage, and Alexandria, Irenæus, Tertullian, and Clement, bear witness to the fact that at that time our Gospels were universally received as canonical. The well-known 'Muratorian Fragment,' which belongs to the same time, bears the same testimony. These would not do much towards determining a question which belongs to an earlier time, unless their evidence were in some measure retrospective. But it is retrospective. For example, Irenæus indulges in fanciful analogies about the number four : there must be four Gospels, neither more nor less, because the Gospel is to go throughout the world, and there are four quarters of the world ; the Gospel is the breath of life, and there are four winds of heaven ; the cherubim, on whom the creating Word is enthroned, have four faces. All this is bad reasoning to establish the number four ; but it affords a pretty good argument that the Church had by this time become accustomed to that number of Gospels. Irenæus also reminds one Florinus that when he was yet a boy he sat at the feet of Polycarp, and that with the vivid memory which one has for the events of childhood he could recall the very look, and gait, and manner of Polycarp, who gave accounts of his frequent intercourse with St. John and with others who had seen the Lord ; and Irenæus says further that Polycarp's account of the doctrine and miracles of the Lord were all 'consonant with the Scriptures.' He also tells us elsewhere that the followers of Valentinus made a free use of St. John's Gospel. Now all this, written about the year 185, does much more than prove that Irenæus knew the four Gospels. When we are asked to believe, by one of the latest writers, Volkmar, that the Gospel of St. John was written about the year 155, we must assume that when Irenæus was now a man, and when the three other Gospels (even on Volkmar's estimate) had been in use for full fifty years, a new Gospel, attributed to one of most eminent name, appeared and obtained its position suddenly and without challenge, with miracles recorded in no other

Gospel, with new and momentous discourses of the Lord. Perhaps it is conceivable that this should have taken place; but even if we had no testimony save that of Irenæus, it is in the highest degree unlikely. But Irenæus is only one of many. Two attempts at Harmonies of the four Gospels had been made about the same time. Justin, who wrote at latest in A.D. 147, quotes three Gospels, and criticism is hard pressed to explain away allusions to the fourth. Tischendorf makes good use of the argument from heretical writers; Hippolytus tells us that Valentinus relied on a passage in John (x. 8); and the like is said of Basilides: if so, this Gospel was well known in the first half of the second century. The Montanists probably borrowed from John their view of the Paraclete. It is clear from two passages of Tertullian that Marcion began by believing the four Gospels, as known to us, and that afterwards, thinking them tinctured with Judaism, he undertook to amend or alter the Gospel for himself: the date of this amended Gospel, founded on St. Luke, is about 138. Celsus knew the four Gospels, writing about the year 160. All this testimony, and much more that Tischendorf and others have adduced, tends to carry us backward to the early part of the second century. Before a distinct and general recognition of the Gospels could take place—before they could have been winnowed out clear from all the apocryphal literature that at first hung about them—some time must have elapsed. It is scarcely conceivable, moreover, that a new Gospel should take its place as an authority to be quoted in a controversy, without some discussion on the question of genuineness arising. This difficulty will always cleave to any theory save the obvious one of adhering to external testimony. Of Tischendorf's argument, however, we have given no idea. The section which he devotes to the apocryphal Gospels, as affording arguments for the genuineness of the true, it would be unjust to abridge. All these testimonies have been assailed, no doubt, by different critics. It is easy to say that when Valentinus or Basilides is mentioned as quoting St. John, it really must mean one of his later followers, or that by 'followers of Valentinus' we are to understand Ptolemy only, whose date happens to fit another theory. The Gospel of St. John has been the great battle-field of critical strife. Without dissembling the difficulties that undoubtedly surround this most precious document, which have been ably pressed against it, and at least as ably parried, we must hold that the acceptance of it as an inspired work of the Apostle from the first mention of it is a fact, whilst modern theories about it are theories, and no more. We are told that the new critical school of Germany has settled that the middle of the second century produced it—that it contains in



itself in a purified and spiritualised form all the elements of the religious life and activity of that epoch, with its gnosis, its doctrine of the Logos, its Montanism, and its Easter controversy. All these things are glanced at in the book, and do not come out distinctly: it is the calm expression of the religious consciousness of the time. The two Christian tendencies that were manifested up to that time, the legal tendency of which Peter was the exponent, and the free Gentile tendency which Paul most adequately represented, are sublimed in this Gospel and fused into higher, and freer, and universal unity; and this book was the ground on which the doctrine of Catholic unity, which began to prevail at the close of the second century, was based. But we for our part do not find all these fine things in the book, though we find what we value much more. Easter controversy and gnosis, and war of Petrine and Pauline tendencies! we find them not. This matter of tendencies has been enormously exaggerated always; but it has been thrust into this gospel: it came there, not in the middle of the second century, but in the middle of the nineteenth. To fix the date of the fourth Gospel or of any other by the contents is a thing impossible.

Schwegler has drawn an elaborate picture of the fierce controversies in the Church of Asia Minor, which the fourth Gospel was written to compose. One thing alone is wanting, but it is an important element. There is nothing in the Gospel about these hot disputes. The most careful Bible reader never suspects them; and even critics of any other school than that to which Schwegler belongs are compelled to allow that the premises of the writer lie merely in his imagination. And against these attempts, which after more than half a century of laborious, and in most cases honest labour, have issued at last in the wildest divergence of opinion, and in a dogmatic and pertinacious assertion of contradictory conclusions, as far as possible from true science, we have to set the fact that all ancient testimony assigns these writings to the apostles and inspired apostolic men whose names are upon them; and that, amid much that is fanciful and unhistorical in the ancient writers of the second century, amid much bitter controversy, there is no place to be quoted that casts any doubt upon the records in which for eighteen centuries Christendom has loved to gaze on the image of its Lord.

As we have been drawn to speak of the Gospel of St. John, we will not leave it with these merely negative remarks. A few words of this Evangelist supply the key to his omission of many things already narrated, and to the construction of his own narrative. 'And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book;

but these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name.' (John xx. 30, 31.) The old and received opinion, that the apostle wrote a supplement to the other three Gospels, must be understood with reference to these words. He wrote his Gospel that men might believe and have life; not that things omitted might be supplied. There may be truth in that surmise, that his spirit, kindled and informed by a higher light, looked back upon the growth of his own faith in the Master who loved him, and wrote for other men that which had led himself into the way of life, that his Gospel is not so much a history of the Lord, as a history of those things which led himself to know and believe in the Lord. At any rate the object of this Gospel is patent, to reveal to men the glory of Christ, as it was manifested in His earthly struggle. In the first four chapters the Lord is seen gathering to Himself those who seek the truth, whilst the evil storm of opposition and unbelief begins to lower and mutter. From the fifth to the twelfth chapters, the struggle with the unbelief of the world is open and severe; the Lord on the one side reveals Himself, and 'the Jews' on the other reject Him. From the thirteenth to the seventeenth chapters, He reveals Himself, and all that he is and can do, with the Father and on man's behalf. In the closing chapters He suffers when the rest of His work is finished, and rises again in final triumph, to send the promised Comforter, that through Him all that believe might have life. Some such plan most modern writers have endeavoured to trace. The glorious conquest of Christ over evil, shown to men in order that they might believe, and might have life through believing; this was the apostle's purpose. Who so fit to write on such a theme, as he that had been a near spectator both of the struggle and of the victory? Such an explanation is as far as possible from the notion that the writer had in view new doctrines about the person of the Lord; or from the opinion, to which the ancient writers gave too much countenance, that this is a polemic against Cerinthus, and Ebion, and the Gnostics. One writing of the incarnation in the midst of certain errors, could not but write so that the errors should meet their refutation. But of direct polemical matter, there is not one syllable in this Gospel. It is polemical in that, being true, it is a touchstone of error; it is against the modern Socinus almost in the same sense that it is against the ancient Cerinthus. Before the inspired Books were brought together, and the collected New Testament became one organ for spreading the truth, no Book wrought more potently than this Gospel for the advancement of the Church in the truth. What St. Paul did for the

doctrine of grace and of freedom in the Gospel, that did the writer of the fourth Gospel for the contemplation of Christ the incarnate Son of God. Long after this creeds and councils attest the same influence, and their theme was—a right conception of this mystery. If it is conceivable that to some teacher of a lower grade was permitted this great work, we must also conceive that the real instrument of this utterance has remained unknown, that his name and his memory are lost, and that a too careless Church ascribed to another those words so mighty in their operation. The Church, ready, even too ready, to preserve the names of benefactors, has let drop from her catalogue one of those whom the Lord had chosen to enrich her most.

Is it then true that, tested by results, the new criticism has failed to afford us even an approach to certainty in the questions that belong to the Gospels? Let us select one point only on which especial industry and energy have been expended—the place of St. Mark among the four Gospels. It is a question upon which almost every critic has pronounced an opinion: it has never been abandoned as ‘answerless,’ and to do them justice, modern critics are little open to the charge of pusillanimity of this kind. If the principles of investigation are true, the answers ought to be coincident, or at least to offer some marks of general agreement. The facts to be dealt with in examining the second Gospel are these: the first three Gospels agree in a great measure as to the events which they select, and as to the words in which these are described. The resemblance is so great, both as to arrangement and choice of words, as to leave no doubt of some connexion between them, more than the usual coincidences of writers of like tastes and education describing the same things. But with this minute agreement, and even in the same verse with some marked examples of it, there are considerable differences, which put out of the question the notion that one passage is a mere transcript of the other, or that both are copied from some common original. The problem then lies not in the resemblance, nor yet in the variations, but in the combination of resemblances the most peculiar and minute with remarkable differences. The resemblance is greatest where the words of the Lord are recited, and least in the narrative portions. The Gospel according to St. Mark is shorter than the other two, and might be taken for an abridgment if it were not that some passages are found in his Gospel only, and a certain minuteness of description in several places has been thought to proceed from a quick and observant eye-witness of the facts; but at any rate it vindicates the independence of the narrative. As a good example of the occasional brevity, we may observe that the

mocking command 'Prophecy!' found in the second Gospel, is difficult to understand without the 'Prophecy unto us, thou Christ, who it is that smote thee,' of the first. As an example of the fuller and more graphic description, such touches as these—'When he had looked round about on them in anger, being grieved for the hardness of their heart' (Mark iii. 5) are commonly quoted. Here then is a brief sketch of the questions which have been agitated for a generation. What is the relation of these writings to each other, and how are the agreements and the differences to be explained? In what order did these three books come forth? Let the new criticism answer this as to one Gospel, St. Mark, and let us see how far the answer gives proof of a solid result achieved by scientific principles. Now Dr. Strauss finds internal evidence that this Gospel was written after, and founded upon those of St. Matthew and St. Luke; whilst Bleek, in his 'Introduction,' finds by the same evidence that it was written even after St. John. Whatever be the worth of this internal evidence, it does not prevent Reuss from observing, 'We have proved elsewhere that St. Mark is the most ancient of those we possess, and that it was one of the sources to which the authors of the others resorted by preference.' Schenkel, too, appeals to 'the simplicity, clearness, and vivacity' of this Gospel as proving its priority; and Holzmann refusing to accept as the oldest the Gospel as we have it, proposes to find in it a certain 'original Gospel of Mark' which is one of the oldest documents of our faith. Renan approaches this view in some measure, 'imposed upon,' as Zeller tells us, 'by the picturesqueness so often attributed to this Gospel,' to which it can lay no claim. 'In spite,' continues Zeller, 'of all the ingenuity that has lately been applied to prove the opposite position, the dependence of Mark upon Matthew and Luke will always continue to be the last result of criticism.' Hilgenfeld sees clearly, or thinks so, that Mark made use of Matthew, and was in turn used by Luke; and that the second Gospel is such as a disciple of Peter, writing at Rome, would produce out of the first. So speak to us the teachers of to-day, at the close of half a century of discussion, in which every word and every verse of every Gospel has been threshed out and winnowed many times over. Of three Gospels, if we would arrange them in order, only six combinations are arithmetically possible; and amongst those who adopt the theory that one Evangelist followed or used another, every one of these six has found able advocates. But what kind of evidence is that which in the hands of Griesbach, De Wette, Baur, and Kösdin, gives us the order of Matthew, Luke, and Mark, and in the hands of Wilke and Volkmar exactly reverses this

this order, and places Mark at the beginning, with Luke making use of his Gospel, and Matthew beholden to both? The time is come for admitting that all the ingenuity that has been spent on the subject has sufficed to bring out into strong light many great and deeply interesting questions which belong to the inspired records of our faith, but has not produced any approach to a solution of them. Some future mythical philosopher, pondering this page of literary history, may doubt that such difference could have occurred: he may argue that it is a myth in which the 'consciousness' of the nineteenth century has reproduced the story of the Tower of Babel; a 'reforming criticism' was to be built up high above all past dogma and doubt, but amidst a welter of confused and contradictory speech, such as never could have been historically possible for rational men, the work was abandoned. We are far from denying that theology has gained by this exploration, whilst we know what has been lost and suffered. But science there is none. Let us not be dismayed by being told that our opinion is contrary to 'the last result of criticism;' it only means the result that shall remain till another comes. One of the boldest of the writers now before us ends a chapter thus: 'Can one ever hope to arrive at a satisfactory solution? It is allowable to doubt it, whatever may be one's confidence in human sagacity.'\*

Has the theory of myths, with which the name of Strauss is for ever connected, fared any better after the lapse of thirty years? The theory is this: assuming that no supernatural or miraculous narrative can be historical, this author accounts for such elements in the history of our Lord by supposing that when the disciples had once come to look upon their Master as the Messiah, they would naturally look for the fulfilment in Him of all the Old Testament types and prophecies, and even of all the rabbinical additions which by that time had been made to them. What they expected to find in Him they would supply if they did not find it. Because Moses, the first deliverer of the people, had wrought wonders, and because the voice of prophecy promised that the reign of Messiah should be marked by the same wonder-working power, the disciples would not fail to expect miracles from their Master, the last Deliverer of His people. Minds full of love and devotion, and disposed to believe only those things which exalted the object of their homage, would themselves supply to the history that element of miracles which it had not at first, but which it wanted to complete the picture of Messiah. There is not necessarily a con-

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\* M. Nicolas, 'Etudes Critiques,' p. 126.

scious falsification ; the miraculous tale would grow undiscernibly, even to the eyes of those whose minds were the soil in which it grew, and whose devout wishes were the dew that fostered it. Given a sufficient time, the 'unhistorical' portions of the Evangelical narrative would creep in insensibly (so thought our author), and no one could be pointed out as responsible for their introduction, for they would proceed out of the common consciousness of a generation or of two, out of the tendency in all minds to magnify what they hold to be great, out of the ferment of the thoughts of ignorant and uncritical men, full of wonder, love, and admiration.

Such was the doctrine of Strauss' earlier work, enforced by great logical power and sufficient erudition ; and men recoiled from it as from the lowest deep to which Christian truth could be brought down, not suspecting that they might yet be allowed a glimpse into a lower still. The amazing facility of this doctrine has struck most theologians ; it is an acid capable of eating into and dissolving the most solid body of history. Only shut the eyes to all collateral evidence, and then proceed to turn any narrative as it stands into myth, and the success will be great ; so great, however, that no sensible student will care to have recourse to so potent an agent again. Wurm has written a life of Martin Luther on this principle, rather ponderous for a *jeu d'esprit*, but leaving little certainty about its subject. Some years since, M. Peres wrote a tract to prove that 'Napoleon never existed.' The whole story, he said, was produced by French vanity out of the myth of Apollo.\* The etymological relation of the two names is sufficiently obvious. In the surname Bonaparte, we have a glance at the Persian Ormuzd and Ahriman, the good and evil principle, light and darkness ; the name signifies that Apollo was sent for the good side or element to the French, *bonâ parte*. The ancients it is well known ascribed all sudden deaths to the darts of Apollo, but sometimes viewed them as rewards, sometimes as punishments. The name Bonaparte secures that the activity of Napoleon should be interpreted for good. Apollo requires this qualification, for the name of the far-darting punisher of the wicked was connected by some of the ancients with ἀπόλλυμι, as by Æschylus. Apollo was born in the isle of Delos, in Greek waters ; it was of course necessary that his mythical antitype should be born in an island under French rule, hence Corsica came to be thought of. Leto was the mother of the Greek deity, Lætitia of the

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\* The fact is that Napoleon has very clearly an etymology which shuts out the supposed connexion with Apollo ; the form in middle-age Latin being Neapoleo, just as Naples was Neapolis. It is probable that M. Peres was glancing at the false etymology, as well as other absurdities of the Straussian school.

French Emperor. In order to make their auspicious ruler, who came 'in good part' to be the son of gladness, they have unconsciously done violence to etymology, being unaware that Leto (being akin to  $\lambda\eta\theta\omega$  and *lateo*) has reference to darkness. The mythical invasion of the North, which caused the downfall of Napoleon, has reference to the vain attempts of the sun to overcome the northern cold, whilst the invasion of France from the same quarter represents the frost overpowering all the effects of the sun; and the tricolour is replaced by the white flag, the colour of winter, for the parti-coloured dress of summer. Napoleon was summoned from triumphs in the East to deliver France from disorder; and his career was terminated by his death in a small island, a speck in the Western sea. Who does not see here the reference to the course of the Sun? its day commencing in the East, and ending in the West. The letter from the Directory which recalled him, received on the battle-field of Aboukir, was dated the 7th Prairial; seven, as we know, was the sacred number of Apollo, who was born on the 7th of the month; and it may be mentioned that the birthday of Napoleon is uncertain, and that one record places it too on the 7th (January 7th, 1768), a case where the mythical element is seen contending with the small groundwork of historical fact. The twelve years' rule of Napoleon are the twelve hours' course of the Sun-god; as Casimir Delavigne says of the French hero, 'Il n'a régné qu'un jour.' And if the testimony of history is invoked, there are acts of Louis XVIII., the dates of which are quite at variance with the notion of a real Emperor Napoleon reigning at the same time over the French people.

This is too fanciful. Theodore Parker's exercise of the same kind is better.

'The story of the Declaration of Independence is liable to many objections, if we examine it *à la mode* Strauss. The Congress was held at a mythical town, whose very name is suspicious,—Philadelphia,—brotherly love. The date is suspicious; it was the *fourth* day of the *fourth* month (reckoning from *April*, as it is probable the Heraclidæ and Scandinavians, possible that the aboriginal Americans, and certain that the Hebrews did). Now *four* was a sacred number with the Americans; the president was chosen for *four* years; there were *four* departments of affairs; *four* divisions of the political powers, namely, the people, the congress, the executive, and the judiciary, &c. Besides, which is still more incredible, three of the presidents, two of whom, it is alleged, signed the declaration, died on the *fourth* of July, and the two latter exactly *fifty* years after they had signed it, and about the *same hour* of the day. The *year* also is suspicious; 1776 is but an ingenious combination of the sacred number, *four*, which is repeated *three* times, and then multiplied by itself to produce the date; thus,

444  $\times$  4 = 1776, q. E. D. . . . Still farther, the declaration is metaphysical, and presupposes an acquaintance with the transcendental philosophy on the part of the American people. Now the "Kritik of Pure Reason" was not published till after the declaration was made. Still farther, the Americans were never, to use the nebulous expressions of certain philosophers, an "idealo-transcendental-and-subjective," but an "objective-and-concretivo-practical" people, to the last degree; therefore a metaphysical document, and most of all a "legal-congressional-metaphysical" document, is highly suspicious if found among them. Besides, Hualteperah, the great historian of Mexico, a neighbouring state, never mentions this document; and farther still, if this declaration had been made, and accepted by the whole nation, as it is pretended, then we cannot account for the fact, that the fundamental maxim of that paper, namely, the soul's equality to itself—"all men are born free and equal"—was perpetually lost sight of, and a large portion of the people kept in slavery; still later, petitions,—supported by this fundamental article,—for the abolition of slavery, were rejected by Congress with unexampled contempt, when, if the history is not mythical, slavery never had a legal existence after 1776, &c., &c. But we could go on this way for ever.\*

Such illustrations, whether they are exaggerated or not, remind us of the chief faults of the method of Strauss. The gamut of human acts and motives is so limited, that phrases must repeat themselves; neglect the differences, and search narrowly for the similitudes; and any one period may be represented as the mythical reproduction of any other. And when distance of time favours, and the records of contemporary history, by which alone this kind of dreaming can be corrected, are sparse and faint, then the mythical philosopher wanders unchecked, and a distaste for the supernatural needs never falter for want of arguments.

This theory, however, has to meet with another formidable objection, the force of which the author in his later work seems to admit. It is essential to its application here, that there should be sure proof that the attributes of the Messiah assigned to Jesus in the Gospels were also the attributes which the current rabbinical theology assigned to the expected Messiah. Myths, if there were any in the Gospels, must have been produced in the first few years after the Lord's death, and produced out of the minds of the common people, by no means instructed in the Jewish law. Their notions of the Messiah must have been the current popular notions; no one on any side pretends that there was among the Christians any great student of the Law who, profoundly reflecting on the prophecies, told his fellow converts that they spoke of a Messiah who should be the Son of

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\* 'Miscellaneous Writings,' p. 278.



God, who should suffer and be rejected of men, who should die with ignominy, after founding a kingdom bare of all earthly glory, and great only with a spiritual grandeur, and who should come hereafter in the glory of heaven, to judge the quick and dead. Has it yet been shown, then, that the popular opinion of the Jews of that day had attained this high, spiritual idea of the Messiah? There is much to make this highly improbable. In the Gospels themselves, the more spiritual views of the office of Christ were received by the disciples with the most stolid misapprehension. The disciples asked for high places in an earthly kingdom. The first intimation of Christ's approaching sufferings was received by Peter and the rest with pious incredulity: 'Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee.' When the first hands were laid upon the Lord to arrest Him, the disciples were scattered like sheep. When His crucifixion seemed to have ended all their hopes, they gave way to dejection, and almost to despair. The discourse in St. John upon the appropriation of the healing power of his death, the eating His flesh and drinking His blood, so perplexed them that many of them walked with Him no more.

Recent researches fail to confirm Dr. Strauss' assumption; the popular expectation did not turn towards a suffering Messiah, but towards a chieftain, who with strong sword and stirring appeal to ancient promises, should wake the slumbering courage and faith of the Jews, and retrieve their ruined fortunes as a conquered nation. Of a Messiah who should be the pure and holy Son of God,—of a Messiah glorified by a meek and silent triumph over suffering,—of a Messiah whose kingdom should be spiritual only,—of a Messiah who should hereafter judge the quick and dead,—the Jewish opinion of that time knew nothing. This has been shown over and over again since the former '*Leben Jesu*' was published; and in his later book, Dr. Strauss is obliged to admit it, for he allows that a much greater share must be assigned to new, Christian ideas, in the formation of the myths. He fails to vindicate his own first position, and so virtually abandons it. At the bottom of Strauss' work, in spite of all its logical power, its wonderful acuteness, and its learning, lay two capital fallacies: 'The Gospels are unhistorical, because they have a miraculous element; and miracles cannot be established, in the face of scientific difficulties, by unhistorical books;' and, 'The Messiah ought, according to popular belief, to accomplish such and such works, now Christ claimed to be the Messiah, and therefore popular belief attributed to Him such and such works; and if you ask how it appears that Messiah must have done these things, I answer that these are the things

which Christ as Messiah is represented in the Gospels as doing!’ In fact, whilst the prophets did speak of a suffering Messiah, did assign to Him functions that only belong to a Divine power and nature, these passages could only be fully explained by the light of Christianity thrown back upon them. It might be said that no Jew at the day of the Lord’s death understood them ; and it is certain that the popular view had sunk into a mere political expectation. But with such admissions the theory of Strauss is not merely weakened, it is destroyed. The disciples of Jesus clave to Him, because in Him they found the Messiah their people looked for. Not one of them so understood the prophets as to suppose that Messiah would begin and end without putting his hand to a sword, or claiming for the Jews an improved position among the nations. They had worldly notions about their Leader, and they were stubborn about unlearning them ; they were pious, uneducated Jews, stiff adherents of the popular convictions. See how these men adhere to the Lord of their choice ! They keep for their glorious King one whose life began in the manger, was passed in the carpenter’s shop, and ended upon the cross reserved mostly for felons, who were also slaves. They see after all is over that He does fulfil the promises of the past, and is indeed Messiah. They preach Him not merely as a great power of God, but as the Christ of the Jews, Son of God, King of a spiritual kingdom, Judge of quick and dead. What other cause could there be for this than that they had seen in Him such clear proof of the manifestation of the power of God, in His words, in His works, most of all in His resurrection, that they were willing at last to unlearn their own notions of Messiah, and to accept what they had been taught by their Lord ; that He was God manifest in the world, that He will come again with power and kingship, acknowledged by heaven and earth, to judge the world which slew Him, which has believed in Him partly, and in part rejected Him. The argument of Strauss was that Christ was little, but the teeming fancy of a people, rich in legal traditions, arrayed Him in royal robes that were not His own ; that He wrought no miracle, but that an imaginative race created round Him a history of wonders. But the facts now look all in a different direction. The popular portrait of the Messiah was drawn in different lines and colours altogether. How came Jews to forget that portrait and accept another ? If myths were of Christian invention rather than of Jewish, what touched that invention into activity ? Why do all men, so to speak, gather out of their conscience their highest conception of holiness and lay it at His feet ? Why do those whose aspirations would have been satisfied at first with a suc-

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cessful *émeute*, refuse to think lower of their leader at last than that He is one with God, and alone among men is perfect in holiness? Who was the man who, discarding existing prepossessions as to a suffering Messiah, searched through the annals of prophecy with a dispassionate sagacity and drew out the outline of the new and unexpected part which Messiah was to fill? Who stimulated the invention of stories about the Lord? Who collected them and wrote them in four books? for whatever popular rumour can do, it cannot take pen in hand and write.

All these questions fall into their proper place if we recognise a unique divine energy on the part of Jesus himself; they are unanswerable upon any other ground.

We said there was a lower deep beneath Strauss's lowest. It was the redeeming point in Strauss's theory, that at least it did not impute conscious fabrication of the Gospels. The Tübingen School, with F. C. Baur at its head, saw the defects of the mythical theory, and its purely negative and destructive character, and sought to construct a theory of what the Gospel history was. According to Baur, each of the Gospels had a *tendency*—was written for a purpose. There was, he alleges, a much more active feud between two opposite elements in the early Church—between the Ebionitish or Petrine element and the Pauline—than would be gathered from the New Testament itself. This controversy began from the time of the Apostles and did not end until the middle of the second century. It was a contest between those who viewed Christianity as Judaism and the Lord as the Messiah, and those who viewed it as a new principle by which both Judaism and heathenism were to be moulded and transformed into a new system. Of the former opinion Peter was the chief champion; the supersedure of temple and law in favour of Christianity, an all-embracing system, was the work of Paul. But the contest, says Baur, was much more obstinate and lasting than we should infer from the Acts of the Apostles. The life of Paul was passed in the struggle for recognition as one of the Apostles, for perfect equality of Jew and Gentile converts, for emancipation from the law. But the dispute continued far beyond his life, and all the early Church literature is to be interpreted by the light of this dispute. The books of the New Testament are either party-writings on one side or the other, or else they are later productions, intended to conciliate and conceal this difference, and to unite all Christians upon one common ground. And most of the books are of this latter class, and it follows that they are not the genuine productions of those whose names they bear. The lateness of St. Mark's Gospel is inferred from the absence of controversial matter and other reasons. St. Luke's Gospel

had originally a strong Pauline and anti-Jewish tendency; but in the later edition of it which we possess this tendency was much modified and softened! St. Matthew must likewise have been modified, the original Gospel being very different from what we now possess, more decidedly Judaic in 'tendency,' whilst the Greek Gospel as we possess it has the general character of the other two Gospels, one of conciliation between the two great parties!

Thus Baur. There are here two great assertions—that there was a sharp opposition at first between those who would and those who would not preserve the Jewish law, and that the Gospels were written in the interest of that controversy. Of the truth of the former assertion there is clear and admitted evidence, though not for that exaggerated form of it espoused by Baur. Of the truth of the latter there is simply no credible evidence whatever. The learning and powers of reasoning that have been expended on the question are remarkable; but this only enhances the surprise that there are no premises whatever upon which these boasted results are constructed. The critical power that can discover a strong Gentile prejudice in a narrative, after some one has gone over it with the express purpose of taking out all signs of this, does not belong to the region of science but of second sight. If ever there were books free from all taint of prejudice, from the stifling heat of controversy, the four Gospels are those books. If it has been reserved for this century to disclose a hidden purpose and bias in the writers, the grounds on which it rests should surely be accessible to us all. We can conceive that eyes long exercised in the twilight of antiquity may catch forms and shades that escape our own; but eyes that read not only what is there, but what would have been there if it had not been taken out, are beyond the reach even of imagination. Yet we are told by an English exponent of Baur, 'Mark's suppression of controversial matter seems to indicate that advanced period of Church development when unity having been to a great extent secured, it seemed more prudent to drop debateable topics than to discuss them.' And this is said of a Gospel about which there is the sharpest divergence of opinion among modern scholars; and the difference is no less than this, whether Mark has copied the other two Gospels, or is himself the original from which they have borrowed. To this day Zeller, as we have said, despises those tokens of originality in this Gospel which so many other critics rely on for placing it the first in order of time, and regards as vain attempts at picturesque effect those minute descriptive touches by which the presence of an eyewitness has been thought to be indicated. To pretend to read in such a work traces of past editings,

editings, of things that might have been there only they were removed for a purpose, by the light of internal evidence, when the same internal evidence will not decide for us a point so fundamental as whether the Gospel is the source or only the reflection of the other two, is to tax our respect for criticism beyond what it will bear. Add to all this, that the disciples of the same school differ from their great master as to all their results. Hilgenfeld places the supposed original draft of St. Matthew's Gospel between the years 50 and 60, and the supposed re-casting between 70 and 80. He places Mark, to whom he gives the second place, somewhere between 80 and 100, which Baur found to be some half a century too soon. Köstlin and Hilgenfeld assign the date of 100 to 110 for the Gospel of St. Luke, whilst Baur would place it much later. It is difficult for an English reader to form a conception of the strange union of industry and guess-work which the Critical School presents. On one side, every passage of the Gospels has been separately questioned, every ancient document that would throw light on them examined and re-examined; but, on the other hand, the same passages have furnished grounds for inferences diametrically opposed, and words the most colourless have had forced upon them the party colours of some controversy, of which, perhaps, there is hardly any external trace. The discoverer of homœopathy, it is said, after ministering to himself the thousandth part of the millionth of a grain of arsenicum or chamomilla, was wont to sit for hours watching in the most candid spirit for the symptoms produced by this powerful agent, and, upon a faint twitch of pain in his knee, he recorded in his note-book that this drug was sovereign for pains in the knee. Another observer, following the inductive method of the great Hahnemann, observed, perhaps, that the same drug was followed after some hours by a slight singing in the ears; and, accordingly, arsenicum or chamomilla, as the case might be, was set down as sovereign for complaints of hearing. The results were different, but no one would go so far as to suspect the method, which, in fact, was pure scientific induction. Baur was the fellow-countryman of Hahnemann.

The theories that have chased one another, like clouds across the heavens, allow us still to see the pure sky behind them when they pass. Each has threatened permanent darkness and storm, but each has passed; and we have time to reflect that, whilst the clouds change shape and colour, something behind them remains bright and unalterable. Paulus has gone, with his natural explanations of miracles, cumbrous and fanciful, which supposed a set of witnesses who could always tell us the mar-

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vellous result accurately, but yet always were deceived as to the means by which it was produced. Under the succeeding shadow of Strauss all nature grows black, and men trembling portend an earthquake and the end; but it passes, and Baur reminds men cheerfully, 'This also has been rejected by every man of education at the present time.' The cloud of myths has passed; but that of 'fundamental ideas,' which Baur delights in, will fare no better. When they have all swept by, this at least remains to give us courage: that a mighty quickening of spiritual life, more mighty the more it is examined, is for ever connected in history with the name of Jesus Christ; that attempts to explain it are made, and forgotten soon after they are made, whilst the light of that far distant spiritual fire shines still, and the stir and murmur of nations awakening to the new tidings of a crucified Lord reaches our ears to-day. The theory of Paulus is utterly forgotten; that of Strauss will soon be with it; that of Baur may last in some form till this generation has passed away. They leave behind them much learning; indeed, it may be said that every existing record of the two first centuries has been carefully explored. But they shew also the utmost that can be done in this direction. With all the learning of Baur, he has led us over all the probabilities, possibilities, and suppositions of the case; but these are not historic results. If there be darkness over the problems of early Church history, he has not dispelled it. The person of the Saviour and the progress of His doctrine are not to be disposed of by a learned man's 'perhaps.'

One advantage of these researches will be to convince us more and more that the picture drawn in the Gospels of a life and of a doctrine is not to be accounted for by accurate research into the circumstances and the prevalent ideas of the age which witnessed them. Of Grecian culture or philosophy there is no question here; they never reached the quiet home of the carpenter in Nazareth. Keim seeks in three different directions for the outward influences that were likely to act upon the character of Jesus; in the prophecies of the Old Testament, in the existing religious parties, and in the contact with John the Baptist. But none of these nor any combination of them formed the unique character we are studying, or supplied the doctrine, which so many listeners recognised as higher than human. The prophecies no doubt were sure to hold a large share in his teaching, 'for these were they which testified of him.' But He referred to them 'as one having authority and not as the Scribes.' The apparent contradiction of the glories and the sufferings of Messiah received from Him a solution which no one of that generation could have prompted; and the cross of the slave, which

which had never been assimilated into the current theology, became the stepping-stone to the Father's throne. This is not interpretation: it is prophecy. In the Sermon on the Mount the foundations of Christian morality are laid in the moral precepts of the Law, and thereby the common origin of both is affirmed. But every precept, as it passes into the Gospel code, becomes sublimed and purified. There is no epitome of legal morals; but an expansion of old precepts to heights and depths which rabbis hardly dreamed of. Before that clear intuition, all glosses, all the solemn trifling of rabbinical books, wither off from the Law, and it is discerned in its true essence; and for the numbing and narrowing form is substituted the free spirit. The Law was not the instructor of this great Master; He, so to speak, instructed the Law as to its own true purport, fulfilled its prophecies, enlarged its legal precepts to serve for a code to all the world.

Nor can any of the existing sects of the Jewish Church lay claim to the development of His religious life. There are those who pretend to find here a disciple of the Essenes, and so far as simplicity of worship, simplicity of speech, and of life, characterised the Essenes, no doubt He resembled them. But there was always among the Jewish people a principle of reaction against formalism and rabbinical refinements. The stirring voice of the inspired prophets awakening the mechanical legalism into spiritual life, was only represented now by the asceticism of this small sect. If there was something in common to the Lord and to them, it was also common to the prophets of old. Of deeper resemblance there is little. Like the Essenes He renounced the world and witnessed against it; but He sanctified by His presence innocent joys and employments, which an Essenian severity would have looked on sourly from a distance. The Essenes were essentially a sect; in the teaching of Christ nothing is more marked or more original than His proclamation of one universal religion, the common privilege of every nation and every rank. For that universal religion it was needful that the Temple should cease to be the religious centre of the world; but the Essenes forsook it, and could not endure its animal sacrifices, whilst Jesus worshipped there, journeyed thither at the usual seasons, spoke nothing that could tend to its destruction, even said a word for the authority of those who, unworthy though they were, 'sat in Moses' seat' (Matt. xxiii. 2). The Essenes observed the Sabbath more strictly than the other Jews, not allowing even a vessel to be moved out of its place; the discussions that arose out of acts of healing by our Lord on the Sabbath day show that He taught a wiser

and more discriminating rule. Marriage was forbidden among the Essenes, '*gens sola, sine femina, omni venere abdicata,*' as Pliny describes them, and this came under their principle of renouncing as evil all earthly joys. When the Lord recommends abstinence from marriage it is on account of the imminent troubles of a doomed nation. The Essenes had notions so strict about the purity and impurity of material things that it was more difficult for them to hold intercourse with other Jews without defilement than for those Jews to hold commerce with heathens. He who said 'to eat with unwashed hands defileth not a man,' saw deeper than ceremonial defilement, and in the corruptions of the hearts of men, which brought Him down to heal them, overlooked the artificial impurities of cups and vessels and hands. In a word, this remarkable sect, with its Jewish belief much altered by Pythagorean opinions, offers far more of contrast than of resemblance, to the Lord's teaching. To ascribe to it any large share in the human development of Jesus is quite arbitrary. That He looked at all the forms of religious life in the nation, and that what was more excellent in each was approved by Him, is true of course; but there is not the slightest ground for saying that He was ever in any sense a disciple of the Essene, or of any other sect.

To the doctrine of the Pharisees Keim is disposed to assign a greater share of influence over the human development of the Lord.\* But it must be remembered that the Pharisees were not properly what they are usually represented to be, a single sect, rivals of the Sadducees, and separate like them from the great body of the nation. The religion of the mass of the people was that of the Pharisees; they 'were only the more important and religiously disposed men of the nation, who gave most decided expression to the prevailing belief, and strove to establish and enforce it by a definite system of teaching and interpretation of the sacred books.'† Every appeal to the common religious thoughts of the people by means of the terms they understood best, might thus appear to be a borrowing from the Pharisees, or an assimilation to them. When Jesus uses the words 'righteousness' and 'Kingdom of heaven' (as Matt. v. 20), these were terms known to the Pharisees, but they had also passed from them into the people, and were understood by every one of the hearers of the Lord. They were not reminiscences of some favourite doctor, but appeals to current belief. But it is under this very word 'righteousness' that the enormous difference

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\* Pages 32-36.

† Döllinger, 'Gentile and Jew,' vol. ii. p. 304. (Darnell's translation.)



between our Lord and the Pharisees is made manifest. 'Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Between a righteousness which, reckoning up with satisfaction its own completeness, could ask, 'What lack I yet?' in order to expect from heaven one more reward in addition to a debt already deep; and a better righteousness that, striving earnestly and in vain to mortify all sin of act and thought, sees that there is still a great gulf between it and a complete observance of the law of God, and answers the 'What lack I yet?' by 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' the difference is too great for any comparison. The one was the Pharisaic righteousness, the other is that which Christ preached.\*

We would carefully distinguish, with Keim, between stern rebukes of Pharisaic inconsistency of practice and condemnation of their principles. But, setting aside the former, it is against their inmost principles that the Gospel teaching is directed; and this, too, at the very outset of the ministry of the Lord. There is no token of change, of a union at first with the Pharisees which was afterwards broken off. To say that the Lord was under the influence of Pharisaic doctrine, is to say that He was brought up among Jews; whether in Judæa or in Galilee, a young mind seeking the truth about God would receive it in the form into which the Pharisees had cast it. When Jesus sat in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions, they were Pharisaic answers that His questions produced. But He was no disciple of Pharisees. Side by side with their teaching the doctrine of Jesus vindicates its complete originality, even more than when compared with the slight and shadowy records of the Essenes.

Of the relations of the Baptist to Jesus much has been said, and yet the subject remains obscure. What was the amount of intercourse between the forerunner and his Lord? On the one hand little is recorded of actual converse between them; and up to the time of his imprisonment John appears to have paid little attention to the ministry of Jesus. On the other, it is probable that before the visit to John for the sake of his baptism, the Lord heard much of this new spiritual leader, prophet and more than prophet; and He speaks of him more than once in terms of honour. The coming of the Baptist marked a great awakening of the Jews to religion. This hardy and zealous preacher, re-

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\* See John Smith's Select Discourses 'Of the Shortness and Vanity of a Pharisaick Righteousness.'

minding them of the old prophets in his boldness, and of the Essenes in his hard and self-renouncing life, saw with profound sorrow the sins and miseries of the chosen people, and felt that the promised Deliverer was nigh. He called on the people to repent and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, lest the coming Lord should visit an unprepared house and nation. They all went out to hear him, and he bound together by a rite all that were moved to godly resolutions by his words. But in his preaching there was nothing, so far as we can judge, that went beyond the Mosaic system. The kingdom of heaven was what the Jews had expected, and righteousness was the preparation for it, and a corrupt people must repent and turn to holiness before they were fit to enter it; all this is the voice of the old covenant, and of that only. Not to be a mere witness to Jesus did John come to prepare the way before Him: but as the old covenant was one long preparation for Christ, as the heart of that old covenant was righteousness and hatred of the evil, and as the people had lost their hold on that, and were fruitlessly brooding over high national promises which their conduct was frustrating, there came a voice out of the desert stirring them up to the old belief, lest when Christ came He might find a people unable to accept the Gospel because they had ceased to understand the Law. When Christ was baptized by John there was a mutual testimony. By His baptism Jesus sealed as true the preaching of John, of repentance and the coming kingdom; and John was taught in that act to recognise the coming king. With this mutual recognition some other relations between them appear. The preaching of the Lord starts from the same theme as that of the Baptist: 'the time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand; repent ye and believe the Gospel' (Mark i. 15). But what was with the Baptist the denunciation of sin without much help or comfort under the load of it, became in the mouth of Christ a message of peace and love. Hearts first made to feel their own barrenness by John's preaching were parched under the pitiless heat of the sky, until words of mercy from Jesus dropped on them like gentle dews and showers, and quickened the imprisoned life of many a germ of good, and turned the barren soil into a fragrant garden. Opinions will ever vary as to the relation of John to Christ. The groundless absurdity of Renan, condemned by all writers since, that for a time the Lord became a follower and imitator of John, to the hindrance of His ministry, hardly deserves record. Keim rates high the influence of John. Schenkel more justly sees that 'John the Baptist and his disciples certainly did never make common cause with Jesus, and that Jesus never regarded John

John as capable of appreciating Him and His mission, nor as capable of forming part of the kingdom of heaven.\* But whether the intercourse and influence appear more or less, the teaching of Jesus belongs to a wholly different sphere. Nay more, the Lord Himself has set a wide gulf between Him and the Baptist. In that answer to the question about fasting, Christ presents Himself as the bridegroom spreading his own life and joy into the hearts of all that were with him; whilst the figures of the new and heady wine in old bottles, and the new cloth in the old garments, contains something of rebuke of the dulness which failed to recognise the new order of things that had come. There was reproof, too, in the words 'Blessed is he that shall not be offended in me.' Lastly, the least in the kingdom of heaven was pronounced greater than John.

We have gained from recent investigations a stronger assurance than before of the complete originality of the teaching of Jesus. Not that all writers are agreed; but that when one bids us seek for the germs of it among the Pharisees as Keim does, and another rejects this view and refers us to the Essenes, as Hilgenfeld, we find each able to refute convincingly the opposite opinion, but unable to produce any proof of his own. In this point, this independence of local and traditional influence, the 'last results of criticism' so much vaunted confirm the uncritical estimate which believing people, with a better touch-stone in their hands even than criticism, have formed about Christ from the beginning.

Now this teacher from the time of His Baptism looked on himself as the Messiah foretold by the Jews. Whether and how this consciousness grew in Him, it would be barren speculation to discuss. From the opening of His Ministry He assumed a position which could only belong to one of highest authority. In the Sermon on the Mount no scribe would have ventured to deal with the law as He did: His words are not interpretation but reformation of the law. He forgives sins. At Nazareth He applies to Himself a passage of Isaiah that had never been interpreted save of the Messiah. He selects a company of disciples, and expects from them a great devotion and a complete renouncement of earthly cares and ties. All this we know from the first three Gospels; the fourth is more express. The imprisonment of the Baptist may have served as an appointed call to Jesus to proclaim His mission more distinctly. It was the vanishing of the last ray of light from the page of the old Covenant. However this may be, from the commencement of the ministry the

kingdom of God was preached, and He who preached it put forth an authority which showed that He was the King and the Head.

Now what was this kingdom, the theory of which was perfected among a people whose national or sectarian pride was the foremost element of their character? Amid Pharisees whose very name was separation, amidst Essenes whose bigoted exclusiveness went far beyond even Pharisees, Christ proclaimed a system from which natural and exclusive privileges had been silently abolished. The beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount speak of a kingdom to which men must be admitted for moral and spiritual qualities, for meekness and mercy, purity and peace, and the hopes and prospects of which are not bounded by the sensible world, but belong to heaven itself. The writers before us may attempt to fix the precise time at which Jesus assumed fully the title and functions of Messiah; but we must maintain that when the Sermon on the Mount was uttered then were the old contracted hopes of Abraham's seed scattered for ever. A new law from the lips of a new law-giver, and new terms of admission and citizenship in a new kingdom, are plainly written in this discourse. There is no allusion to the foreign yoke that pressed on the sacred people and made their hearts bitter. There is no hope held out of a reintegrated nation, and a reign splendid and prosperous like Solomon's; no word is uttered of a brave deliverance by the soldier's sword. Another sort of glory the preacher presents to His hearers: the glory of God's reign in men's hearts; the conquest of sin in their breasts, ay, even the idle word and loose thought conquered by the tender and enlightened conscience. This should not be overlooked, when writers like Sibenthal and Keim persuade us that the idea of a kingdom that should embrace the Gentiles only grew up later, and is first seen clearly in the journey to Tyre and Sidon. There is some confusion between the outward teaching and the inward growth. The new kingdom was offered first to the Jews, and offered without any shock to their prejudices. It would take time to learn that a kingdom that included Gentiles was not to be abhorred as a kingdom of the unclean. But, if the question be of inward growth, then it is quite safe to say that, at no moment of His ministry, did any narrow theory of exclusion find favour with Him. There is a large class of passages in which some writers find marks of doubt and hesitation, instead of the singular prudence that marked the preaching of the Kingdom of God. Where He seems to put from Him the title of Messiah, and charges men not to make Him known, He wishes to be seen as the Messiah that He is, and not

as the Messiah of men's false preconceptions. 'He will do nothing to excite in His person the carnal hopes of political fanatics, or to provoke prematurely the hostility of religious fanatics.'\* 'He shall not strive nor cry: neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench until He send forth judgment unto victory.' This prudence was the highest love. It would have been easy to have kindled all the inflammable elements of the people into a fire of wild enthusiasm, to use their false prepossessions in aid of the kingdom that was to be; but many a bruised reed had then been broken, and the smoking flax had often had the feeble spark of divine love smothered out of it. This reserve was intentional, was necessary; it was also temporary, and applied to the present state of the people. 'What I tell you in darkness,' He says to the twelve, 'that speak ye in light: and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops.' There is, moreover, another fact for which allowance must be made. The Jews had enjoyed divine favour, were the people of God. That His favour was not wholly withdrawn from them, even now, was manifest from the fact that the light of the world appeared among them; and if they had not loved darkness rather than light, light would have been their portion. In the mysterious counsels that we cannot explore, by which the world is governed, it was decreed that salvation should be first preached to the Jews, and then to the Gentiles. Salvation was for all the world: the kingdom was open to the poor in spirit, the meek, the heavy-laden in every land; but the offer was first made to the Jews. Hence Christ appears sometimes to regard himself and His apostles as sent to Jews, because the first invitations to the heavenly feast were to them. The offer and the refusal are often spoken of by the Lord: the parables of the Wedding Guests, the two Sons, the Vineyard, all refer to it; the last most expressly, for He makes the application, 'The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.'† There is in the teaching of the Lord, from the first, a clear indication that the 'Kingdom of God' was to be open to the whole world. Not less clearly do we see that it was a spiritual kingdom; that the confusion of temporal and spiritual, which has marked other religions, had no place here; that the ideal of humanity, which He exhorted His followers to attain, left on one side all the boasted privileges of the Jews. Was not this a great stride in spiritual progress? If

\* Riggerbach.

† Matt. xxi. 43, xxii. 2-10, xxi. 28.

we may at all trust research, it was made by Christ alone. No idea in history ever stood so clear from the ordinary train of visible causes and effects. It came out of a society dominated by Pharisees in its lower ranks, by Sadducees in its upper, and by Essenes—a small element of the community—but honoured for their simple life and virtues. It was a system exactly opposite to all their teaching. The Sadducee would meet the theory of a spiritual kingdom, having its glory in the future and in heaven, with a civil sneer: the Pharisee was nothing, if not a son of Abraham, sealed upon the forehead with the seal of destiny for great privileges, when the overturned throne of David should be set up again. The Essenian opinions were narrower still. To men that had crept about in a narrow rift of rocks, too narrow to let in the sea, or to be swept by the invigorating air, a voice called suddenly and bade them come up upon a high mountain, and see the far-off kingdoms and the isles that stud the sea, and feel the glorious sun bringing blood back to their livid cheeks, and the soft west wind bringing faint odours in its refreshing coolness. The voice was Christ's; the day on which it was uttered was an epoch for the world. And no earthly master taught or could teach this bold utterance, these tones that stir the jaded hearts of men. Survey as closely as we can the records of Jewish life, we shall find, no doubt, some points of contact with Pharisee or Essene, for Jesus was taught of men and also sympathised with men; and how should a teacher help using phrases and forms of thought which were the only ones known and understood by hearers? But we shall find it to be new. No one will dig up a MS. of some scholar of Hillel or Shammai, in which its germs are contained. As well seek for the lineage of Melchisedec, 'without father, without mother, without descent,' as try to affiliate on earthly authors this Gospel of the Kingdom.

We might not agree with M. Guizot in every part of his interpretation of the two principles on which this kingdom was founded; but his witness to their originality is one of the most valuable.

'Thus disappears gradually, in the name of the God of the Jews himself, the exclusive privilege of the Jews to the divine revelation and to divine grace. And thus, too, the restricted religion of Israel gives place to the grand catholicity of the religion of Christ. The benefit of the true faith and of salvation is no longer limited to one people, whether great or small, ancient or modern; but is imparted to all the races of mankind. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy

Holy Ghost." \* "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." †

'These were the last words which Christ addressed to his apostles, and the apostles execute faithfully the instructions of their divine Master; they go forth, in effect, preaching in all places and to all nations, his history, his doctrine, his precepts, and his parables. St. Paul is the special apostle of the Gentiles. From Jesus, says this apostle, "We have received grace and apostleship, for obedience to the faith among all nations, for his name." "Is he the God of the Jews only? is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also." "For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him." ‡

'In spite of his prejudices as a Jew, and of the differences that took place in the infancy of the Church, St. Peter adheres to St. Paul; the apostles and elders assembled at Jerusalem adhere to St. Peter and St. Paul. The God of Abraham and of Jacob is now not merely the One God: He is the God of the whole human race; to all men alike He prescribes the same faith, the same law, and promises the same salvation.

'Another question, more temporal in its nature, still a great, a delicate one, is raised in the presence of Jesus Christ. He withdraws from the Jews their exclusive privilege to the knowledge and the grace of the true God; but what does He think of that which touches their existence as a nation, and as a great one? Does He direct them to rebel and to struggle against their earthly governor and sovereign? "Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk, and they sent out unto him their disciples with the Herodians, saying, Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not? But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Show me the tribute money, and they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's. When they had heard these words, they marvelled, and left him, and went their way." §

'In this reply of Christ there was much more matter for admiration than the Pharisees supposed; it was in effect much more than an adroit evasion of the snare that had been intended for Him; it defined in principle the distinction of man's life as it regards religion, and man's life as it concerns society; the bounds, in fact, of Church and State. Cæsar has no right to intervene, with his laws and material force, between the soul of man and his God; and, on his side, the faithful worshipper of God is bound to fulfil towards Cæsar the duties

\* Matt. xxviii. 19.

† Mark xvi. 15.

‡ Romans i. 5, iii. 29, x. 12.

§ Matt. xxii. 15-22; Mark xii. 12-17; Luke xx. 19-25.

which the necessity of the maintenance of civil order imposes. The independence of religious faith, and at the same time its subjection to the laws of society, are alike the sense of Christ's reply to the Pharisees, and the divine source of the greatest progress ever made by human society since it began to feel the troubles and agitations of this earth.

'I take, again, these two grand principles, these two great acts of Jesus,—the abolition of every privilege in the relations of God and man, and the distinction of man's religious and his civil life. I confront with these two principles all the history, and every state of society previous to the advent of Jesus Christ, and I am unable to discover in those essentially Christian principles any kindred, any human origin. Everywhere, before Christ, religions were national local religions; they were religions which established between nations, classes, individuals, enormous differences and inequalities. Everywhere, also, before Christ, man's civil life and his religious life were confounded, and mutually oppressed each other; that religion or those religions were institutions incorporated in the state, which the state regulated or repressed as its interest dictated. But in this catholicity of religious faith, in this independence of religious communities, I am constrained to recognise new and sublime principles, and to see in them flashes from the light of heaven. It needed many centuries before mental vision was capable of receiving that light; and no one shall pronounce how many centuries will be needed before it will pervade and penetrate the entire world. But, whatever difficulties and shortcomings may be reserved in the womb of the future for the two great truths to which I have just referred, it is clear that God caused them first to beam forth from the life and teaching of Jesus Christ.' \*

But a theory may be an intellectual effort, and no more. In this case the person and character of Christ are knit up with the theory, and must be taken into account if we would answer the great question of the day—Whence came Christ? The character of Jesus is the great witness on this point. We would fain avoid speaking of it. Warning examples are before us: of all the fantastic parts that we poor men allow ourselves to play, surely the worst is that of a patron of the Lord. To mete out little praises, concessions, extenuations, and to end in a cautious judicial approval, a man must be one of the most bold and least wise of his kind. Yet we must not shrink from that question, which is the key of the whole argument.

The title which Jesus loved to give Himself, of Son of Man, was not a usual and technical title of Messiah, as some pretend. It was a name which the Lord adopted for Himself; and He employs it constantly in all the Gospels, whilst it is hardly ever applied to Him by others. Whether it was a title of Messiah

\* 'Meditations on the Essence of Christianity, and on the Religious Questions of the Day,' by M. Guizot, pp. 275-280.



has been much disputed ; but those who heard Jesus apply it to Himself did not understand it as meaning the Messiah. What term more fit to give emphasis to the great fact of the humiliation of Christ in His incarnation ? Jesus, leaving the glory of the Father, abases Himself, and becomes one of this insignificant yet rebellious race, a minister of God to men like Himself. We know not whether to rank this beautiful humility as a mark of His character or as a means of furthering the kingdom of God. It is essential to the preaching of the kingdom that sin should be denounced without any false tenderness, for sin can never be suffered to enter the kingdom of holiness. Of bold denunciations we have examples ; but He who calls Himself the Son of Man deals with sin in a manner altogether new. Holding up the mirror to the sinful, He strikes conviction into hearts that never felt a pang before ; but then He is the Son of Man, and with the name of man He takes up the burden of manhood, and even sinners feel before him that he is not merely a judge, but a brother of the tenderest heart and most unfailing sympathy. The co-existence of zeal for holiness and loving indulgence is one more mark of this new kingdom which appears to prove its divine origin by severing it from the usual chain of visible cause and effect. M. Guizot says :—

‘Nothing strikes me more in the Gospel than this double character of austerity and love, of severe purity and tender sympathy, which constantly appears, which reigns in the actions and words of Jesus Christ in everything that touches the relation of God and mankind. To Jesus Christ the law of God is absolute, sacred ; the violation of the law, and sin, are odious to Him ; but the sinner himself irresistibly moves Him and attracts Him : “What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it ? And when he hath found it he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me ; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.”\* Jesus said unto them, “They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. . . . For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”†

‘What is the signification of this sublime fact, what the meaning in Jesus of this union, this harmony of severity and of love, of saint-like holiness and of human sympathy ? It is Heaven’s revelation of the nature of Jesus himself, of the God-man. God, he made himself man. God is his father, men are his brethren. He is pure and holy like

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\* Luke xv. 4-7.

† Matt. ix. 12, 13.

God; He is accessible and sensible to all that man feels. Thus the vital principles of the Christian faith, the Divine and the human nature united in Jesus, start to evidence in his sentiments and language respecting the relations between God and man. The dogma is the foundation of the principles.\*

This holy tenderness, this loving justice, is an example to all teachers, and was the means by which the true kingdom of God was spread; but it is an example and a means, because it is a revelation of God. So God regards sin and sinners, hating it and loving them, with a hatred that will never approve the evil or confound it with the good, and with a love that is ever ready to take them in and speak to them amnesty and pardon. We believe this of God; we aim at it ourselves, and fall into indulgence of the sin in one place, and repel the sinner with harshness in another. In Christ we have seen it perfectly realised; nowhere else in history shall we find it.

✓ The character of the Lord has undergone a test which no other has had to bear. His avowed aspiration was, beyond measure, great: to lead the Jews into the kingdom promised by the prophets, and to shed abroad to Gentiles, to the ends of the earth, the things which God had prepared for all alike. In order to do this, the ideal of that kingdom was purified and raised. It was to be a kingdom not of pomp but of purity, not of earth but of heaven. Moreover, every step towards that kingdom was associated not alone with the teaching but also with the person of the Preacher. He was the example to imitate; the expositor of the law speaking with authority. His sufferings and death were no private matters, but concerned the welfare of the race. The Apostles are our witnesses of all this. They approached this whole system at first with manifest repugnance. We may well believe that they were men as spiritually-minded, when Christ called them, as were to be found amongst the Jews of their rank, age, and education. Yet it was a visible kingdom that they wanted; and, as for a Messiah who should become their King, by eminence in humility (so to speak), and by love for all souls alike, and by suffering, they not only did not expect such a one, but He inverted all their expectations. For glory, humbleness; for an army, themselves, who never struck but one blow with a sword, and then received rebuke; for a kingdom, judgment at the bar of Cæsar's deputy; for a throne, the cross of death. Their repellant dulness, when these things are first forced on their belief, is pathetic. Nothing of all they tell us of Christ's plan was approved by their prepossessions. They were poor

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\* 'Meditations on the Essence of Christianity, and on the Religious Questions of the Day,' by M. Guizot, pp. 250-252.

men, but they had a great stake upon the venture they had made; for it is a fearful thing for the good to spend the one life that is given them upon a religious delusion. What do these witnesses hand down to us? Not so much asseverations that Christ was perfectly holy, as a general picture of His life, which makes on all who read it the impression of holiness. What are the chief elements of holiness? Great love, great self-abandonment, avoidance of evil even to the appearance of it, and, above all, a constant sense of dependence on and union with God, and a zeal for the doing of His work. That the Evangelists never put these elements together, but left us to do so for ourselves, adds, if possible, to the weight of their testimony. They do not say, 'Here is a righteous man!' but the facts that pass under their pens produce in generation after generation the impression of complete holiness. /

We do not say that no generation can invent an ideal somewhat higher than itself; but the fate of all human inventions of this sort is, that by-and-by other human inventions surpass them. But what ideal have the eighteen centuries produced which has distracted men's affections from the Christ, and drawn them to some other object? At this moment the person and character of Jesus is an object even of more interest than it has ever been before. And whilst the miracles are denied and the dates of the Gospels disputed, each writer in turn does homage after his fashion to the moral purity and dignity of Christ. Strauss concedes to Him the 'beautiful nature;' Renan calls Him 'demi-God,' whereat M. Lasserre may well ask, 'Is God divided?' Channing, a Unitarian, stands before this unique character, and abstracting his mind from former impressions, tries to see it as a new phenomenon, and feels that he is in presence of one who spake as never man spake before or since. Schenkel and Keim are far from a true conception of Christ: but both admit that history has produced no parallel. Schenkel, whose book is marred by a certain democratic twang, says of Jesus, 'He lived in Galilee, He died in Jerusalem, but He lives for ever in the souls that attain, through His word, to truth, to true piety, and to love.' Keim, a writer of higher strain, and with more of a true historical spirit, admits that here is one whom history cannot explain, and that the person of Jesus is a fact unique in the history of the world.\* After all the waves of criticism shall have passed over us, we feel that this will remain, which criticism has not shaken,—the admiration for the moral perfection of Jesus the Son of God. The person of Christ, as Schaff has well said, is 'the miracle of history.' The question about miracles

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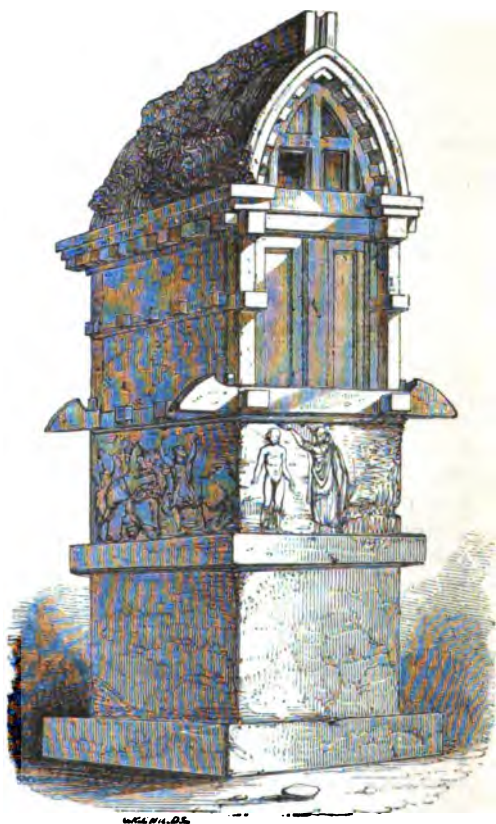
\* Pp. 26, 27, 29, 30, 32, 36. Digitized by Google

can afford to wait. Men are jealous of interference with the laws of science. Be it so. Science makes the mistake of confounding the new with the impossible. In a world of minerals the first plant would be miraculous; in a world of plants the first moving animal. Did an image of God's perfection make known to men His divine presence in Palestine long ago? Then He, rather than any one act of His, is the miracle which supersedes the laws that govern lower natures. It is hard to believe that Jesus rose from the dead; it is harder to believe that He said with all His heart, 'I am come to seek and to save that which is lost.' . . . 'Come unto me all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He Himself is more surprising than all that He appears to have wrought of mastery over material laws. *End*

This great controversy, then, is not all matter of regret. There was lurking in the minds of many people a vague belief that if records were ransacked much might be found that had assisted in producing the teaching of the Lord; that He was far beyond all that was before Him, but that much of His teaching was a natural growth, the product of the age, its cultivation, its inherited beliefs. Criticism has said its last word upon the subject, and the impression, brought to the proof, turns out to be unfounded. The more exact the research the more remarkable the contrast between the riches of Christ, His precious doctrine and character, and the sheer bareness, littleness, narrowness, of the Judæan culture out of which He came. Moreover, the true human nature of Christ was somewhat lost sight of in the Church. Gazing up into heaven upon the risen Lord, with the glory of eternity and of the Divine presence about His head, we have a little forgotten that our Master was one who walked through this pilgrimage of life as we are walking, with feet sore with travel, with a heart oppressed by misapprehension. And when truth wanes moral activity declines. We have been forced, by rude shocks no doubt, to look at His true human side again. They say that M. Renan's book has caused a great demand for copies of the Gospels in a country where these were not so accessible as they are to us. We may do well to return to our Gospels, and know in Christ the true human friend and guide, leader, pattern. We should hear His discourses as new teaching, we should watch Him tried with all kinds of hate and stupid misunderstanding, we should stand very near the cross. If suffering is human, if love and pity are human, then His sacred history is intensely human. Nevertheless, when we turn the last page and let our honest conviction speak, we shall find the human has revealed to us the divine, 'Truly this man was the Son of God.'

**ART. V.—*A History of Architecture in all Countries from the earliest Times to the present Day.*** By James Fergusson, F.R.S., M.R.A.S., Fellow Royal Inst. Brit. Architects. In 3 vols. Vol. I. London, 1865.

**I**N the British Museum there is a tomb which was brought from Lycia, in Asia Minor. The whole is of stone, but the upper portion is a slavish copy of a wooden prototype. The curvilinear form is common in the slight timber roofs of India. The rafters, the projecting beams of ceiling and floor, the panels, the framing, are all carved in imitation of the wooden original, and have little meaning in the material to which they have been transferred. The structure of the lower part alone is appropriate. The incongruity of the combination arises from the circumstance that the people had been accustomed to enclose their dead in a sarcophagus of wood, which they placed upon a pedestal of stone. As they advanced in wealth and skill they substituted a durable for a fragile sarcophagus; and without the slightest regard to constructive propriety, they copied the primitive details. Traces



Lycian Tomb. From British Museum.

of the process are preserved among the buildings of other nations ; and it is undoubtedly one of the phases through which architecture

ture has always passed in its infancy. When parts which at first were wood are exchanged for stone, the mason imitates the work of the carpenter. The fact is a strong example of a truth which characterises the entire history of architecture. Each successive designer treads nearly in the track of his predecessor, even where it might seem that common sense would teach him to seek a new path. Styles are not struck out at a heat, but are evolved bit by bit, and are less a creation than a growth. They have been educed from rude beginnings in a regular gradation; and however grand or beautiful may be the ultimate result, the separate advances have been small. Here and there a genius takes a longer stride than usual, but the mightiest genius has never sufficed to do more.

Contrivances obey the same law when they are regulated by purely scientific principles, without any attention to artistic effect. 'All the important discoveries in machinery,' said an eminent engineer, 'have been made in homœopathic doses.' Their authors are seldom known to fame, for the contributions of single inventors are not of sufficient extent to found a reputation. Yet when many minds are turned in one direction the aggregate progress is immense. 'Machinery,' says Mr. Babbage, 'for producing any commodity in great demand seldom actually wears out, new improvements by which the same operations can be executed either more quickly or better generally superseding it long before that period arrives.' Architecture is cultivated with equal success where the builders of a nation concentrate their efforts upon a given style, and a designer, like the machinist, simply studies to improve upon the performance of his predecessor. This enabled the Greeks to perfect their temples, which were the productions, not of a man, but of a people. This was the source of the glories of the Gothic, with its long succession of developments, and its endless variety of exquisite detail. For generations it was the style of a large part of Europe, and religious as well as artistic zeal was enlisted in its service. 'In a mediæval cathedral,' says Mr. Fergusson, 'you have not only the accumulated thought of all the men who had occupied themselves with building during the preceding centuries, and each of whom had left his legacy of thought, but you have the dream and aspiration of the bishop who designed it; of all his clergy who took an interest in it; of the master mason who was skilled in construction; of the carver, the painter, the glazier; of the host of men who each in his own craft knew all that had been done before them, and had spent their lives in struggling to surpass the works of their forefathers

fathers.' Nothing similar exists at present. Instead of a national and steadily progressive style, all styles take their turn according to the caprice of the individual architect. Efforts which were once united are divided, and, with few and partial exceptions, our activity has been more displayed in debasing old styles than in eliminating new. The servile copyist constantly borrows the facings of his design in defiance of fitness, and disfigures what he alters. The true artist is conscious that fresh requirements call for novel expedients. Aware that beauty cannot exist apart from propriety, he varies his means to suit his end, and finds a stimulus to invention in the complex wants of modern life.

Since the numerous forms of architecture are of gradual growth, their history loses most of its interest and significance unless the several changes are unfolded, as far as possible, in the order in which they arose. There is a fascination in observing how each step in the series is generated by its predecessor, and how innovations, which are separately slight, produce such a total revolution in the end, that the features of the primitive parent can hardly be recognised in the offspring. There is an especial delight in tracing a style from one country to another, in noting the parts which are selected by the people who import it, the manner in which they adapt it to their purposes, and the stamp which they set upon it of their peculiar genius till the borrowed basis is converted into striking originality. In the old architectures many links in the chain are lost, but enough remains to give sequence and connexion to the history. The work of Mr. Fergusson is the first in which the subject has been properly treated. It has been the accident, he says, of his life that he has wandered over the larger portion of the old world, and seen the edifices of almost all the countries between China and the Atlantic shore. Teeming with knowledge, acute in detecting differences and resemblances, ingenious in deciphering imperfect indications, and divining the whole from a part, he has obtained by personal observation a singular insight into the several styles, and the relation in which they stand to each other. He has put together the pieces of a complex puzzle, and has introduced harmony and unity where before there was often discordance and confusion. In addition to his historic acumen, he possesses the rare quality of a catholic taste. Knowledge and familiarity are essential to the full appreciation of artistic qualities, and partial studies inevitably beget narrow criticisms. A learner is attracted to some particular style, he grows enamoured of its beauties, he concludes that they are incomparable, and, turning his back on rival excellencies, he mistakes ignorance and bigotry for supe-

riority of judgment. The thorough-going partisans of opposite schools are merely men of imperfect perceptions, who disbelieve in the existence of merits to which they themselves are blind. Travel has saved Mr. Fergusson from an error which is incompatible with an enlightened history of the art. 'Long,' he says, 'after I turned my attention to the subject, I knew and believed in none but the mediæval styles, and was as much astonished as the most devoted admirer of Gothic architecture when any one suggested that other forms could be compared with it. My faith in the exclusive pre-eminence of mediæval art was first shaken when I became familiar with the splendid remains of the Mogul and Pathan emperors of Agra and Delhi, and saw how many beauties of the pointed style had been missed in Europe in the middle ages. My confidence was still further weakened when I saw what richness and variety the Hindoo had elaborated, not only without *pointed* arches, but without any arches at all. And I was cured when, after a personal inspection of the ruins of Thebes and Athens, I perceived that at least equal beauty could be obtained by processes diametrically opposed to those employed by the mediæval architects.' With a happy freedom from prejudice, Mr. Fergusson has looked at the monuments of India, Greece, and Egypt with Indian, Grecian, and Egyptian eyes; he has entered into their spirit; he has felt their power, and, by his nice discrimination of their characteristics, he has enabled his readers to comprehend the justice, and share the enthusiasm of his praise.

The first edition of Mr. Fergusson's work was published in 1855, under the title of the '*Handbook of Architecture*.\*' The arrangement adopted was topographical, which was an unwilling concession of the author to the popular demand for a compendious description of all the styles in the world without much reference to the mode of their formation or progress. The vast survey was at once perceived to be that of a master, and not of a commonplace compiler; but the sparing interpolation of his views on the origin of styles, and the brevity with which he touched upon the evolution of their successive transitions, occasioned many to overlook the most important and novel part of the treatise. He has now re-cast the whole. He has classed the styles in historical instead of topographical order. He has deduced their genealogy step by step, and told us not only what was, but how it came to be. He has expanded the numerous hints which were scattered through the '*Handbook*,' and his

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\* The '*Handbook*' was reviewed in the '*Quarterly Review*,' vol. cvi. p. 285.



work in its present state is the most comprehensive and original that has ever appeared on the subject. An abstract of the rich variety of its contents is beyond the compass of a review, and we shall, perhaps, convey the best idea of its merits if we endeavour to furnish a specimen in miniature of the historic continuity, which is the life of the study.

The largest buildings which remain are the oldest. The three great pyramids at Ghizeh, in Lower Egypt, are supposed by Mr. Fergusson to have been erected at least 3000 years before the Christian era. The first in size and date covers an area of more than 13 acres, and its height of 480 feet is not exceeded by 'the spire of any cathedral in Europe.' The circumstances which favoured the piling together these stupendous masses are explained by the late Professor Jones in his 'Lectures on Political Economy.' The capitalists were few. The surplus produce of the soil was chiefly paid to the priests and the king, whence the state became the principal and direct employer of the non-agricultural part of the population. The consequences of this disposition of the national wealth have been conspicuous in India. The handicraftsmen congregated round their masters, the princes, and when these moved the artisans moved with them. Bernier, describing the journeys of Aurangzeb from Delhi to Cashmir, says he was accompanied by an 'incredible quantity of people.' 'But then,' he adds, 'you must recollect that it is all Delhi, the capital town, that marches, because the population subsisting wholly on the court and army is obliged to follow, or it must die of hunger.' 'The ministers of luxury' which attended in the train of Aurangzeb when he invaded the Deccan, are said by Elphinstone to have 'amounted to ten times the number of the fighting men;' and the whole assemblage is affirmed by a European eye-witness, who beheld the mighty host in March, 1695, to have 'greatly exceeded a million.' If the capital city was transferred to a new locality, as frequently happened from territorial and dynastic changes, the old capital was at once evacuated; and Professor Jones states that the deserted sites of towns throughout India bear witness to these forced and sudden migrations. A vast multitude of artificers in Egypt were, in like manner, kept in the pay of the monarch, who appropriated and distributed a large proportion of the proceeds from the land. Suphis, the builder of the first pyramid, was not content with his ordinary legions of labourers and mechanics. He oppressed the people, as the priests informed Herodotus, to furnish workmen for his mighty monument, and 100,000 hands were constantly employed upon it. The expenditure of human force was the greater that the Egyptians had little acquaintance with mechanical

mechanical contrivances. Among their paintings is the representation of a colossus drawn on a sledge by 172 men, who are ranged in four rows of forty-three each. In one respect ancient and modern expedients were alike. An individual stands on a leg of the image, and claps his hands for a signal to the team of men to pull together. When the single piece of granite, weighing 1200 tons, which forms the pedestal to the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, was drawn to its site, a drummer was placed on the top of the huge block to perform the same service. The patience of the Egyptians or their monarchs was extraordinary. According to Herodotus, a monolithic chamber, which had been hollowed out from a mass of stone 31 feet 6 inches long, 22 feet broad, and 12 feet high, was dragged from the quarry at Elephantine to Sais, a journey of twenty days, and it required the tugging of 2000 labourers for three years to accomplish the transit. Tradition asserted that a sigh escaped from the architect on the completion of the task; but even this passing involuntary tribute to the weakness of flesh and blood was thought a bad omen, and the chamber was cast aside. The waste of human energy in pulling monster monoliths was a remnant of the barbaric taste which mingled with the civilisation of Egypt. It would have been difficult to have devised an employment in which there was less proportion between the result and the magnitude of the toil.

A square heap of stones piled up to mark the spot where a body had been buried was the earliest pyramid. In process of time the loose stones would be succeeded by the work of the professional builder. When Suphis was bent on erecting a regal sepulchre, he was content to exceed the dimensions of previous memorials of the kind. The untutored idea of greatness is greatness of size, and he appears to have thought that his tomb would be kingly in the exact degree that it was large. The journeyman stonemason alone is seen in the structure; the hand of the artist is nowhere visible. Notwithstanding his keen appreciation of Egyptian architecture, Mr. Fergusson is compelled to assign a low rank to the pyramids when 'judged by æsthetic rules.'

'The early Egyptians built neither for beauty nor for use, but for eternity, and to this last they sacrificed every other feeling. In itself nothing can be less artistic than a pyramid. A tower, either round or square, or of any other form, and of the same dimensions, would have been far more imposing, and if of sufficient height—the mass being the same—might almost have attained sublimity; but a pyramid never looks so large as it is, and not till you almost touch it can you realise its vast dimensions. This is owing principally to all its parts sloping away

away from the eye instead of boldly challenging observation; but, on the other hand, no form is so stable, none so capable of resisting the injuries of time or force, and none, consequently, so well calculated to attain the object for which the pyramids were erected.'

While there is little that indicates a notion of architectural design, the mechanical execution of plain masonry had already attained to perfection. The external coating of the great pyramid, which Herodotus tells us was 'of polished stone, fitted together with the utmost care,' no longer exists,\* but the passages and chambers of the interior are lined with slabs of polished granite, and the joints are so fine that they can scarcely be distinguished.

The remains of a temple at Ghizeh, believed to belong to the age of the pyramids, confirms the conclusion that architecture was yet in its infancy. The piers which run down the centre of the principal chambers, as props to the roof are, says Mr. Fergusson, 'simple prisms of Syenite granite, without base or capital, and support architraves as simple in outline as themselves. The walls are generally wainscoted with immense slabs of alabaster, or of Syenite beautifully polished, but with sloping joints and uneven beds.' The contemporaneous tombs which surround the pyramids are lined with coloured representations of scenes from Egyptian life, but the temple has no trace of either painting or sculpture. There is not so much as a moulding to relieve the pervading bareness. Chambers, piers, and architraves are unadorned rectangles, without an attempt at invention. The temple derives no assistance from its size, for its length does not exceed 100 feet. The passion of the royal pyramid builders for vastness seems to have been confined to their tombs.

The progress from the early stone-mason structures of Egypt to its palmiest days of architecture can be only imperfectly traced, and without lingering over what is known of the intermediate stages we pass at once to the great Pharaonic period. The five centuries which elapsed between the accession of the new dynasty, B.C. 1820, to the exode of the Jews, B.C. 1312, are said by Mr. Fergusson to be the culminating era of artistic development with the Egyptians. The seat of empire was transferred from Memphis to Thebes, and the edifices proclaim that another race, distinct in its mental tendencies, had got possession of the throne. The regular forms have given way to a deliberate rejection of geometrical precision. The gateways of the temples,

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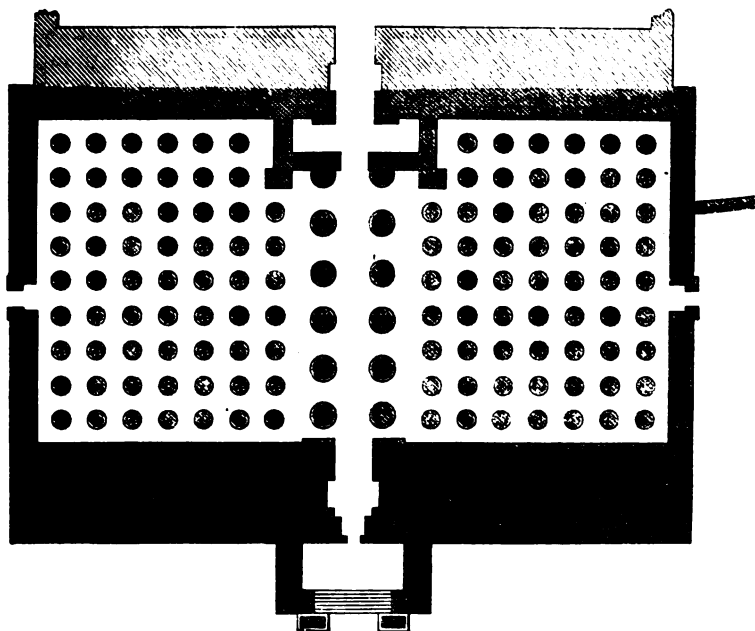
\* Two of the coping-stones were discovered by Colonel Howard Vyse, 'buried in the rubbish at the base of the pyramid,' and their workmanship vindicates the account of Herodotus.

flanked by their pyramidal towers, 'are seldom,' says Mr. Fergusson, 'in the axis of the plan; the courts seldom square; the angles frequently not right angles, and one court succeeding another without the least reference to symmetry.' The columns are sometimes unequally spaced, and the capitals spring from their shafts at different levels. The neat execution of the old builders is exchanged for 'masonry which is frequently of the rudest and clumsiest kind.' 'It would long ago have perished,' says Mr. Fergusson, 'but for its massiveness, and there is in all the works an appearance of haste and want of care that sometimes goes far to mar the value of the grandest conceptions.' In these particulars the edifices of the Pharaonic kings are inferior to the buildings of their predecessors. In general splendour of design they completely eclipse the more primitive structures. For the prosaic pyramid and bare rectangle we have vast poetic conceptions which appeal with overwhelming power to the imagination. Temples are approached by long avenues of sphinxes, and the vista is terminated by the imposing pyramidal towers at the entrance. Within the walls court follows court, and hall follows hall. The columns ranged row behind row, 'gradually fade into obscurity, and convey an idea of infinite space.' The dimensions both of the whole and its separate portions are on a mighty scale. The great hall of the temple at Karnac is 340 feet by 170; the central columns are 12 feet in diameter and 66 feet high; the diameter of the side columns is 9 feet, and their height 42. The architect has gone to the vegetable world for the model of his gigantic pillars, which are copied from the reeds of the papyrus in bud or in bloom. The Egyptian had none of our English admiration for the naked surface of stone. He painted his temples inside and out, and most of the patterns, figures, and hieroglyphics are sculptured as well as coloured. The gay, decided hues were rendered grateful by their harmony, and tempered the ponderous proportions of the fabric without impairing its majesty. The variety and immensity of the plan, the prodigious massiveness of the construction, and the endless accumulation of decorative details appear to be the work of a more than mortal race, and impress the pigmy spectator with a sense of the sublime.

The plan of the great hall at Karnac, and the section of its central portion will show the arrangement of this part of the temple, and convey a notion of the contrivances by which the Egyptians produced their grand effects.

The hall is what is called hypostyle, or has a clerestory carried up upon the first row of the lesser columns. The openings

openings in the raised sides lighted the grove of pillars to the right and the left by an oblique light which, intense in the



Plan of Hypostyle Hall at Karnac. Scale 100 ft. to 1 in.

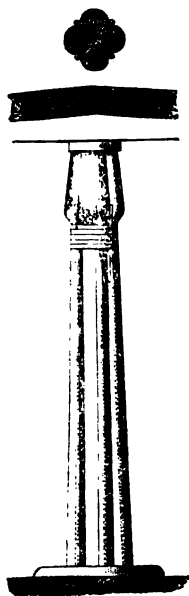


Section of central portion of Hypostyle Hall at Karnac. Scale 50 ft. to 1 in.

central avenue, was almost lost in the distance. The files of gigantic columns grew dim in the rear, their number seemed endless,

endless, their ultimate boundary undefined, and enormous as **was** the structure, the skill of the designer magnified it immensely to the mind.

As the shape of the large piers in the centre of the hall was suggested by the papyrus in bloom, it was evidently thought that there was a fitness in framing the smaller piers on the pattern of the papyrus in bud. The representation is conventional, but the intention was rendered apparent by the leaflets at the bottom of the capital or the shaft. In the earliest form of the plant-column several buds, with their stalks, are tied in a bundle, as in the pillar from the rock-cut tomb at Beni Hassan. The bands which fastened the cluster together were usually retained when the column was reduced to a single enormous stem, and there was nothing left to bind. There are two theories of the manner in which slender plants became the archetype for mighty props that exceed in their dimensions the giants of the forest. Wood is scarce in Egypt, and some suppose that reeds tied together were used for posts in slight structures, and were afterwards imitated in stone. Others maintain that since the plants were painted for ornament on the square piers which originally prevailed, and were next cut in relief, the decorative outline on the surface was finally adopted for the outline of the column itself. Whichever view is correct, the existing examples prove that the device followed the usual architectural rule, and was matured by degrees.



Pillar from Beni Hassan.

'If,' says Herodotus of the Labyrinth in Egypt, 'all the walls and other great works of the Greeks could be put together in one they would not equal this either for labour or expense. The pyramids, likewise, surpass description, and are severally equal to a number of the greatest works of the Greeks, but the Labyrinth surpasses the pyramids.' The army of labourers and artisans who reared the colossal buildings of the Egyptian kings were beyond the resources of the little States of Greece. Their large temples are late and exceptional structures. In the formation of their style they were obliged to renounce the impressions which depended on size; and seek for a substitute in the exquisite beauty of the smaller edifices within their means. Few things in the history of architecture are more instructive than the manner in which they attained their end.

They

They borrowed nearly all the fundamental parts of their system, but went on refining upon the originals until they had distanced every nation in artistic taste and skill.

Among the rock-hewn tombs at Beni Hassan in Middle Egypt

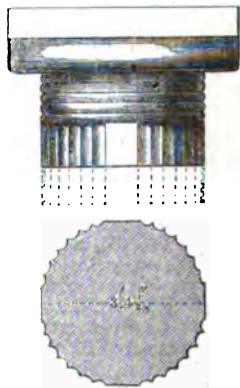
there is one with a portico, which plainly reveals whence the Greeks derived their Doric order. The fluted columns would naturally be educed from the square pier. The corners would be cut off when they stood in the way; the faces would soon be multiplied by repeating the



Tomb at Beni Hassan.

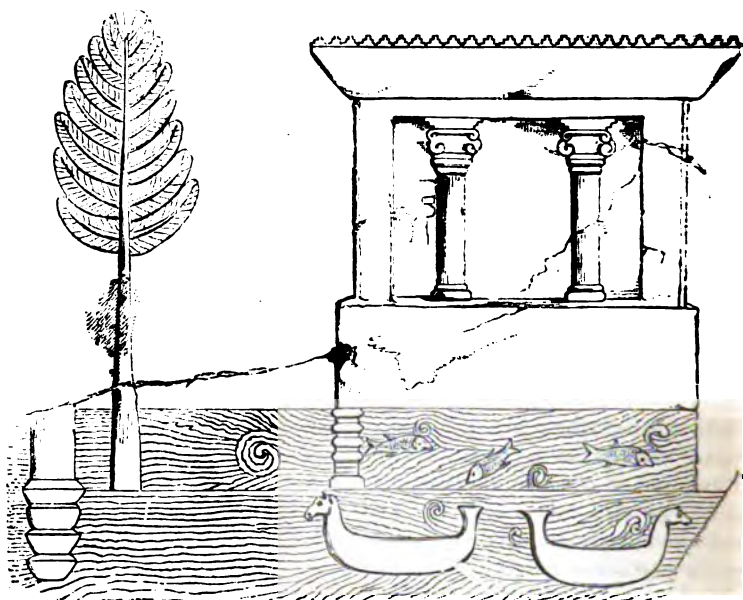
process, and when in a polygon of many sides the angles became so obtuse as to be barely perceptible, the grooves would be ploughed to restore sharpness to the edges, and give brilliancy to the pillars. In the Beni Hassan specimen the square cap or abacus rests immediately on the shaft without the interposition of the moulding or echinus which enters into the Doric of the Greeks. This, however, is present in other Egyptian ex-

amples, as in a capital from the southern temple at Karnac. The ligatures which bound the water-plants have been transferred to the fluted column where they have no significance, and to complete the evidence of the origin of the Grecian Doric, they reappear in the annuli at the top of its shaft. The Greek architecture was homogeneous in the midst of its varieties, which was due to the harmonising tact of the race, for the elements were gleaned from different quarters. It is not more clear that the Doric came from Egypt than that the Ionic order was an importation from Asia. The general conception of a capital with volutes is seen in the representation of a pavilion among the Assyrian sculptures brought from Khorsabad. The double tier of scrolls was rejected by the Greeks, and the lower half alone was retained. They had better guides than rude models like



Capital in Temple at Karnac.  
From E. Falkener.

like the Assyrian bas-relief. The graceful shaft and distinctive flutings, together with the majority of the characteristic Ionic



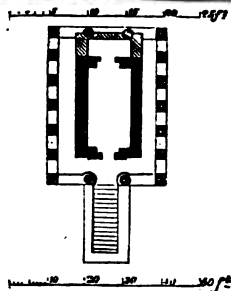
Pavilion from the sculptures of Khorsabad.

ornaments, are all to be found at Nineveh or Persepolis.\* The Corinthian order was equally borrowed. The capital em-

\* Among the sculptures at Persepolis are representations of the king on a platform, which rests upon massive posts at the corners. Below the platform is a second floor, and below the second there is sometimes a third. On each of these under-floors stand a line of men who stretch from post to post, and with upraised hands touch lightly the floor above their heads. This is supposed by Mr. Fergusson to have suggested the Caryatides of the Greeks, which were only used with the Ionic order, and may reasonably be inferred to have been brought from the East with the other Ionic details. This opinion is confirmed by the rejection of the usual sloping roof of the Greek temple in the Caryatide portico of the Erechtheum at Athens, and the adoption of a flat roof, which resembles the Persepolitan platforms. Architecturally the figures at Persepolis do not support the floor. They are completely subordinate to the corner columns, and have been carefully contrived to avoid the appearance of the men being the real bearing power. They seem to have been merely symbolical, to express that the business of subjects was to uphold the throne, or the sculptures may have depicted the actual ceremony by which honour was paid on state occasions to the king. The Greeks improved upon the primitive Ionic with their usual consummate refinement, but they were not infallible, and when they made their Caryatides a substitute for columns they degenerated from the Persian arrangement. The notion of roofs being supported upon human heads is too unnatural to be agreeable, and no amount of merit in the execution could redeem the inherent defect of the conception.

played.





**Mammeisi at Elephantine.**

The Greeks improved nearly everything they touched, but they were not exempt from the law of humanity which makes excellence depend upon successive innovations. The earliest remnant of a Doric temple is at Corinth, and is believed by Mr. Fergusson to belong to about 650 B.C. 'The pillars,' he says, 'are less than four diameters in height, and the architrave,—the only part of the superstructure that now remains—is proportionately heavy. It is, indeed, one of the most massive specimens of architecture existing, more so than even its rock-cut prototype at Beni Hassan. As a work of art it fails from excess of strength, a fault common to most of the efforts of a rude people, ignorant of their own resources, and striving by the expression of physical strength alone to obtain all the objects of their art.'

The most perfect structure in this, or any style, was the Parthenon, which was completed B.C. 438. There is little extant to illustrate the gradual advances from the clumsy example at Corinth to the masterpiece at Athens, where solidity preponderates without the destruction of grace. The Egyptian temples were the embodiment of power, but of power which retained much that was crude and uncouth. The Greek temples are not the embodiment of physical might, but of intellectual beauty.

Sculpture and painting were blended with architecture in the Parthenon, and constituted an integral part of the design. Notwithstanding the lavish employment of sculpture on and around their buildings the Egyptians improved little upon their early attempts. Their bas-reliefs are remarkable for an utter defiance of the laws of composition and perspective. The figures are almost always represented in profile, and the entire eye is given, though only half is visible in nature. Portions of the body which would be seen on a side view are often omitted, and parts which would only be seen in front are introduced. The human form is traced by a few rigid lines, and the artist never aspired to copy the markings and undulations of bones and muscles. The uniform countenances all exhibit the same impassive stillness, and neither pain nor passion disturbs the calm which reigns supreme. The limbs do not fare much better than the face. They are constantly inactive when in action, and appear to be destitute of strength or motion. With these glaring defects the sculptures have signal merits. The movement in some of the figures is admirably rendered. The national type is depicted in the countenances, devoid as they usually are of a separate individuality, and Mr. Fergusson says of the animals that the 'characteristic peculiarity of each species is seized with a power of generalisation seldom if ever surpassed.' The colossal statues have the faults of the bas-reliefs. They only aim to indicate the human shape in the mass, and are deficient in details, exactness, and animation, but they possess, in compensation, a majestic repose which speaks to the feelings with much greater force than myriads of works produced in an advanced state of art. The Assyrians strove to imitate nature more closely than the Egyptians. Their genius, nevertheless, was inferior, and the unideal, plebeian Assyrian sculptures have the stamp of lower and coarser minds, of a people whose conceptions were less exalted and their tastes less pure. The Greek was the scholar both of the Assyrian and the Egyptian, and when he had soared high above his teachers the one conspicuous element which he retained from his early instructors in sculpture was his partiality for the solemn dignified calm expressed in the statues of Egypt.

There is indubitable evidence that the Greeks, like the Assyrians and Egyptians, enriched their architecture with colour, but the extent to which they used it is a subject of conjecture and controversy. Mr. Fergusson believes that it was applied to all those parts of the Parthenon which from form or position were protected from the rain, and that the portions exposed to the weather were kept plain. He thinks it cannot be questioned that the whole of the interior was painted, and that on the exterior it was customary to relieve the sculptures in the pediment and on the frieze by highly-coloured back-grounds, as well as to paint the sculptures themselves. He is of opinion that the brush was employed to adorn the work of the chisel on the echinus or moulding of the capital, and that the walls beneath the colonnade were covered throughout with pictures illustrative of the divinity to whom the temple was dedicated. The face of the architrave he supposes to have been left bare, or merely ornamented with metal shields or inscriptions, and the shafts of the columns to have been slightly stained at most, to tone down the glare of the white Pentelic marble. The whole of the Parthenon was constructed of this fine material, which the Greek valued for its durability, and for the texture which lent itself to delicacy of finish. His taste was too artistic and complete to allow him to indulge in the vulgar pride of parading the marble when he could heighten its effect by coating the surface. The prejudice against the system is produced by the false ideas derived from modern house-painting, and the impossibility of extemporising in imagination the subtle beauties devised by ages of transcendent genius. The Greeks did not reach the goal at a bound. They took generations to mature their architecture and sculpture, and their skill in painting did not advance in a more rapid ratio. When it reached its acme their refinement upon Egyptian colour would not have fallen behind their refinement in the sister arts, and we may safely assume that the final achievement was superb. The severity of the sculpture and architecture forbid the conclusion that the creators of such intellectual and consummate designs could have straightway deformed them with barbaric tawdriness.

The Greek architecture is inferior to the Gothic in grandeur. Its few and simple parts, its low proportions and horizontal lines cannot compete with the lofty aisles, the long perspective, the multiplicity of arches, windows, and tracery, which, in a mediæval cathedral, lift up the mind to heaven. But for the perfection which it reached within its own sphere the Greek temple stands alone. There is nowhere a Gothic building which a skilful architect could not improve. The Parthenon appears  
faultless

faultless both in execution and design. The attempts to imitate it in modern times convey but a faint idea of its glory. The matchless sculptures cannot be reproduced, and the very aspect of temple-painting in its supremacy has vanished past recall. If painting and sculpture could be rivalled, half their beauties would be lost without the transparent atmosphere and glowing sun of Greece. Indeed, as Mr. Fergusson remarks, the exterior paintings are only suited for a brilliant and cloudless climate, where they are relieved against the deep azure of the sky. The foreigner can bring away little beyond the architectural forms, and, admirable as they are in themselves, the denuded and often sombre copy must not be accepted for a representation of the chaste but festal combination of arts which cheered Athenian eyes. Styles can seldom be transplanted in their integrity. It is in remodelling them to suit our purposes that we learn to compete with them, and attain to merits as excellent though not the same.

‘It was with imperial Rome,’ says Mr. Fergusson, ‘that the ancient world perished; it was in her dominions that the new and Christian world was born. To Rome all previous history tends; from Rome all modern history springs.’ What is true of her general history is true of her architecture. She appropriated the dissimilar styles of the nations around her, and from her, as a central point, have proceeded, with trifling exceptions, all the subsequent styles of Europe. Byzantine, Gothic, Renaissance, and their derivatives, own Rome for their parent, and to be properly understood must be traced back to her. Her destiny, in this respect, is singular, for the Romans were not an artistic people. They found the Etruscans settled in Italy, and many great works were executed while they were under the dominion of Etruscan kings. The kings were expelled, and in the five centuries of the republic which succeeded there is not, says Mr. Fergusson, ‘a tradition of a monument worthy of the city of a tenth part of its power and magnitude.’ There can hardly be more conclusive evidence that architecture was not a spontaneous product of the soil. With the Empire building revived, and Augustus could boast that he found Rome brick and left it marble. Splendid edifices became a necessary appurtenance to the dazzling display of imperial pomp. The aptitude of the nation for war and government, which rendered enormous territories tributary to the conqueror, supplied a prodigality of hands and means. They were used without stint. ‘It seems,’ says Mr. Fergusson, ‘an almost indisputable fact that during the three centuries of the Empire more and larger buildings were erected in Rome and her dependent cities than ever were erected in

a like

a like period in any part of the world.' The combination of variety, massiveness, and size, was unique. The monumental structures of Egypt were tombs and temples. Those of Greece were temples alone. The remaining edifices of Greece and Egypt were slight in comparison, and have almost entirely perished. The Romans, on the contrary, reared gigantic buildings of every kind, and, in addition to temples and tombs, Mr. Fergusson enumerates 'theatres, amphitheatres, baths, palaces, triumphal arches, pillars of victory, gates, bridges, and aqueducts, as all equally objects of architectural skill.' In their attempts to satisfy these diversified requirements the designers struck out noble and fertile ideas, but their finest efforts were marred by incongruous admixtures that showed the incurable obtuseness of their æsthetic perceptions. Their genius was much more practical than artistic, and they shone less in the decorative than in the utilitarian and constructive portion of their buildings. 'The Romans,' said Strabo, 'have surpassed the Greeks by attending to what they neglected, such as the making of roads and aqueducts, and sewers capable of conveying the whole drainage of the city into the Tiber.' He lauds the hills levelled and hollows filled up, till waggons could draw along the level track a load sufficient for a vessel. He vaunts the sewers, which were sometimes large enough to permit the passage of a hay-cart, and the aqueducts like rivers that furnished a never-failing fountain to the houses. The Romans were here in their proper domain, and when they contrived structures of a strictly architectural kind, it was still the science of the builder which usually predominated over the taste of the artist. They were so unfortunate, in truth, in their intended adornments that they constantly violated taste and science together.

The Flavian amphitheatre or Colosseum, which dates between A.D. 70 and A.D. 80, may be adduced as a typical example of the Roman style of architecture. It is an ellipse, of which the greatest diameter is 620 feet and the lesser 513, or, what will give a more precise idea of its size to many, it covers nearly six acres of ground. The arena in the centre for the beasts and combatants was 287 feet by 180, and there was then space left on the surrounding benches for the accommodation of 40,000 spectators, allotting 5 square feet to each person. This, Mr. Fergusson says, is the allowance in modern places of amusement, and even 6 square feet is found necessary at the Crystal Palace. The height of the elevation was 157 feet, and the only roof was a moveable awning. Apart from the shape, size, and solidity, which could not fail to be imposing, the building was an unequal medley of jarring styles. The prominent feature

feature in the works of the Etruscans was the arch. They were the first instructors of the Romans, who had become imbued with the Etruscan system long before they strove to naturalize the architecture of Greece. The elevation of the Colosseum is accordingly Etruscan in its essential parts, and three storeys of arches are reared one upon the other. A fourth storey unarched, and loftier than the rest, is placed above them, and it is surprising that the most untutored eyes could tolerate the top-heaviness produced by its disproportionate height, and by the solid wall piled over the voids. The edifice would have been structurally complete with the arches alone; but the Romans were ambitious of joining Grecian to Etruscan design, and securing the beauties of both. This was impossible without extensive modifications, for the two architectures proceeded upon irreconcilable principles. The supports of a building cannot fitly consist of arches conjoined with columns bearing a lintel of stone; for if the arch upheld the wall above the openings the lintel became superfluous. The Romans did not trouble themselves to select and vary the portions which were capable of being blended into an harmonious scheme. They took the Grecian columns and entablature in the lump, and stuck them upon the face of their arched elevation. The piers between the arches of the Colosseum have three-quarter columns attached to them, and upon the capitals of the columns rests an entablature that divides each tier of arches from the tier above. The whole was an unmeaning and ill-contrived excrescence. The entablature of the Greek temple carried the roof, and the object of its crowning overhanging cornice was to throw off the rain. The entablatures of the Colosseum had ceased to have a structural purpose, and the absurdity was committed of inserting members suggestive of a roof into the middle of a wall. If the arrangement had been appropriate, the false proportions would yet have presented a painful contrast to the Grecian model. The width from column to column was too great for an architrave of stone, and the projecting mass looks insufficiently propped. The character of the Greek temple was strength and repose, the character of the poor imitation appended to the Colosseum is weakness and instability. Bad in themselves, the entablatures are injurious to the fine effect of the storied arches. Mr. Fergusson dwells on the apparent increase of height or length which is gained by dividing a given space into compartments. The nave of the mediæval cathedral looked loftier because it was separated into ground-storey, triforium, and clerestory, and longer because the arches of its aisles were repeated again and again. The dimensions of St. Peter's at Rome are dwarfed by the adoption of the opposite principle.

The

The great nave consists of but four bays, and it is not, says Mr. Fergusson, too much to assert that if the church had been planned by the Gothic architects of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, it would have seemed from one-third to one-half larger than at present. So, he remarks, that the apparent size of the Colosseum would have been nearly one-half less if the exterior had been formed by a single storey, and each arch had been the height of the entire edifice, and the span of four of the arches which were actually employed. It is, he points out, the line of arch beyond arch in its horizontal circumference, and of arch upon arch in its vertical elevation, which lead on the mind and invest the Flavian amphitheatre with its air of grandeur. The entablatures diminish the impression. Their broad shelves interrupt the upward view and take from the seeming loftiness of the structure. The architect had but an imperfect appreciation of what was best in his own design, and the similar incongruities which prevail throughout the buildings of the Romans is absolute proof that the failing was national. They were always putting together heterogeneous elements, and were insensible to the vices of the discordant composition. Their colossal works are more striking in ruin than when seen in their integrity. Devastation and decay have softened the harsher features of the Colosseum, and the imagination fills up the blanks with visions of magnificence which the complete amphitheatre would have gone far to destroy.

Mr. Pugin drew a happy distinction between constructed ornament and ornamented construction. The Grecian temple is an exemplification of the second. The columns and the entablature, though rendered exquisite by form, sculpture, and painting, were not the less the very substance of the fabric, and to remove them would be to pull down the temple itself. The columns and entablature of the Colosseum are an instance, on the other hand, of constructed ornament. They were erected for show, and might have been stripped from the face of the wall without affecting its stability. As mere decoration they are too massive, and to be justified they should either have been mechanically essential, or the outward indication of the true structural plan. The one merit which the entablatures of the Colosseum possess—that they stretch round the building, as Mr. Fergusson observes, ‘in long vanishing lines of the most graceful curvature’—would have been preserved without the accompanying defects if architrave, frieze, and cornice had been remodelled to suit their new application. Immediately within the external wall of the amphitheatre were storeys of corridors, with staircases leading to those above, that the throng of people might have easy access at different levels to the long slope of benches. The storeys inside were rightly

marked on the exterior, which should always be in keeping with the internal arrangement, and for this purpose the entablatures should have been reduced to string-courses. The columns should have been omitted. The piers did the duty, and the suitable decoration was not an extraneous column but an ornamented pier. Fitness was by no means the aim of the architect. As the Greek orders were famed for beauty, he was the slave of the idea that they must be beautiful when attached to his Etruscan shell.

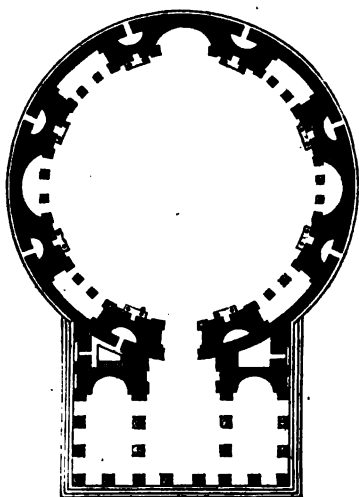
The Romans applied their curvilinear forms to roofing in masonry, and became bold constructors of the dome. Their principal temples were the rectangular temples of Greece, varied more or less in details; but, as some of the Etruscan temples were round, the Romans likewise used the circular form, which culminated in the Pantheon. The body of the building and the portico are of different dates. An inscription on the frieze of the portico states that it was erected by Agrippa in his third Consulship, or B.C. 27, and below this is a second inscription, which records that the edifice was restored by the Emperors Septimius Severus and Caracalla, when it was decayed by age. Mr. Fergusson is satisfied from the evidence of style that the restoration was a reconstruction, that the portico alone is of the time of Augustus, and that the rotunda cannot be placed earlier than between the accession of Severus, A.D. 193, and the death of Caracalla, A.D. 217. The Pantheon illustrates an increasing tendency of Roman architecture. The temple of the Egyptians, distinct from its avenues of Sphinxes and its colossal statues, was calculated rather for inside than outside effect. The exterior was simple, and appealed to the eye by its surface decorations more than by architectural design. The relative merits of inside and out were reversed by the Greeks, and their interiors could not compare with their elevations. The Romans showed a disposition to revert to the earlier plan, and Mr. Fergusson remarks that in many of their later buildings the adornments were chiefly within. In spite of the monumental character of the Pantheon, its external diameter of 183 feet 8 inches, and its height of 108 feet, exclusive of the dome, the elevation is plain to baldness. The rotunda is merely girt by a first, second, and third cornice, which divide the bare and windowless wall into belts or storeys. The rectangular Corinthian portico is said by Mr. Fergusson 'to be the finest which Rome exhibits.' It is 103 feet wide, and the sixteen columns, 47 feet high, have their shafts formed of a single piece of granite. This appendage, beautiful in itself, does not assimilate with the central building, and, instead of relieving the nakedness, renders it more conspicuous by contrast. There is no attempt at amalgamation. The cornice of the portico is not joined to any of the cornices of the rotunda, but



dies into the wall at a different level, as if the object had been to destroy every semblance of unity. Neither are the parts in proportion. The circular mass overpowers the portico, which is altogether a patch. The whole elevation is thoroughly Roman. There is a grand idea so crudely worked out that the temple has the aspect of a first rough sketch before the architect had made any effort to clothe it with dignity and grace.

The inside of the Pantheon far surpasses the exterior. The span of the hemispherical dome is 145 feet 6 inches, which is a few feet more than the dome of St. Peter's, and its height is 147 feet. The top is not closed, but has a circular opening 28 feet 6 inches in diameter; and this lofty central void, looking up to the sky, is the single means by which light is admitted. Between the ribs of the dome are tiers of sunk panels, of which the largest are 12 feet square, and these hollows answer the double end of adorning the roof, and diminishing its weight. Mr. Fergusson ranks the interior among the sublimest inside views in the world; and adds, that 'the one great eye opening upon heaven is by far the noblest conception for lighting a building to be found in Europe.' The sublimity would have been much increased but for the old delusion of the Roman architect that the best decoration for the shell was to line it with columns and entablatures. The construction of the cylinder or drum which supports the dome may be seen from the woodcut. There are

sixteen huge piers, which are coupled on the inner circumference, with only a niche on the face to mark the division. The double piers are alternated within the building by oblong or semicircular recesses, and these have arched heads which transmit the pressure of the dome to the adjoining blocks of wall. The mechanical expedients for securing strength without waste of material are good, but they are masked and falsified by the decoration. The columns and pilasters that stand round the drum bear an entablature which crosses piers and recesses in the middle, and obscures the plan. Above the entablature is a storey of panels to carry on the disguise, and this is crowned by a second cornice at the springing of the



Plan of Pantheon at Rome. Scale 100 ft. to 1 in.

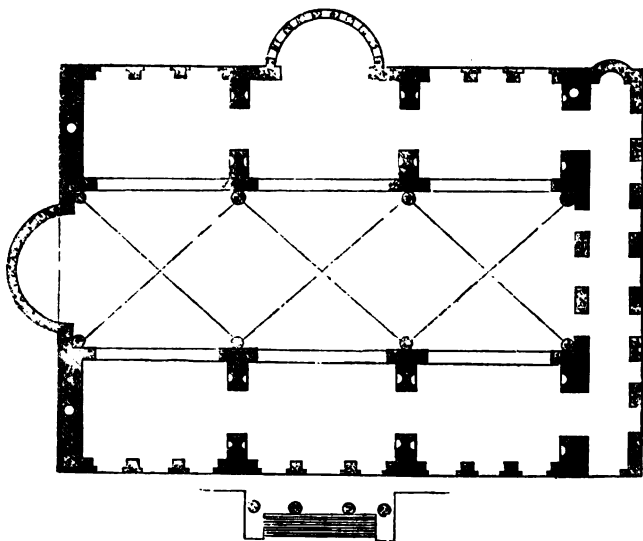
dome.

dome. The anomaly of introducing into a covered interior two rows of a contrivance for throwing off water from the wall is the smallest defect of the design. The immense dome appears to crush the drum; and the entablature—which, in fact, has little work to perform—seems inadequate to support its share of the superstructure. If the actual mechanism had been displayed; if the vast blocks of masonry which divide the recesses had been shown in their unbroken solidity, without being cut up and concealed by an incongruous coating; if the dome had been seen to rest upon the broad and deep vertical props, without the deceptive suggestion that it was upborne by the horizontal entablature, the cylinder would have looked fully equal to its office, and the massive piers would have been fit companions to the roof they sustain. The true construction was well adapted for architectural effect, and it was a strange obliquity of taste to hide it under a comparatively feeble frontage of unmeaning ornament. The real and apparent construction are identical in the dome, and its solid simplicity shames the superficial delusive casing on the drum below.

A commoner form of roofing than the dome was the vault, which is one of the especial distinctions of Roman architecture. A cylindrical vault was an extension of the semicircular arch, and the discovery of the last involved the first. If a secure arch could be built which measured three feet from front to rear, it was obvious that a second length of three feet could be added, and that this repetition might go on without end. Six hundred years before the Christian era Rome possessed in its *cloaca maxima*, or great sewer, a subterranean vault of the most durable construction. It was about 14 feet in diameter, which would have covered a narrow room, but was useless for spanning the great public buildings of the Romans. By degrees they took courage, and acquired the art of bridging over enormous spaces from the tops of lofty walls. In their partiality for the plan they sometimes substituted it for the time-hallowed Greek wooden roof of their temples. There is an instance in a ruin at Nîmes. The temple was modified to ensure the stability of the vault. The exterior is without columns except in the portico. A couple of longitudinal walls inside divide the area into three breadths. The central aisle, which is the loftiest, and 27 feet wide, carries a ribbed cylindrical or tunnel vault, which runs from end to end. The side aisles have similar but smaller tunnels, of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet diameter, and these abut on the partition walls against the spring of the middle vault, counterbalance its thrust in part, and link the strain to the substantial wall of the exterior. The method was correct, but almost self-evident, and had a drawback which rendered it inapplicable to edifices of great dimensions.

dimensions. If the smaller vaults were to abut directly against the central vault and resist its thrust, the walls of the nave could not be carried up to form a clerestory, and the body of the building would be insufficiently lighted. The Romans set to work to conquer the difficulty in their gigantic basilicas and baths, and met with brilliant success. The basilica of Maxentius, which dates between A.D. 306 and 312, will furnish an idea of their system in its zenith.

The basilica was at once a court of justice and an exchange. A portico in the Maxentian example ran along the whole of one



Plan of Basilica of Maxentius. Scale 100 ft. to 1 in.

end, and there was a second portico on one of the sides. In each of the opposite walls was a semicircular projection or apse, which faced the principal entrances and was far more effective than a common square termination. There was a platform at the back of the apse approached by a semicircular range of steps, and in the centre of the raised circumference was the chair of the magistrate, who was separated by the recess from the noise and bustle of dealers and gossips. The steps on his right hand and on his left were occupied by the persons engaged in a cause. An altar stood in front of the apse, and here sacrifices were performed as a prelude to public business of importance. The edifice was on a scale of imperial magnificence, and the area, roofed in a single span, was enormous. The nave of Westminster Abbey is 34 feet wide,

wide, while the central vault of the basilica of Maxentius stretches across no less a space than 83 feet. The architect proceeded with well-considered science. His side aisles each consist of three compartments, which he covered with three cylindrical vaults. The mouths of the tunnels were turned to the middle aisle, and the dark transverse divisions on the plan show the walls upon which the vaults were built. The intervals in the divisions were arched openings in the wall, and allowed the concourse to move freely from compartment to compartment without the necessity of passing into the body of the basilica. The side vaults do not, as in the temple at Nîmes, run parallel with the central aisle, but they are placed at right angles to it, instead of forming an uninterrupted longitudinal abutment to the large middle vault. The Roman had hit upon a new device. The main hall of the basilica was 120 feet high, which Mr. Fergusson says is less than the nave of some French and German cathedrals, but is not equalled by any cathedral in England. As with the cathedral nave, the centre rose above the aisles. The arches of the windows in the clerestory sprung from lofty Corinthian columns that stood upon the floor with their backs against the partitions of the lateral compartments. From these upper arches proceeded cylindrical vaults, as if to cross the hall in the direction of its breadth; but similar vaults were thrown from column to column at the ends, as if to go down the hall in the direction of its length. The longitudinal vault was thus intersected by the transverse vaults, and the junction produced the diagonal curves on the roof, which are marked by straight lines on the plan. The footing of the arches was confined to eight small bases, and the oblique thrusts were concentrated upon the side-aisle partitions, which acted the part of deep buttresses. The problem was solved of roofing vast rectangular spaces with concrete, brick, or stone, without requiring a continuous wall on which to found the sides of the vault. The backs of the lateral compartments and the corresponding intervals in the clerestory had nothing to sustain. Nearly the whole of the elevation could be devoted to windows, as was done by the Gothic architects, who seized on the principle and turned it to splendid account. The very columns at last are consistently used. They are made supports to the clerestory arches, seem to the eye to uphold the vaults, and have a real but subordinate share in the work. The horizontal entablature is not carried from column to column, but is only retained upon the top of the capital, where it has the ridiculous look of one capital on another. The difficulty of freeing architecture from traditional trammels is attested by too many instances to permit us to wonder that this senseless disfiguring

remnant should have been kept. The repetition of arches, which gave majesty and apparent size to the exterior of the Colosseum, was not adopted in the vaulted basilicas, and the fewness and largeness of their parts are said by Mr. Fergusson to be their chief defect. In the noble fabric of Maxentius a length exceeding 250 feet is spanned by three arches, with a diameter of 72 feet each. Not only is there no succession of objects to give distance to the view, but the boundaries of the building are revealed in every direction, and we have staring wall in place of the vistas, the intricacy and half-concealed outlines which beguile the imagination in Egyptian temples and Gothic cathedrals. Even the massive construction fails to tell with such wide-set piers and arches. It has more of heaviness than grandeur.

The Maxentian basilica was hardly completed when Constantine, about A.D. 330, removed the seat of empire to Byzantium. Rome was stocked with public edifices. The new capital was poorly supplied, and the architects and artificers went off to the favoured city where their services were required. Their earliest works have been swept away, and there is a gap in the development of Roman architecture at Constantinople till we come to the reign of Justinian, A.D. 527. A few years after he ascended the throne he commenced the celebrated church of St. Sophia. There we find that another great step had been gained, and the innovation belonged to the same department with all the other contributions of the Romans to the builder's art. A cylinder, like the Pantheon, would not compose well with accessory parts. There were no flat faces for the adjuncts, and, unless it could be hung upon a polygon, the dome would not enter with advantage into a complex plan. In the palace of Diocletian, at Spalatro, which belongs to about A.D. 300, the easy course was adopted of circumscribing an octagon about the drum, and filling in the angles with solid wall. Subtler expedients were tried, but they were distanced by the famous device in the church of Justinian. The well of the great dome is a square, the sides of which consist of open arches with piers at the corners. The cylindrical base is formed aloft, at the top of the well, by curvilinear triangles, called pendentives, which are built, with their summits downwards, into the upper angles of the square, and convert it into a circle. Upon these jutting foundations is laid a dome, which equals in diameter the dome of St. Paul's. The Byzantine style had its peculiarities of design and decoration, but its one important constructive novelty was the overhanging base or pendentives, which poised its domes as it were in air. A contemporary writer records the exulting language of Justinian at the completion of his church. 'Glory be to God,' he exclaimed, 'who hath thought me worthy to accomplish

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accomplish so great a work ; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon.' 'Yet how dull,' says Gibbon, 'is the artifice, how insignificant is the labour, if it be compared with the formation of the vilest insect that crawls upon the wall of the temple.'

The contributions of the Roman to architecture are well defined, and it must be admitted that he bequeathed a magnificent legacy to his successors. The Greek was a pure artist. In construction he discovered nothing, and was content with the primitive plan of a cross-bar laid upon upright posts for his elevation, and a triangle for his roof. The Roman, on the contrary, was an indifferent artist, but he was a first-rate constructor. His region was the arch, the dome, and the vault ; and he used them with a rare originality and power. His domes and intersecting vaults were glorious feats of mechanic skill, and there is little in the constructive marvels of the mediæval builders which was not either actually anticipated by the Romans, or was an easy deduction from the principles they had established. Their architecture was immeasurably more prolific of results than the architecture of Greece. The Greeks perfected a single rigid form, which would be intolerably monotonous when often repeated, and which was not suited to the growing demands of the world. The contrivances of the Romans were equal to every exigency, and admitted of infinite modifications and developments. The stereotyped temple could not contend with the fertile, plastic devices which could be applied to all shapes curved or straight, and adapted to all edifices public or private, secular or religious, low or lofty, great or small. In mere beauty of design the Roman was sometimes eminently successful. His domes are grand, and by such elevations as the Colosseum he taught modern Europe the way to bestow expression, dignity, and elegance upon her storied civil buildings. His taste, however, was fitful at best ; and he seldom got through his task without perpetrating some offensive solecism or marring the whole by some glaring inequality in the parts. He would have committed fewer faults if he had not been encumbered with the Greek façades which were outside his system, and which he failed to incorporate with it. He was fast emancipating himself from the thralldom when art declined with the Empire, and stopped him in his career. 'Had Rome,' says Mr. Fergusson, 'retained her power and pre-eminence a century or two longer, a style might have been elaborated as distinct from that of the ancient world, and as complete in itself, as our pointed Gothic, and perhaps more beautiful.' The Roman would certainly have improved upon the hybrid compound which for generations had led him astray. He might probably have combined his domical

and rectangular vaulting, the Pantheon and Maxentian basilica, and have furnished a framework for the Middle Ages, which might have been wrought into still more august structures than the finest existing cathedral. But it may be doubted whether the Roman himself could have matured a style to rival the Gothic. The mediæval architects first in Europe united the constructive and artistic faculty in a high degree, and the co-existence of the double talent produced a more captivating mixture of the vast and the ethereal, of engineering science and poetic forms, of religious solemnity and jewelled richness than could have proceeded from the gross and one-sided Roman mind.

The smaller works of the Romans, their pillars of victory and triumphal arches, have been so often repeated that they might be supposed to be exceptions to the general failure of their decorative efforts; but they are among their faultiest productions, and the numerous copies must be ascribed to the poverty of modern invention, much more than to the merit of the antique examples. 'The Romans,' says Mr. Fergusson, when speaking of the pillars of victory, 'never rose above the idea of taking a column of construction, magnifying it, and placing it on a pedestal without any attempt to modify its details, or hide the original utilitarian purpose for which the pillar was designed.' They perceived, nevertheless, that an isolated pillar without a function would be ludicrous, and, in order to invest it with the semblance of a purpose, they put upon it a portrait statue which, by being perched aloft where it was barely visible, involved a senseless contradiction. In Trajan's Column there was the further absurdity of a spiral bas-relief twisted about the shaft like a bandage, and representing the incidents of his wars against Decebalus. The curious spectator who desired to profit by the sculptures had to walk round and round the corkscrew composition, endeavouring with confused and aching eyes to follow the winding procession. The Roman never understood that what is repugnant to reason cannot satisfy taste. With him to enrich a surface was to adorn it. The triumphal arches have the germs of beauty, but none of the Roman specimens are satisfactory. A rectangular block is not the best form, and the heavy attics on the top are clumsy and oppressive. The ornamentation, as might be expected, is not in keeping with the construction. The inevitable columns are set on tall pedestals to support a line of entablature, which breaks round the capitals; and the design, as Mr. Fergusson observes, is frittered away by this ostentatious envelope of useless props and cut-up cornices. These persistent errors of the Roman style have led many critics to condemn it in

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the mass, but its great and original qualities fairly justify its renown.

Already in the time of Constantine the arts were tending to decay. The rise of Byzantium hastened their downfall at Rome. Imperial wealth in the Western capital was no longer devoted to rearing imperial edifices. The business of building passed over to the Christians, who pursued it with humbler aspirations, with diminished means, and with inferior workmen. They had neither the science nor the money with which to construct colossal domes and vaults, and their architecture is not the continuation and expansion of the style immediately preceding. The heathen temples were their quarries, and the character of their buildings was determined by the nature of their ready-made materials, by the degree of skill in their artisans, and by the amount of funds at their command. They both retrograded and advanced, and the combined effects produced a new phase of the Roman style, which Mr. Fergusson terms *Romanesque*. In violation of sound nomenclature, the appellation has sometimes been given to the early round-arched Gothic, which never took root at Rome, and was not invented by Romans. It was fashioned by a new people, in a new country, into new forms; and if our Norman is to be named after Rome, because in its origin it was an off-set from Roman architecture, 'the Parthenon,' says Mr. Fergusson, 'ought to be called *Egyptianesque*, and the Ionic temple at Ephesus *Assyrianesque*.' When architecture assumes a distinct national style, its title should be in accordance with the fact, and not imply that it was a mere appendage to some previous type.

The Romans, following in the wake of the Etruscans, erected circular tombs. Originally, says Mr. Fergusson, the sepulchral chamber bore but a small proportion to the solid mass which surrounded it. The interiors were gradually enlarged, and in the age of Constantine they had grown to be 'miniature Pantheons.' Mr. Fergusson remarks that there was a natural association between the monuments of the dead and a religion which had been nurtured in persecution and martyrdom. The tombs were the pattern for many primitive churches, and Mr. Fergusson is of opinion that there alone, at the outset, were performed the public sacred rites; that there the noviciates were baptised; that there the brethren partook of the Supper of the Lord; and that there the burial service was read over departed saints. In the history of architecture these circular edifices are of subordinate interest. They were not the principal Christian buildings at Rome; they did not retain their exclusive prerogative as churches; and they did not become the model for future ages. They have



almost entirely perished, and the scanty ruins which remain are of uncertain date. When of considerable diameter, they were divided into aisles by inner circles of columns and roofed with wood.

While the round church, according to Mr. Fergusson's view, was the sole 'sacramental temple' of the Roman Christians, the basilica was appropriated to their secular assemblies. The bishop took the chair of the magistrate in the apse, his clergy sat on the benches which lined the circumference, and the laity stood in the nave. When the building came to be used for a house of prayer, the Christian altar was put in the same position which the Pagan altar had occupied before, and its sacred precincts were set apart for the clergy. They afterwards extended the privileged ground to some distance in front of the apse. The whole formed a raised platform, which was separated from the rest of the church by pillars called *cancelli*. This is the origin of our English term 'chancel.' The space in cathedrals is not named from the screen which railed it off, but is termed the presbytery from the persons to whom it was assigned. Next to the presbytery was the choir,—a species of church within a church, or enclosure of a portion of the nave for religious services. Mr. Fergusson thinks that the full plan was established by the fourth or fifth century. But we are less concerned at present with these liturgical arrangements than with the features which display to us the Christian architecture of ancient Rome.

Before the great days of intersecting vaults Trajan had built, about A.D. 100, a basilica with a wooden roof. Its ground-plan and dimensions were imitated by the Christians in the basilica of St. Peter, which belongs to about A.D. 330, and in the basilica of St. Paul, which belongs to about A.D. 386. St. Peter's was removed in the fifteenth century to make way for its celebrated successor; and St. Paul's was burnt down in 1822. Exact measurements and drawings exist of both. They were nearly the same size, or 380 feet in length by 212 feet in breadth. Like the basilica of Trajan, they were divided by four rows of columns into five aisles, and the central aisle or nave was 80 feet wide. In the basilica of Trajan there were probably double aisles at the ends as well as at the sides, for the columns are believed to have been disposed in the form of two complete parallelograms. In the Christian basilicas the columns are confined to the sides, but, stopping short at some distance from the apsidal extremity, there is, in effect, a single broad cross aisle at the upper end. The cross aisle in St. Paul's is of equal width with the nave. Here we have the commencement of the mediæval transept, which, when the choir was joined to the presbytery, was placed

lower down the central aisle, that it might still be the line of division between the inner sanctuary and the outer church.

The woodcut represents the central aisle of St. Paul's, and will show the particulars in which architecture had lost and gained. The Greek and the Etruscan systems were reconciled



View of the interior of St. Paul's, at Rome, before the fire.

by adopting half of each. The column was put in the place of the pier of the arch, and the arch was put in the place of the entablature of the column. The section of the entablature which was set upon the capitals in the Maxentian basilica has disappeared in St. Paul's, and the construction is relieved from its lingering anomalies.\* For the three huge tunnels of 72 feet span, we have a line of small arches, and it becomes palpable that number in architecture may prevail over size. The broad cross-aisle which ran in front of the apse was happily devised to

\* The arcades in the court-yard of Diocletian's palace at Spalatro have not any bits of entablature on the capitals, and there may have been precedents equally early at Rome. The designer of the palace can hardly have been influenced by constructive propriety, since he has used the entablature with complete inconsistency in other parts of the building. Several of the columns of St. Paul's are said to have been transferred from the mausoleum of Hadrian, which was circular, and the difficulty and expense of working a new and straight entablature may have been the reason that arches of a cheap and easy construction were substituted. The columns in the central aisle of the basilica of St. Peter had an entablature and no arches.

confer importance upon the end of the basilica and cause it to terminate in a climax. The Gothic cathedrals miss this beauty. 'Their principal point of grandeur,' says Mr. Fergusson, 'is half-way down the church, at the intersection with the transept;' and the impression is weakened by the inferior proportions into which the building relapses along the choir and presbytery. It would be a mistake to ascribe every merit in the Christian basilicas to the taste and judgment of constructors who could take columns of different orders from the temples and rank them together. A more barbarous discord could not be imagined. The vista of arches might have been due to necessity rather than choice. The Christians would probably have preferred the Maxentian basilica and its vaults, but they were not equal to the achievement. In abandoning the large arches they fell into the opposite error, and made their arches so narrow that they are too insignificant for pillars 33 feet in height. Lintels of stone must be short, or they would snap in the middle; and the builders of the basilica, regardless of the meanness which results with the arch, put the columns as close as when they carried entablatures. A second deformity would have been alleviated by a suitable span. The increased rise of the arch would have diminished the excess of wall which was heaped over the openings for the purpose of accommodating the height of the church to the width, and of affording room for a clerestory by elevating the nave above the roof of the aisles. The disproportion of the solids to the voids was of a piece with the general want of keeping. The arches were without mouldings, and their poverty contrasts harshly with the richness of the columns. The clerestory and roof were rude and bare, and the ugly exterior was composed of plain brick walls and plain arch-headed windows. The magnitude of the basilicas seems to indicate some conception of architectural grandeur; but everything beautiful in the details had been dragged from the temples, and the rest might have been the work of village masons and carpenters. The parts which furnish hints for an improvement on previous designs would seem to have been chiefly the compulsory product of circumstances, and were certainly accompanied by an insensibility to harmony, by an incapacity for invention, and by clumsiness of execution.

A gallery looking into the nave was placed over the aisles in the basilica of Trajan; and, unless they were hampered by the want of a second tier of columns to support the roof of the gallery, it is singular that the builders of St. Peter's and St. Paul's should not have preferred the system to their tall unsightly wall. The arrangement was here and there adopted later of interposing a gallery

a gallery between the ground-story and clerestory, but the plan did not grow into fashion till the mediæval architects took up the theme, and turned the middle space into the cathedral triforium. The main importance to us of the five and three-aisled basilicas of Rome is that they supplied the outline for the Gothic churches, and teach us whence so ripe and ambitious a form was derived when they suddenly started into life.

The troubles of the time did not allow the Roman Christians to reform their architecture, and perhaps their finished system would have taught us little which may not be readily deduced from their first attempts. In the convulsions and chaos which ensued building not only ceased to be an art but a trade. The barbarians in the sixth century swept over the nations like a sea. Animal passions were in the ascendant, and where intellect had sway it was of the coarse robust kind which dominates and not adorns. The new comers had much more pressing occupations, more imperious wants, and more grovelling tastes than architectural embellishments. Nor if they had coveted imperial structures had they any need to rear them for themselves. They had only to enter and take possession. The Romans built wherever they penetrated, and had covered Europe with works of every description. In number and extent the monumental class of edifices were vastly beyond the requirements of rough warriors, who with the fierce intolerance of ignorance would often have destroyed what they could not appreciate. Their own productions, we may conclude, were principally humble habitations, which may provoke but would not reward curiosity. For five hundred years the annals of Western architecture are nearly a blank. The dates of many reputed relics of the dark ages are dubious or apocryphal. Other vaunted specimens have been altered and repaired till they have lost all historical value. The authenticated particulars are few, and there is little to detain those who find no pleasure in accepting illusory theories for facts.

There was a gleam of promise in the reign of Charlemagne, but the dawn was quickly lost in a second night. His works were inspired by the genius of the individual, and society was not sufficiently advanced to carry them on. It is not till we arrive at the eleventh century that we find national architectures springing into existence, and spreading with a steady luxuriant growth. The stage of civilisation had just been reached when men emerge from the pressure of material necessities and become alive to the delights of mental refinement. There was a general ferment and renovation. Improved political institutions, chivalry, and poetry, all had their birth in company with mediæval architecture. In-

dependent

dependent communities passed through the same process impelled by the force of similar circumstances. They had not developed a style of their own, and when their rude native structures ceased to satisfy their aspirations they copied the majestic Roman remains. The imitations were as various as the imitators. Each race had its peculiar genius and bias which it impressed on its buildings. The commencing Gothic in the separate provinces of Europe has qualities in common which are due to the model, and differences which are due to the taste and talents of the constructors. A pervading church was the cause of a certain uniformity of plan. Throughout the several styles, which are at once divergent and cognate, there is, for the most part, a resemblance more striking than that of agreement in particular forms—the resemblance of a free, masculine, nascent power. There are two descriptions of imitation—the one cold, sterile, and unintelligent, the other thoughtful, ingenious, active, and even in its copyings replete with creative life. The Gothic builders belonged to the animate school. They were strangers to tame routine and the wholesale reproduction of obsolete designs. From the beginning it is clear that they think for themselves, and that we have lighted upon fresh progressive families of mankind. Dr. Whewell called the round-arched Gothic a *corruption* of the Roman style. It was not corruption, but regeneration. It was not the debasement of an expiring, but the commencement of a rising art, which manifests from the beginning its independence, its originality, and in some respects its superiority. The imperfections are not those of a barren, exhausted decrepitude, but of vigorous, inexperienced youth. The nations revelled in their newly-discovered faculty, and for centuries the costly enthusiasm was sustained, or was rather increased than diminished.

The walls of the Greeks were composed entirely of dressed stone or marble, which was laid without mortar.\* Exceeding nicety was indispensable to fit the courses with accuracy and to secure a true bearing for every part of the surfaces. Upon this system the colossal edifices of the Romans would have demanded years of patience and a host of skilled artisans. They were a people zealous to multiply their buildings, and in haste to reap the fruit of their labours. They needed a method less costly, less tedious, and less difficult. They formed a casing of brick or masonry, and filled the trench between the inner and outer face with concrete. At intervals a layer of stone was interposed throughout the thickness of the wall, partly to tie the casings to

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\* There is mortar, however, in the joints of the Parthenon *pillars*. It is very thin at the outer edges, but tolerably thick in the centre.

the centre and partly to guard against the risk of unequal settlements. In their sumptuous fabrics the face of the wall was constructed on the Grecian plan. They employed enormous blocks of stone, and united them without the aid of mortar by the mere mathematical exactness of the work, assisted by mortices and metal cramps. In their cheaper buildings the face was composed of smaller and rougher masonry, held together by mortar. The megalithic elevations of the Romans must have excited the admiration of the early Gothic architects by the beauty of the finish and by the imposing vastness of the separate blocks. But to copy the pattern was beyond their compass. They had not the machines to lift nor the solid roads on which to transport huge masses of stone weighing several tons. They could as little command the skill for squaring and putting together the materials with the precision of joinery. No succession of artificers linked mediæval to ancient Europe. The mechanical processes had died out in the long and dreary interregnum, and had all to be discovered afresh. The coarseness of the masonry in the oldest specimens of the eleventh-century Gothic tells us that we have got their monumental architecture in its infancy, and that they had served but a short apprenticeship to the craft. They were driven to imitate those specimens of Roman work in which the stones were of slight dimensions, and this necessity acted upon their style. They were unable to hew out columns or carve capitals like the antique examples, and they were obliged to abjure any close reproduction of that portion of their models to which the term classical is usually applied. Both the piers and pillars of the rising school were built up of small pieces, and often with rubble in the centre, which, from want of experience in selecting lime and sand, was no better than a counterfeit of the Roman concrete. While the plan of the Gothic churches was chiefly based upon the aisles and apse of the Christian basilicas, the classical columns were exchanged for the cylindrical and rectangular masses which were dictated by the nature of the workmanship. The rude strength, which was an ordinary attribute of the age, is especially visible in the Norman branch of the art. The breadth and solidity of the supports is the Roman structure divested of its Greek disguise. Yet the general conception was applied and varied in a manner to which there is nothing corresponding in the ancient world. The style is unique, and neither recalls the basilica of Maxentius nor the basilica of St. Paul. There is one conspicuous merit which would of itself have set a boundary between the Roman remains and the innovations of the gifted race who re-created architecture. They had a strong relish for ornament, but with a rare sobriety of taste they did not allow their multitudinous enrichments to

outstrip

outstrip their power to apply them rightly, and every pillar, and shaft, and capital, and moulding was made to give emphasis and expression to the construction, or else to melt into it without contradiction and concealment.

The characteristics of Gothic architecture, its progress and ramifications, are expounded by Mr. Fergusson with his usual mastery; but the subject is large, and we cannot touch upon it now. Our object has been, by condensing a few of his facts, to explain, in some degree, his method of proceeding, and enable persons, who are not familiar with the study, to perceive the interest which belongs to his logical deductive history. The cursory sketch we have attempted is a poor representation of a volume of 674 pages, with its 535 engravings illustrative of the text. The necessity to be brief has obliged us to pass by those details which are most remarkable for originality, and the strongest evidence of the genius and sagacity of the author.\* His profound labours are not only a fascinating exposition of the past, but they are a luminous guide to the future. In the wide retrospect we perceive the causes of failure and success, and we learn by what principles and on what conditions we can rival our forefathers. With her multitude of architects England has long been without an architecture. The evil and its remedy are distinctly set forth by Mr. Fergusson, and his entire history is a commentary on his views and a confirmation of their truth.

‘Inconveniences go for nothing with him,’ wrote Madame de Maintenon of Louis XIV. and his palaces. ‘He insists that all should be grandeur, magnificence, and symmetry, and you must endure the draughts from the doors that they may be opposite one another. I have a beautiful apartment at Fontainebleau, but it is equally exposed to heat and cold, having a window as big as the largest arcade, and without any shutters, because symmetry would be violated. Do not imagine that I can put a screen before my big window. You cannot arrange your room as you please when the King comes there every day, but you must perish in symmetry. My mind suffers something as well as my health in living with people who only care for display, and who are lodged like divinities.’ The King gratified his passion for symmetry by carrying the same grandiose design through the 1880 feet of elevation in the garden façade at Ver-

\* The relation of Ethnography to Architecture is among the topics we have omitted. Mr. Fergusson believes that the different families of mankind have distinct architectural ideas, and that the buildings reveal to us the race of the builders. He has a delightful introductory dissertation on the subject, and he applies his doctrines throughout his book. The subject is of great importance and interest to both Architecture and Ethnography, but it is far too extensive to be discussed incidentally.

sailles. Whatever the purpose to which the interior was applied the exterior must be cast in one wearisome mould, and belie the actual arrangements. Consistency and comfort were sacrificed to the prosaic commonplace frontage, which Louis XIV. fondly fancied was regal, and with the exception of the galleries, saloons, and royal apartments, all within was incommodious, and frequently paltry. The lodgings of the divinities were intermingled with sombre chambers and wretched make-shifts, to which the big windows and classical columns were a pompous fraudulent screen.\*

The error of Louis XIV. was the same which has been the vice and destruction of modern architecture. The true order is reversed. Whether the edifice is a church, a palace, a public office, or a house, the disposition which is most convenient should first be devised and the elevation should conform to it; whereas the ordinary practice has been to adopt, and in adopting to adulterate, some noted design, and sacrifice the object for which the building is erected to outside appearances. The usage is fatal to both inside and out, and architecture, like the favourite of Louis XIV., is condemned to perish in symmetry. The façade which might have been beautiful for its primitive purpose, is unsightly, even if it escapes debasement, when its appropriateness is gone, and it only proclaims the bad taste and barren mind of the adapter. Others, to avoid the trouble of any design at all, have been content with a confused heap of parts stuck together, and have been persuaded that the clumsy patchwork was picturesque because it was irregular. Extremes meet; and the opposite systems have this in common, that they dispense with talent, thought, and knowledge, and are alike convenient to the ignorant pretender and the fashionable architectural manufacturer. But when fitness is paramount, when the elevation is compelled to bend to a well-ordered interior, when utility is accepted as the groundwork for beauty, and when the ornament

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\* Versailles was the work of the younger Mansard. Saint-Simon says, that neither he nor his master had any taste, and that he never designed a handsome or convenient building. He was a rule-and-compass architect, without a particle of imagination, and owed his rise to the adroitness with which he flattered the king, and played upon his weaknesses. His constructive was on a par with his artistic ability. He erected two bridges, one at Blois, the other at Moulins, and they both tumbled down. He was proud of the Moulins bridge, and boasted of its strength. A few months after it was finished, M. Charlus, the Lieutenant-General of the Province, went to court, and Mansard, who was present, and wanted to hear his own praises, begged the king to ask about the bridge. 'Sire,' replied Charlus, 'I have heard nothing of it since it took its departure, but I believe it is now at Nantes.' 'Of what do you suppose I am talking?' said the king: 'It is the bridge at Moulins of which I spoke.' 'And it is the bridge at Moulins,' answered Charlus drily, 'which detached itself in the lump, the evening before I left, and went pell-mell into the river.'



is contrived to indicate the construction or combine with it harmoniously, the endless variety in the conditions ensures a perpetual variety in the product, and the inevitable consequence is novelty and progress. The great models, then, assist, instead of stifling originality, and insipid parodies give way to works which in turn are worthy to become standard examples. Though there can never again be a single style which all will unite in maturing, there is nothing to prevent the disciples of the principal schools from steadily advancing in their several departments. A beginning has been made. Amid much that is trite, fantastic, and mistaken, numerous buildings of our day are a vast improvement on the flat, feeble, dreary productions which prevailed for many preceding generations. The enlightened investigation which has revealed to us the inmost spirit of styles, where our fathers travestied their superficial aspect, is the cause of the change; and no means can be more effectual to help on the movement than a History which takes the tour of the globe, which unfolds the aims and methods of all the leading architectures of the world, and which sets forth in a running, perspicuous criticism the beauties we should emulate and the blots we should shun.

- ART. VI. — 1. *Mémoire sur la partie Méridionale de l'Asie Centrale.* Par Nicolas de Khanikoff. Paris, 1862.  
 2. *Mémoire sur l'Ethnographie de la Perse.* Par Nicolas de Khanikoff. Paris, 1866.  
 3. *Journal of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, St. Petersburg.*  
 4. *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society of London.* Vol. X. No. IV. London, 1866.  
 5. *Le Livre de Marco Polo.* Par M. G. Panthier. Paris, 1865.  
 6. *Invalide Russe.* 1866.

‘CENTRAL Asia’ is a conventional rather than a strictly geographical title. The name is not confined to that particular portion of Asia which is centrically situated in respect to latitude and longitude. It is rather used as a convenient and general designation for the whole interior of the continent, and is thus made to cover a greater or less extent of territory, according as the writers who employ it refer to the ethnology, or the physical geography, or the political distribution of the countries which are contained within its limits.

In the present sketch, which proposes to consider our sources

of information with regard to these countries, as well as their actual condition and prospects, Central Asia must be understood to mean the regions which intervene between the Russian empire to the north and the British-Indian empire to the south, including, perhaps, a portion of the Persian province of Khorassan to the west, and Chinese Turkestan to the east.

When Alexander von Humboldt, a quarter of a century ago, compiled his celebrated work on the 'Orography and Comparative Climatology of Central Asia,' though the materials at his disposal for gaining a general acquaintance with those subjects were most abundant, yet he often found himself at fault in searching for precise and trustworthy details. He himself had proceeded no further than Lake Zaisan, at the foot of the southern slopes of the Altai; and the Ili River, which disembogues into the Balkash Lake, at a short distance to the southwest, was the extreme limit of Russian scientific exploration.

At that time no traveller from the North had invaded the solitudes of the Thian-Shan since the Jesuit commission of the preceding century,\* nor had any adventurous Englishman penetrated as yet to the icy summits of the Kara-koram and Kuen-Luen. Since then, however, vast additions have been made to our accurate knowledge of these regions. Not only have the theodolite and barometer been extensively used along both the mountain-chains, which bound the plateau of Chinese Turkestan to the north and south; but hardy travellers, passing in disguise through the length and breadth of the land, have visited all the principal cities of Central Asia, have mixed familiarly with the tribesmen and villagers, and—except in regard to some par-

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\* The Chinese Emperor Tsian-lun (or Khian-loung, according to Klaproth) appointed a commission, consisting of a German Jesuit, Hallerstein, with two assistants, Felix d'Arocha and Espinha, to accompany the expedition which he sent against the Eleuths of Zungaria in 1755, for the purpose of determining the astronomical position of all the principal sites in Central Asia; and the results of their observations were subsequently embodied in an official map published at Peking. This map was translated by Klaproth, from a comparison of several copies, and published by him at Berlin in 1833; and it has served as the basis of all our Central Asiatic geography until modern times. The Russians, indeed, who through M. Zakharof, Consul at Kulja, have recently acquired a more authentic register of the Jesuit observations, still maintain their rigid accuracy; but our Indian Trigonometrical Survey, which has been now pushed into Tartary, does not bear out this favourable verdict to the same extent—Mr. Johnson's plane-table survey, for instance, giving  $79^{\circ} 25'$  for the approximate longitude of Khoten, while the Jesuit Register has  $80^{\circ} 21'$ . The Jesuit survey extended westward as far as the Sari-kul Lake, and northward to the valley of the Talas. No account of the journeyings or personal adventures of these remarkable explorers is believed to be extant, but the Jesuit College published at the time, from their Reports, a very interesting record of the military and political events of the expedition.—(See 'Lettres Edifiantes,' tom. xxvii.)

ticular localities which still stand out in isolated inaccessibility—have made us almost as well acquainted with the manners and customs, the dialects, the religions and the ethnic relations of the races intervening, between Russia and India, between Persia and China, as with the inhabitants of any other part of the East. To describe in any detail the sources from which such information has been derived, would be neither very easy, nor very interesting. A brief abstract of authorities must suffice, explanations only being added, where the travels are but little known to the public, or where their authenticity is questioned.

With the ancient and mediæval travels in Central Asia, we do not propose at present to meddle. In the 'Erdkunde von Asien' of Carl Ritter, and the 'Asie Centrale' of Alexander von Humboldt will be found a *resumé* of all our early, as distinguished from our recent, Asiatic knowledge. Profiting by the labours of Abel Remusat, Klaproth, Julien, and Landresse, the two great geographers of Berlin were able to collate the authority of Chinese Encyclopedias and Buddhist travels, with the hearsay evidence of the Greeks and the more circumstantial accounts of the contemporary Arabs. With the aid of other translations, they drew much valuable testimony from Turkish and Mongolian histories; they further traced the routes of the envoys and traders from Europe, who visited the territories of the great 'Cham of Tartary,' in the middle ages; they examined Missionary journals, and sifted Caravan itineraries, and finally summarised all available reports both of Russian and of English agents; thereby bringing into one focus rays of information from a hundred different quarters, and furnishing for the first time an intelligible scheme of Central Asiatic geography. The subject, as it appears to us, has not since received the consideration which it merits; no attempt having been made to keep the public acquainted with our improved geographical knowledge, notwithstanding that exploration has been carried on ever since, continuously, and with marked success. In this field of honourable emulation Russia is entitled to a very prominent place. As her arms have advanced upon the one side from the Ili River and Lake Balkash to the Issi-Kul Lake and the great Thian-Shan Range, and upon the other from the Aral Sea for twelve hundred miles along the course of the Jaxartes, to Turkestan, Chemkend, Tashkend, and now to Khojend itself, so have the scientific officers, who accompany or precede her army, continued to lay before the world the results of their professional labours. The Journal of the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg has been enriched for many years past with a series of papers by Semenoff, Golubieff, Veniukoff, Boutakoff, and others, describing the progress

gress of discovery in Zungaria and Russian Turkestan; and many of these excellent Memoirs—which, among other valuable results, connect all the recent acquisitions of Russia as far south as the Thian-Shan Range with the great Siberian survey, and further determine for the first time, on certain data, a series of astronomical positions along a belt of 30° of longitude from the Aral Sea to the Chinese frontier—have been transferred to the pages of our own ‘Geographical Journal’ in London. But these are not the only contributions of Russia to our recent knowledge of Central Asia. A more hazardous, and, in some respects, a more interesting, journey was performed in 1859 by Captain Valikhanoff, the son of a Kirghiz Sultan, who, having entered the military service of Russia and received a professional education, was thus enabled to combine the accomplishments of a European traveller with the free movements of a native of the country. In company with a caravan of traders he crossed the Thian-Shan by the Záuikú defile, and passed the winter in Kashgar and the neighbourhood, collecting much solid information regarding the geography, the ethnology, the natural productions, and the modern history of Chinese Turkestan, which has been recently made accessible to the English public in the Messrs. Michell’s work on ‘The Russians in Central Asia.’

Mons. Nicolas de Khanikoff is a Russian traveller of a still higher class. His first introduction to Central Asiatic life was in the suite of Colonel Buteneff, when that distinguished officer was sent to Bokhara on a diplomatic mission during the English occupation of Afghanistan. On this occasion he visited Samarcand, and collected copious topographical details of the city and its neighbourhood (which he afterwards embodied in a statistical account of the Khanat of Bokhara), thereby establishing his claim to be the first European, since the days of Clavijo (in A.D. 1404), who has given us from his personal observation a plan and description of that famous capital of the empire of Timour. After many years of laborious service in Persia, where he relieved the toils of office by an earnest study of Oriental literature and antiquities, Khanikoff was recently employed, in 1858-59, in conducting a scientific expedition through Eastern Persia, which he somewhat fancifully calls, ‘the southern part of Central Asia,’ and he has since published two separate volumes giving the geographical and ethnological results of his travels. Both of these works are valuable. The one contains a very careful record of the scientific observations of Khanikoff and his companions, including some most important rectifications of the map of Persia, and an admirable general description of the province of Khorassan; in the other we have an ingenious, if not entirely convincing,

convincing, argument, drawn from a large field of induction, as to the original seats of the Iranian race, together with a good review of the general ethnic relations of the present inhabitants of Persia. Mons. Khanikoff occupies such an eminent place among the Orientalists of the present day, that no apology can be needed for including his two volumes amongst those placed at the head of the present article.

Let us now glance at the progress of English discovery in Central Asia in recent times. Our greatest activity was naturally displayed in connexion with the Afghan war, as the period of Russia's greatest activity has coincided with her conquest of Turkestan. In extending the limits, indeed, of Asiatic empire, war and science march hand in hand, and the difficulties and dangers of the one—and would we could also say the triumphs and rewards—are not less conspicuous than those of the other.

In reviewing our own fortunes during the period in question, it would really seem as if a fatality had attended us, so few—so very few—of the English officers who advanced the cause of geography in Central Asia having lived to wear the laurels which they had earned. Stoddart, who was the first to cross the mountains from Herat to Bokhara, and Arthur Conolly, who travelled by an entirely new route from Cabul direct to Merv and so on to Khiva, Kokand, and ultimately to Bokhara, both perished miserably at the latter place in 1841. D'Arcy Todd, a traveller of some note himself, and to whom we are indebted for the adventurous journeys of James Abbott and Richmond Shakespeare from Herat to Khiva and Orenberg, was killed at the battle of Firoz-shahar. Edward Conolly, the first explorer of Seistan, was shot from the walls of an obscure fort in the Kohistan of Cabul; and Dr. Lord, the companion of Wood in the valley of the Oxus, was killed in the same district and nearly at the same time. Dr. Forbes, a most promising young traveller, was also murdered in Seistan, in 1841; and Lieut. Pattinson, the only officer who ever explored the valley of the Helمند from Zamín-Dawer to the vicinity of the Lake, was butchered by the mutinous *Jan-baz* at Candahar, soon after the outbreak at Cabul. Col. Sanders, of the Bengal Engineers, who compiled from his own observations an excellent map of the country between Candahar and the Hazareh Mountains to the north-west, also fell a few years later at Maharajpoo; Eldred Pottinger, who on two occasions crossed the mountains direct between Cabul and Herat, survived the Cabul massacre and the dangers of an Afghan captivity, merely to die of fever at Hongkong; and the list may be closed by a name—still more illustrious in the annals

of geographical science—that of Alexander Burnes himself, who, as it is well known, was the first victim of the Cabul insurrection. Through the labours of these men and of their worthy coadjutors—the officers of the Quartermaster-General's Department—Afghanistan Proper may be said to have been very extensively, if not thoroughly, explored between the years 1838 and 1843. The great map, indeed, which was compiled by Mr. John Walker, Hydrographer to the Indian Office, at the close of the first expedition, and which was subsequently enlarged and amended as further information was acquired, will ever remain a noble monument of the collective science and industry of the Indian Army. It furnishes an accurate outline, and in many quarters a very comprehensive detail, of the country extending from the Lake of Seistan on the west to the frontiers of Cashmere on the east, and north and south between the Oxus and the Indus, and is altogether a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the East. Since the period of the Afghan war, discovery has somewhat languished; yet there are still a few recent journeys which must not be overlooked. A French officer, General Ferrier, in attempting to push his way from Persia to the Punjab, performed some very remarkable marches over new ground in 1844-45, exploring an unvisited part of the Seistan frontier in one direction, and crossing the great Paropamisian range from the vicinity of Balkh to Herat in another.\* Still more recently the mission of Major Lumsden to Candahar has made us acquainted with the ranges beyond the Indus which buttress the Afghan plateau to the south-east, and through which no European had before penetrated; while at the same time our own line of frontier, conterminous with the mountains, from

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\* Some doubt has been expressed with regard to the genuineness of this latter portion of General Ferrier's travels, because, in addition to certain discrepancies of distance, it also contains an account of a colony of Pagans amongst the Hazareh mountains, at whose hands the General asserts himself to have received that unreserved hospitality of bed and board which so vehemently scandalises Mahomedans, and which is by them referred exclusively to the Siyah-push Kaffirs; but the fastnesses of the Deh Zangi and Deh Kundi uplands have really been so little visited by European, or even by any reliable native travellers, that we are not in a position to pronounce authoritatively on the manners and customs of the inhabitants; and since every other portion of the General's narrative can be fully verified, it is hardly fair to discredit his Hazareh journey and adventures merely on the ground of their apparent improbability. General Ferrier has the further merit of having performed his journeys in the avowed character of a European officer, a character which involved no little risk so soon after the termination of the Afghan war, and among a people who at that time classed all nationalities, English, French, and Russian, in the one hated category of 'Feringi' and Infidel. Colonel Pelly has since, in the year 1860, ridden the whole way from Teheran *via* Herat and Candahar, to India, dressed in the uniform of a British officer, and he encountered no serious danger except among the lawless frontier tribes in the vicinity of Ferrah.

Scinde to Peshawer, has undergone the closest investigation, as evidenced in the exhaustive Report of Mr. Temple, and in Major Walker's admirable map. Putting aside for the present all discussion of the elevated region between Peshawer and the sources of the Oxus, which nevertheless contains matter of considerable interest, we pass on to the scene of England's greatest geographical triumph. Cashmere and Thibet, which even as late as the time of Humboldt were to a certain extent enveloped in mystery, are now as well known as the provinces of India Proper. Something had been done in the way of description and geographical outline by the preliminary labours of Moorcroft and Trebeck, of Jacquemont, Vigne and Hugel, and still later by the more scientific inquiries of Cunningham and Henry Strachey, but all this sinks into insignificance when compared with the grand achievements of Captain Montgomerie and Godwin Austen. The Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, having, under the direction of these officers, passed the Himalayas, and swept over the Cashmere valley, has, during the last few years, fairly grappled with the Trans-Indus region. It has worked its way from station to station at elevations sometimes over 20,000 feet. It has mapped the entire range of the Kara-Koram and Kuen-Luen, and, amongst its latest successes, has pushed out a supplementary reconnaissance both to Yarkend and Khoten in the great plain of Chinese Tartary beyond the mountains. That a survey of this extensive and exhaustive nature should have been carried on by British officers in a country under foreign rule, and at a distance of 500 miles from the British frontier, is not less creditable, we think, to their diplomatic skill than it is to their hardihood and professional zeal. We may fearlessly, indeed, compare the beautiful maps of Cashmere and Ladakh that have been recently published by Captain Montgomerie with the best productions of Russian geographers, and rest assured that the present Staff of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey are worthy successors of Lambton, of Everest, and of Waugh.

Whether the Kara-Koram and Kuen-Luen are the southern and northern crests of the great range which bounds the high table-land of Thibet, according to the mountain system of Humboldt, or whether the names do not rather apply to two culminating ridges which are western and eastern portions of the same range, as the Messrs. Schlagentweit first asserted, and as the observations of Mr. Johnson, in his journeys between Leh and Khoten, would seem to shew, is of no very great geographical consequence. It is certain, at any rate, that the south-western or Kara-Koram ridge, the pass over which, forming the main road between Thibet and Yarkend, rises 18,341 feet

above

above the level of the sea, is the true watershed between India and Central Asia, the Indus absorbing all the streams which flow from the southern slope of the range, while the northern rivers, which form the Kara-Kash and which were followed by the Schlagentweits and by Johnson, force their way through, or round, the outer barrier of the Kuen-Luen, and wend north-eastward to the Gobi or sandy desert.

There is something which appears powerfully to strike the imagination when the explorer of Central Asia ascends the last step of the ranges which bound the great plain of Tartary to the north and south, and gazes over the magnificent landscape at his feet. It is thus interesting to compare the report of Semenoff, from the top of the Záúku Pass, with the report of Johnson overlooking Khoten, the two travellers confronting each other as it were on the extreme limits of the Russian and British-Indian empires :—

‘At last,’ says the Russian traveller, ‘we attained the object of our journey, and found ourselves on the summit of the mountain-pass, when a landscape of unexpected beauty spread out before us. We now gazed on a vast plain, which, extending in every direction from us, formed a kind of broad longitudinal valley between the foremost and the main ranges of the Thian-Shan. . . . There I found myself in the very heart of Asia, rather nearer to Cashmere than to Semipolatsinsk, to Delhi than to Orsk, to the Indian than to the Northern Ocean, and midway between the Pacific and the Euxine. . . . I very much wished to descend the southern slope of the Thian-Shan, but was obliged to abandon the project, fearing to jeopardize the safety of the party, and incur the moral responsibility of any disaster.’

‘I ascended,’ says Mr. Johnson, in his Report, ‘three peaks of the Kuen-Luen range, which had been previously fixed by the trigonometrical operations of the Survey. The contrast between the view to the north and that to the south was very striking: on the one side there was little but plain; on the other, mountains and deep valleys. I might almost have fancied myself on one of the southern ranges of the Himálayas, with the plains of India to the south and great mountain ranges to the north. . . . From these peaks, however, I could not get a view of any of the important towns of Khoten, which I was so anxious to see; and I should have been obliged to have been satisfied with the extent of exploration which I had already accomplished, had not an opening presented itself for me to proceed to Khoten under the protection of the Khan of that country. . . . The whole country of Khoten, north of the Kuen-Luen range, is an immense plain, sloping gently down to Aksú, which place is fifteen long marches north of Ilchi.’ \*

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\* It is to be hoped that this report of Mr. Johnson's, which is addressed to Col. J. T. Walker, Superintendent of the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, under date April 22, 1866, and which is full of interest, will soon be made public.



As it is across these plains of Chinese Tartary that the most direct route lies between Russia and India, and as it is in this quarter that the first contact between the two empires may be expected to take place, some further notice of recent travels in Tartary may not be uninteresting.

Towards the close of the last century (A.D. 1786) a Russian sergeant of the name of Ephraimoff published an account of his travels in Central Asia, which may be regarded as something of a curiosity in literature. He had been carried off as a prisoner by the Kirghiz from the Siberian line and taken to Bokhara, where he languished in captivity for many years. Ultimately, however, he escaped, and made his way to India by the route of Kashgar, Yarkend, Ladakh, and Cashmere, reaching Calcutta in due course, from whence he was conveyed to St. Petersburg. His personal adventures are of some interest, and a vocabulary which he gives of the Bokhara dialect of that time, and which is almost entirely Persian, may deserve the attention of philologists; but he was a man of no education, and his geographical illustrations are thus almost confined to the dry detail of an itinerary.

It is believed that many Russian agents were employed in Central Asia at the commencement of the present century in connexion with the contemplated march of the Don regiments under Count Orloff-Denisoff upon India, but their reports have never yet been made public. The same reticence, however, has not been observed with regard to the reports of the merchants, who from this period seem to have prosecuted a tolerably active traffic between Russia and India across the plains of Tartary.

A Georgian trader, in the first place, of the name of Raphael Danibeg, published in 1815, at St. Petersburg, an account of his return journey from India to Semipolatsk. Another traveller of the name of Agha Mehdi—who, being a Cabul Jew by birth,

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According to statements in the Indian newspapers, Mr. Johnson's conduct in extending his journey to Khoten, and being thus drawn into political communication with the rulers of Chinese Turkestan, has been disapproved by the Government of India; but it is impossible, we think, that Sir John Lawrence should withhold his admiration at Mr. Johnson's intrepidity in venturing into such a country, and his skill in effecting a retreat from it. Mr. Johnson met with an Indian native officer at Khoten in command of the Khan's regular infantry, who, although now professing Mahomedanism, and calling himself Mahomed Ali, appeared to have been originally a Hindoo. It is said in the Indian papers that Mr. Johnson suspected this individual to be the notorious Nana Sahib, while the Calcutta editors suggest the Prince Firoz Shah, as a more likely identification; but in reality there seems to be no ground for believing the officer in question to be a personage of any such distinction. He is more probably a refugee from the old Bengal army, one of those many native officers who after the mutiny fled to the northward, where they are now to be found acting as instructors or commanders at all the Afghan, and Uzbek, and Turkestan courts.

professed Mahommedism or Christianity according to circumstances, and who seems, under the guise of a merchant, to have been employed by the Russian Government between 1810 and 1822 on various delicate negotiations with the independent chiefs on the north-west frontier of India—embodied his geographical experiences of Central Asia in a memoir which is often quoted by the Russian authorities, and which, though as yet unpublished, must be still in the archives of St. Petersburg;\* and a third report by a Bokhara trader of the route from Semipolatsk to Cashmere is given by Professor Senkowski in the appendix to Meyendorff's Bokhara. In all these notices we find that the caravan route passed from Cashmere through Ladakh to the Kara-koram range; that it then crossed the plains of Tartary by Yarkend and Aksú to Turfan at the foot of the Thian-Shan; and finally ascended the mountains by the famous Muzart defile (or 'Pass of Glaciers,' as it is usually called), and so on by Kulja to Semipolatsk. A more direct line—and one which, from the report of Mr. Johnson, would, we should think, become the high road of traffic in future years—conducts from Aksú along the river to Khoten, and thence ascending the mountains either by the Sanjû or the Yangi Devan pass debouches upon Leh. The passes of the Kuen-Luen on this track are not more difficult than the Kara-koram defile, while the road distance from Khoten to Leh is very considerably less than that to the same place from Yarkend; and Leh, moreover, is much more conveniently situated than Cashmere for communication with Northern India. If it be true, indeed, according to the information supplied to Mr. Johnson at Khoten, that by proceeding seventy or eighty miles to the south-east, the Kuen-Luen mountains may be turned, and wheeled carriages can thus pass along an elevated tableland by Rodokh and Gardukh to the immediate back of the Himálaya range, we may expect in due time that the great Hindustan road will be prolonged from the Niti pass so as to open out upon these uplands, a direct line of traffic being thus secured with Tartary, which shall be independent of the difficulties, both political and geographical, that are attached to the old route by Cashmere and Ladakh.†

There

\* Mr. Moorcroft happened to be at Ladakh in 1822 at the time of Agha Mehdi's death, in the Kara-koram mountains, on his third mission from Russia; and he had thus an opportunity of inspecting the letters, addressed by Count Nesselrode, on the part of the Emperor Alexander, to Ranjit Singh and the Raja of Thibet. See 'Moorcroft's Travels,' vol. i. p. 383; and for further notices of Agha Mehdi, see 'Meyendorff's Bokhara,' p. 340.

† This route, to which Mr. Johnson has recently drawn attention, was known, however, to Moorcroft, and is also mentioned by Cunningham and H. Strachey. There has always been a report in the country that there was a royal made road from the Niti Pass by Gardukh and Rodokh to Khoten, and Moorcroft in one of his

There are still a few more authorities to be mentioned. Dr. Thomas Thomson, the associate of Cunningham and Henry Strachey in the Ladakh Boundary Commission in 1847, was the first Englishman who fairly crested the Kara-koram range and determined the true geographical position of the defile, a service for which the Royal Geographical Society, with a somewhat tardy recognition of merit, has this year presented him with its Founder's Medal. The next travellers who followed in the same direction were the brothers Schlagentweit. Adolphe, the youngest, not only crossed the mountains, but penetrated to Yarkend and Kashgar, where he was murdered by a sanguinary fanatic, Wali Khan, who happened at the moment to be in power, and may thus be classed among those martyrs to science whose early fate we have already deplored; but the two other brothers, Herman and Robert, are hardly entitled to the pre-eminent position which they claim as geographical discoverers. It is true that they ascended the Kara-koram pass and made a détour beyond the range in the direction of Khoten, which occupied them for twenty-six days and extended to about three hundred miles, but they seem to have been as unsuccessful both in observing and recording their observations, as they were bold in assigning positions on insufficient evidence; the consequence of this empirical system of survey being that they dislocated the entire map of Tartary by placing everything between the Kara-koram and the Thian-Shan from  $1^{\circ}$  to  $3^{\circ}$  to the westward of its true emplacement.\* In the interior of the country the principal European

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his journeys actually lighted upon a portion of this road towards its southern extremity, which he describes as 'in some parts substantially paved with pebbles, and in others formed out of the levelled rock.' It was no doubt a work of the Delhi emperors, executed for the purpose of facilitating commercial intercourse between India and China; but the old road seems to have passed to the west of the Kuen-Luen, instead of to the east of that range, as recommended by Johnson, for the Sarikia, which Moorcroft mentions as the northern terminus of the route between Khoten and Yarkend, can be no other than the Surikia of Johnson, which is a name for the valley of the Kara-kash river.—(See 'Moorcroft's Travels,' vol. i. p. 373; Cunningham's 'Ladakh,' p. 147; and 'Journal of Royal Geog. Society of London,' vol. xxiii. p. 5.)

\* The Schlagentweits head their chapter on the passes into Tartary with this proud declaration.—'We are fortunate enough to have been the first Europeans that ever crossed the chains of the Kara-Koram and of the Kuen-Luen' (see 'India and High Asia,' vol. i. p. 25); and it was to commemorate so glorious an achievement that the Emperor of Russia conferred on the brothers the honorary title of Sakunlunski. In reality, however, the Russian Ephraimoff and the Georgian Raphael Danibeg had crossed the mountains from Yarkend to Thibet long before the Schlagentweits; and Dr. Thomson's ascent of the Kara-koram, which was rarely mentioned beyond the immediate circle of his friends, was hardly a less creditable performance than the boasted exploit of the Germans. Mons. Golubief severely handled the Schlagentweits in an article in the 'Russian Geographical Journal,' Part IV., 1861; and his criticism was endorsed by Mons. Semenoff,

European travels to be cited are, firstly, the invaluable ~~work~~ by Lieut. Wood of his journey from Cabul to the sources of the Oxus; and, secondly, the recent work of M. Vambéry, which has been already reviewed in this journal, and which describes the wanderings of the Hungarian dervish—~~carrying~~, as the Orientals would say, ‘his life in his hand’—from Asterabad, at the south-east corner of the Caspian, through the Turcoman desert to Khiva, and so on to the mouth of the Oxus; from that point to Bokhara and Samarcand, and back again across the mountains to Herat.

There was not much, perhaps, of actual discovery in Vambéry’s explorations, since Arthur Conolly, in 1829, had preceded him on the line from Asterabad to Khiva as far as the Balkan hills; and Muravieff, ten years previously, had landed in the Bay of Balkan, and travelled across the desert from that point direct to Khiva, almost on the same track as the Hungarian Dervish; but his personal experiences nevertheless are full of interest, and especially with reference to his successful personation of a travelling mendicant. In this character, indeed, he baffled all attempts to penetrate his disguise; and only once, as we have heard him relate, was he in any danger of detection, when a curious fellow-worshipper at noonday prayer remarked that he must be a nondescript sort of Mahomedan after all, since the hairs on his arm were laid across, instead of up or down: the explanation of this singular criticism being, that as the Soonees and Shíahs in their ablutions wash their arms respectively from the elbow to the wrist, and from the wrist to the elbow, so may the members of the two opposing sects be recognised by the direction in which the hairs of the arm are laid, such direction following, of course, the daily manipulation. We have nothing to say to the moral question involved in this personation of the Mahomedan character. We are merely now alluding to the difficulty of sustaining such a disguise for any long continuance. Buckhardt, the most accomplished European Arab who ever trod the desert, was often embarrassed by remarks on his arched instep, differing so much from the flat foot of the unfettered Bedouin, and he once narrowly escaped detection because he happened to take a draught of water after,

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Semenoff, the President of the Section of Physical Geography. This article was reproduced in an English translation in the last number of the ‘*Bengal Asiatic Journal*,’ Part II., No. 1, p. 46; and Sir Andrew Waugh, at the recent meeting of the British Association, showed, from a comparison of the Schlagentweit figures with those of Captain Montgomerie and Mr. Johnson, that the error of the Germans in regard to the longitude both of Cashgar and Yarkend was more than 3°; and that even in regard to Khoten, which they claim to have fixed, they were in error to the extent of 37’ of longitude.

instead of before, his coffee. Forster, again, was recognised as an Englishman in Cashmire from his 'head being flattened at the top, instead of being conical like a Mussulman's;' and we have often witnessed the agony which Europeans endure in endeavouring to sit for a few hours together on their heels, or to ride in a native saddle with their knees bent to a right angle. The crucial test under which Arthur Conolly succumbed was of another character. Professing to be a Mahomedan merchant, he betrayed himself by his readiness to purchase articles of the Turcomans at the price demanded, instead of haggling for an hour ere the bargain was completed.

Other travels in the East, which have been recently communicated to the world, would be of the utmost interest if they could be relied on as authentic and sober recitals; but at present a grave shadow of suspicion hovers over them. There have always been European adventurers in Central Asia, sometimes established in the cities as military instructors or jewellers, sometimes wandering about the country in search of mines and metals. Herat, Cabul, and Bokhara, have rarely been without such visitors, and it is a free-lance traveller of this class whom we are now about to introduce. A Mr. Gardiner, who was the son of a medical officer in the Mexican service, and who had been educated at the Jesuit College of Clongoose, in Ireland, found himself, at the close of some very strange adventures, at Herat in the beginning of 1830. He seems to have been of an essentially erratic disposition, for although his ostensible object at this period was to take service in the Punjab, he passed several years in perambulating, or circumambulating, the intermediate countries before he finally reached his destination. An abstract of a portion of his travels has been recently published in the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society' at Calcutta, and as this abstract professes to describe a route passing from Herat to Bokhara, from thence to Kundúz, and through Badakhshan to Yarkend, Ladakh and Cashmere, and beyond that point among the mountains to Kafferistan on the Cabul frontier, it ought to be full of interest and value; but unfortunately the names, distances, and bearings are so distorted and mutilated, and the descriptions of antiquities and natural phenomena are further so monstrously exaggerated, that the narrative reads like a romance rather than as a journal of actual adventure. Mr. Gardiner, however, who is still living, and who holds, indeed, a Colonel's command under the existing Seikh Government in Cashmere, is understood, now that age has somewhat tempered the exuberance of his fancy, to have re-written his travels, including his descrip-  
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tion of Kafferistan, the original notes of which were supposed to have been lost in the pillage of Sir A. Burnes's house at Cabul; and if, as is said to be likely, Mr. Cooper, our Commissioner at Lahore, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for careful and conscientious editing, can spare time from his official duties to prepare the MSS. for the press, the public may expect to be soon gratified with the appearance, in a readable shape, of this unique record of Central Asiatic discovery. We say unique, notwithstanding that a German work, which we have reserved for the last on our list, claims to have reference to the same mysterious country of Kafferistan, as we have the most serious misgivings with regard to the genuineness of this latter record.

A question of literary authenticity is always provocative of curiosity, but in the present case it is also of real importance to the science of geography. 'If the manuscript,' it was recently stated to a meeting at Burlington House, 'were genuine, it was one of the most valuable contributions to our knowledge of Central Asia that had ever been given to the world; on the other hand, if it were not genuine, it was one of the most successful forgeries that had ever been attempted in the history of literature.' The subject, indeed, is one of so much interest, and the evidence for and against the German is so nearly balanced, that we shall merely state the heads of the story, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions; or if we hazard a solution, it must be understood to be a mere suggestion unsupported by authority. It appears, then, that a few years ago Monsieur Veniukoff, an officer especially interested in geographical exploration in Central Asia, to which, indeed, he had been himself an active contributor, discovered in the archives of the Topographical Department of St. Petersburg an anonymous MS., purporting to be the journal of a German traveller, who had passed from Cashmere to the Kirghiz Steppe in the early part of the present century, and had executed a quasi-scientific survey, verified by astronomical observation, of all the regions he had visited. This MS. was duly brought under the notice of the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, and copious extracts from it were published, with annotations, by M. Veniukoff, in the Russian '*Geographical Journal*.' No one in Russia presumed to contest the genuineness of a document thus authoritatively brought forward. It was received with acclamation by the Imperial Academy, and the alterations which it introduced into the geography of Central Asia were at once transferred to the Government maps, and thus obtained circulation throughout Europe. When the Russian papers, however, were translated and came under the cognisance

cognisance of savans in London, who had made a special study of the geography of Central Asia, doubts were immediately expressed as to the genuineness of the narrative. Inconsistencies—nay impossibilities—were pointed out of a most damnatory character. Proofs of authenticity were asked for, and a controversy arose between Russian and English geographers, which is still being carried on without much chance of a satisfactory issue.

The MS. professed to have been written in 1806 by a German nobleman, who had been employed by the East India Company towards the close of the last century to purchase horses in Central Asia for the Indian cavalry. He had started, it was said, from Cashmere, accompanied by Lieutenant Harvey and forty sepoys, had traversed the mountains between Little Thibet and the Upper Oxus, debouching finally upon Kashgar; from that point he had returned to Badakhshan and had passed several months in the neighbouring districts, after which he had struck across the Pamir Uplands to Kokand, and had sought to return to Europe by traversing the Kirghiz Steppes. Arrested, however, in his progress northward and plundered by the Kirghiz, he was compelled to fall back on Bokhara and Samarcand, from whence he regained India by the high road of Kashgar, Yarkend, and Ladakh. A series of maps, forty in number, accompanied the Journal, and personal adventure, historical relation, geographical and statistical details, and a general description of the countries traversed, varied by notices of their inhabitants, climate, and products, were blended together in a sufficiently interesting, though inartistic manner, in this singular narrative. It was further stated in the memoir that over 1100 horses had been purchased by the German agent, 132 in the mountains near the source of the Oxus, which had been sent back to India at once under charge of Lieutenant Harvey, and 980 more from the tribesmen near Kashgar, which had also been duly forwarded to their destination. These horses, however, having been plundered by the Mahrattas in Northern India, the German, on his return to India, was unable to obtain reimbursement for his outlay from the Calcutta authorities. Thereupon arose an angry correspondence, at the close of which the agent, having cleared his honour but smarting under a sense of injustice, betook himself to St. Petersburg and placed his maps and journals at the disposal of the Russian government. An explanation was further tendered by the Russian officials that it was in consequence of this betrayal of trust, as it might be deemed, that the name of the traveller had been suppressed, and that the MS., after being allowed to remain for nearly sixty years in obscurity, had only been brought

out when it might be hoped that all traces had been lost which could lead to the identification of the writer.\*

Now, however legitimate would have been an introduction of this nature to a sensational novel, or however circumstantial and consistent the story may have seemed to the Russian academicians, jubilant with the honour of their great discovery—for if the travels were genuine they were of the utmost importance to geographical science—it did not by any means satisfy the more calm and rigid scrutiny of the English critics. Objections were taken on two grounds; firstly, that the framework and incidents of the pretended journey were impossible; and secondly, that the so-called geographical results, as far as they could be tested on the Indian side, were altogether false. Inquiries set on foot both in India and in London showed that no trace existed in the records of the East India Company of any such arrangement as that described by the pseudo-agent, either with himself or with any one else. There was no Lieutenant Harvey in the India Army List at the close of the last century; nor any cavalry force that could have required recruiting. Cashmere was then held by the hostile Afghans, amongst whom it would have been madness for a couple of officers with a party of forty Sepoys to have attempted to penetrate. Forster, indeed, the only European who had visited the valley under Afghan occupation, was indebted for his safety to disguise. The story of the horses, moreover, was manifestly fabulous. The only animals obtainable in the region indicated would have been Uzbek ponies, utterly unfit for cavalry purposes, and when obtained at the sources of the Oxus, to have conveyed them in safety to India under the escort of a lieutenant and seven Sepoys, would have been little less than a miracle. Then in regard to geographical results, the German pretended to have passed from Cashmere to Kashgar with camels and foot soldiers in twenty-five days, whereas three months would have been a more reasonable allowance for the

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\* Mons. Veniukoff gives the following title to the MS. in the Russian archives: 'Travels through Upper Asia, from Kashgar, Tashbalyk, Bolor, Badakshan, Vakhán, Kokan, Turkestan, to the Kirghiz Steppe, and back to Cashmere, through Samarkand and Yarkend;' but this title in reality can only refer to the second portion of the travels, as it omits all mention of the journey from Cashmere to Kashgar, which is, nevertheless—or ought to be—the most interesting part of the narrative. Mons. Veniukoff's further description of the MS. is remarkable. 'The travels,' he says, 'form a magnificent manuscript work in the German language, accompanied by forty sketch maps of the country traversed. The text has also been translated into French in a separate manuscript, and the maps worked into one itinerary in an admirable style. The Christian name of this traveller, George Ludwig von ———, appears over the preface; but the surname has been erased.'

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journey. He crossed the Indus according to his own statement on the third march, from Srinagar, with his whole caravan, the distance being nearly 200 miles, and occupying usually a period of twenty days. He passed too, as he asserted, in this interval an active volcano, no such physical feature existing in the valley. To trace his exact footsteps was obviously impossible, as there was not a single name of a town, or mountain, or river, excepting the Indus itself, on the entire route from Cashmere to Kashgar that admitted of identification; but it was known from the actual explorations of Messrs. Winterbottom and Vans Agnew beyond the Indus in 1848, as well as from the information collected by Captain Montgomerie of the march of the Seikh force in 1860, that there was in reality but one available road through the mountains in this direction—namely, that which left the Indus at Bonji, ascended the Gilgit River by Gilgit and Shirmi to Yassín, crossed by a difficult defile to Mastúj in the Upper Chitral valley, then passed over the great range to Badakhshan, descended upon the Oxus, and followed up a branch of that river to the plateau of Pamír which it traversed till it reached Kashgar; and this route, although not unfrequently followed by lightly equipped travellers, was in many parts of it impracticable even to loaded mules, whilst the German pretended to have carried his camels with him throughout his journey, and did not, except on one occasion, speak of any extraordinary difficulties in the transit. Another fatal discrepancy which attracted notice was, that the inhabitants of the whole country between the Indus and the Oxus were described as Pagans, all speaking dialects of one language called the Bili, whereas in reality the Pagans, or Siyah-púsh Kaffirs, were known to be confined to the western corner of this tract, and would hardly have been met with upon our traveller's line at all; and in the second place, whilst no such language as the Bili had ever been heard of before, the dialects which would have been encountered on the transit from Cashmere to the Oxus (such as the Balti, the Dardu, the Cashcári, the Kaffir, and the Badakhshi), were essentially dissimilar to each other, and could not possibly have been all understood by one so-called Bili interpreter.

In regard to the second portion of this pretended journey from Kashgar by Badakhshan to Kokand, on the authority of which extensive modifications had been introduced into our standard maps, we may quote the following résumé from Sir Henry Rawlinson's address on the subject to the Royal Geographical Society, at their Meeting on the 26th of March of the present year:—

‘The ascent of the Yaman-yar river, from Kashgar to the Lake of

Kara-kul ("the Dragon lake" of the Chinese), seemed to be genuine, but the description of the town and river of Bolor were probably fictitious. The positions, moreover, of Badakhshan ("Fyzabad" of Wood) and Vokhan were reversed, the latter being far to the east of the former instead of to the west, as the "Travels" and longitudes would seem to indicate. Again, that there was ever a Chinese garrison in Badakhshan, as stated by the German, is opposed to our historical knowledge; and Malik Shah Buzurg resided at Fyzabad, and not at Vokhan. In continuation, the extent of the Pamir Steppes seemed to be much too contracted, and the positions of Tanglak and Terek-chai were transferred from the north to the south of the plateau; and it was further suspicious that in pursuing the valley of the Jaxartes to Kokand, there was no mention of Oosh, or Marghilan, or any of the other large towns of the district.'

The only rejoinder that has been hitherto made to this exposition of errors and impossibilities is something to the following effect. As far as the Russian surveys have extended along the valley of the Jaxartes, the correctness of the German maps has been abundantly verified, testifying beyond all possibility of dispute to their having been executed from actual observation, since at the commencement of the present century—indeed up to times comparatively modern—the whole country of Kokand was almost a 'terra incognita.' The same inference may be drawn from the German's description of Samarcand, which Mons. Khanikoff, who himself visited the city in 1841, declares to be rigidly accurate, though no other modern notice of the place is extant. The Russians again appear to underrate our Indian knowledge of the country between Cashmere and Kashgar, and to think that the alleged ocular observation of the German may be after all as trustworthy as the hearsay evidence of Elphinstone and Raverty, or of Moorcroft, Vigne, and Cunningham. At any rate they appeal to the singular coincidence between the testimony of the German writer and all subsequent information as to the products of the country and the remarkable manners and customs of the inhabitants, and they ask from what source such knowledge could have been acquired in 1806, if not from personal experience. Such arguments assuredly—if the date of 1806, which is endorsed at present on the Petersburg MS., be admitted to be genuine—do appear to be of the utmost cogency; and a not less strong collateral proof of authenticity is to be found in the admitted fact that, although the names assigned to the various localities are not to be recognised in modern geography, still most—or many—of these names are philologically correct; Thibetan affixes, for example, being found on the Upper Indus, true Kaffir names in the mountains, Persian vocables in Badakhshan, a thoroughly Turkish nomenclature in Kashgar and Kokand,

Kokand, and even a *bonâ fide* Calmuck title referring to a Zungarian chief.\*

Now in view of such a singular conflict of evidence, if we were called upon to pronounce judicially on the question of the authenticity of these remarkable travels, we should, we think, reject unhesitatingly the whole framework of the story, while we should admit to a certain extent the genuineness of the materials. We should disclaim all belief in the individuality of the German traveller, or in any of his pretended adventures, but we should think it not unlikely that the travels had been compiled and the maps executed from the information and experience of parties who had actually visited Central Asia at the close of the past or beginning of the present century, and had heard accounts of the routes and localities described; such accounts, however, being but imperfectly remembered, and being moreover in many cases so confounded in the report as to be hardly recognisable. With regard indeed to the opening chapters of the Journal, which from their obvious inapplicability to the line of country by Gilgit and Yassín, are sufficient to discredit the entire narrative, we have a suspicion that the route which it was intended to delineate was that conducting to the plateau of High Asia from Peshawer and not from Cashmere. The geographical nomenclature was probably fictitious from the outset; and it would be useless therefore to compare the itinerary with the map; but the general features of the Bajour and Cashcár valleys—as far as we are acquainted with them—would seem to correspond to some extent with the pseudo-traveller's description, and the transfer of the line of route moreover from the north-eastern to the south-western quarter of the mountain range would serve to explain those notices of true Kaffir characteristics, for which, if the MS. be really of the date assigned to it—and for this the Russian Government is said to hold itself responsible—it would be otherwise impossible to account. We allude especially to the description of the auriferous streams, the vineyards and winebibbing propensities of the inhabitants, their arms, costume, and general appearance, their excessive jealousy of Mahommedans,

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\* The following examples may be quoted of linguistic accuracy in the geographical nomenclature of the travels:—*Lumba*, which is 'a mountain ravine' in Balti, occurs in the names of the villages, supposed to be on the frontiers of Baltistan. *Imbra-Embra* (said to mean 'the seat of God') is the name of a peak in the Kafferistan mountains, and *Imra* is really the Kaffir name for God. In Badakhshan there is the Persian name of *Shah-rúd*, or 'royal river,' and there are also numerous *derehs* or *passes*. Of true Turkish vocables about Cashgar we have *kara-balıq*, 'blank-fish'; *kara-agatch*, 'black-wood'; *kara-kul*, 'black lake'; *ak-su*, 'white-river'; *Tamgha*, 'a seal'; *Ulús*, 'a camp'; *kishlaq*, 'a winter pasture,' &c.; and *Zeisan* is also correctly quoted as a Calmuck or Mongolian title.

their singular customs in entertaining guests, their sacrifices and Pagan habits, and even the words which are reported of their language,\* together with other traits of verisimilitude, which at the commencement of the present century certainly could not have been learnt from any published authority. In the same manner it may be conjectured that the information regarding Badakhshan, Vakhán, Bolor† and Pamír, which is involved in inextricable confusion, was obtained second-hand at Kashgar, while the alleged accuracy of the details relating to the valley of the Jaxartes and Samarcand must be held to prove the actual presence of the agents in those localities. Who the agents may have been, or what was their object in weaving into a pretended personal narrative reports which in their plain unadorned official form would have been equally valuable to the Russian Government, it is of course impossible to ascertain. We have heard it surmised that the anonymous composition may have been a 'jeu d'esprit' of the celebrated Klaproth, founded partly on the vast stores of information regarding Central Asia which he had accumulated from Chinese, Mongolian, Arabic and mediæval authorities, and partly on the modern and unpublished reports of the Jewish agent, Agha Mehdi, Dr. Honigberger‡ and others; and certainly if any one, who had not personally visited Turkestan, were capable of the mystification, he was the man;§ but

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\* For instance, *Immir-umma* is given as the name of the spot where the Kaffirs offer sacrifice; and this is the exact title applied by Elphinstone to the Kaffir temples. It means 'the place of God.' See Elphinstone's 'Cabul,' vol. ii. p. 379.

† The notice of a large town entitled Bolor, and situated upon a river of the same name to the west of the Pamír plateau and north of Badakhshan, is entirely fabulous; and certainly suggests a modern date for the compilation, since Klaproth, misunderstanding his Chinese authorities, has fallen into precisely the same geographical error in his memoir in the 'Magasin Asiatique' for 1821. The name of Bolor or Belur was unknown to the old Mahomedan geographers, and is very rarely used even by modern Arabic or Persian writers. It owes its chief celebrity to the notices of Marco Polo and of the Chinese, and, as far as these authorities are concerned, agrees sufficiently well with the explanation first suggested, we believe, by Cunningham (see 'Ladakh,' p. 45), that it is nothing more than a corruption of the vernacular title of *Palolo*, by which Baltistan is known to the Dards. In this view Belur will apply to the whole country stretching from Ladakh to Pamír, including not only the modern Baltistan, but also Hunza-Nager, Gilgit, and Yassin. Bournouf's derivation of *Belur* from the Sanscrit *Vidur*, which is a name for the lapis-lazuli, though approved by Von Humboldt, has really nothing to recommend it but its ingenuity. The resemblance, indeed, of Bolor to the Persian word *Bilúr*, used for 'crystal,' is probably a mere accident.

‡ Dr. Honigberger was a medical man in the Sheikh service who travelled from the Punjab by Cabul, Bokhara, and Kokand, and thence through Russia to Europe, shortly before the period of the Afghan war. Dr. Honigberger is still, we believe, residing in Cashmere, but we are not aware whether any detailed account of his travels has been ever published.

§ Suspicion has probably fallen on Klaproth because he is known at different periods

but here again the date of 1806, attached to the MS. and registered, as it is said, in the official archives of Russia, would seem to be fatally opposed to such an explanation, since Klaproth at that early period was only just commencing those Oriental studies for which he was afterwards so famous. We shall be glad, then, if the pending controversy between the English and Russian geographers leads to any definite result; not only in the interests of science, but with a view to the extrication of all unprejudiced enquirers from a state of most disagreeable suspense.

Our present sketch would be imperfect if we did not acknowledge the obligations which Indian and Central Asian geography lies under to its native auxiliaries. That Russia has largely profited by this source of supply has been already mentioned in our notice of Agha Mehdi, and the traders between Semipolatsinsk and Cashmere; and the reports of English agents from the same countries have been not less valuable or extensive. Meer Izzet Ollah, indeed, who was Moorcroft's factotum in his early wanderings, was the first to make us acquainted with the high road from Ladakh by Yarkend and Kashgar to Kokand and Bokhara; and the same route was followed forty years later by another native agent, Khwajeh Ahmed Shah, who was sent from India in 1852 in search of Lieutenant Wyburd. Other travellers have since verified the accounts of the native explorers along different portions of the route, but no one else has traversed the entire line from point to point, nor is there any account of the route in English to be consulted by the student of geography but the above mentioned itineraries, first published in Calcutta periodicals. It must also be remembered that Captain Raverty was indebted to native travellers for all the geographical details contained in his excellent papers on Swát, on Kafferistan, on Chitral or Cashcár, and on Panj-korah, which have severally appeared in the Calcutta Asiatic Journals, and which afford us the only exact information that we as yet possess regarding what may some day become the high road of commerce between the Punjab

periods of his life to have been engaged in the preparation of reports on Central Asia of a secret and confidential nature. One of these Reports, indeed, 'On the Geographical and Political Condition of the Countries intervening between Russia and India,' is said to have been purchased by our Government at the time of the Afghan war for the enormous sum of one thousand guineas, and to be still reposing in the archives of our Foreign Office, enriched with a large number of marginal notes in the handwriting of the late Lord Palmerston. If this be true, we would recommend the indefatigable President of our Royal Geographical Society to undertake the disinterment of the Report, not only in the interests of science, but with a view to its possible bearing on the vexed question of the authorship of the anonymous Russo-German manuscript.

and Tartary. This route was first investigated by Lieutenant Macartney, and is twice alluded to in Elphinstone's work on Cabul.\* Edward Conolly attempted to explore it in 1840, but was driven from the mountains by the Bajouries, especially jealous at that time of an intrusion upon their fastnesses; nor indeed has any single European that we are aware of, except Mr. Gardiner, succeeded up to the present time in disarming suspicion, and obtaining access to this interesting region. The route in question, according to Raverty's information, follows up the Penj-korah branch of the Landaf river to Dir, the capital of the district (other authorities would conduct it up the Bajour river which lies in a parallel valley); it then crosses the Las-púr range to Drush in lower Cashcár, and from thence follows up the Cashcár or Chitral valley to Mastúj, where the road bifurcates, one branch continuing up the valley to the table-land of Pamír and descending on Yarkend, while the other, which has been already alluded to, crosses the great range to Badakhshan and the valley of the Oxus. Raverty says of this line of route:

'The road is somewhat difficult between Panj-korah and Drush' (perhaps the line by the Bajour valley may be easier), 'but beyond it is very good, and the country is like a vast plain, gradually sloping upwards towards the high table-land of Pamír to the north-east; . . . consequently there would be no difficulty for the passage of light artillery.' †

And a friend of Colonel Gardiner's, quoting his authority, uses almost the same language.

'The best road,' he says, 'to the north from Peshawer is by the Swát valley. It is a caravan road as far as Anveh (or Mastúj?). ‡ Colonel Gardiner travelled over this route, and describes the dividing range between the Anveh territory and the Badakhshan valley as very gradual and easy of ascent, and declares that guns could be taken over without dismounting them. There is no traffic by this route at present, owing to the war in Gilgit, but Colonel Gardiner always declared, and from all I have heard in the country I am quite ready to endorse his opinion, that the true road from Northern India to Yarkend, as well as the valley of the Oxus, was viâ the Swát and Chitral valleys.'

Again, in Major James's celebrated Report on the Kokand embassy in 1861, he particularises this route by the Bajour and Upper Kunér valleys, as the most direct, though, perhaps, the

\* See Elphinstone's 'Cabul,' pp. 26 and 389.

† 'Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal,' No. 294, No. II., 1864, p. 130.

‡ Anveh is only mentioned in one passage of the published Journal of Mr. Gardiner, p. 19; but it is probable that it was more fully described in the account of his journey through Kafferistan, which was lent to Sir A. Burnes, and was supposed to have been lost in the plunder of the Resident's house at Cabul.

most difficult, of the various lines connecting Peshawer with Tartary; and he observes that it was actually followed by the envoy who came from Kokand in 1854. May it not then be fairly surmised that the compiler of the Russo-German MS., inquiring at Kashgar or Kokand for the nearest route from India, may have been informed of this line leading *direct* from the Indus to Pamír, a line which would have really led for a great part of its course through outlying tribes of the Siyah-Púsh Kaffirs, and would, moreover, have been practicable for camels; and that in adopting at some later period the description he had received, he may have given rise to our present mystification, partly by his ingeniously attempted restoration of names which he had forgotten, and partly by his having erroneously taken Cashmere instead of Peshawer for the starting-point?

And now having alluded to Major James's Kokand Report, which was first, we think, brought to the notice of the public in the article of last year in this Review, on 'The Russians in Central Asia,' we must congratulate the native agent, Moola Abdul Mejid, whose march from Cabul to Kokand is there reported, on his having been presented at the last Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London with a gold watch, in recognition of the great service he had rendered to geography by his adventurous journey across the Pamír Steppes. A not less distinguished service, and one which we venture to think is also entitled to honorary reward, has been since rendered by the native assistant of Captain Montgomerie, who, by his reconnaissance of Yarkend, has brought that city into immediate connexion with the great trigonometrical survey of India, and has thus for the first time in the present century determined a fixed geographical position on the southern border of the great plain of Tartary.\*

The preliminary branch of the subject being now exhausted, we may pass on to a brief general description of Central Asia and its inhabitants. The whole country between India and Tartary may be considered, then, as one broad mountain range, the Himálayas forming the southern crest, and the Kuen-luen the northern; while the interior is sometimes cheered with lovely valleys like Cashmere, but is more usually broken into rocky

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\* Captain Montgomerie communicated this interesting journey of his assistant, Mahomed-el-Hamid, from the Kara-koram to Yarkend to the Royal Geographical Society of London at the meeting of May 14th of the present year, and showed from the road-book, which seemed to have been very accurately kept, that the true position of that city was in lat.  $38^{\circ} 19' 46''$ , and long.  $77^{\circ} 30'$ . In the Jesuit Register the numbers are, lat.  $38^{\circ} 19'$ , long.  $76^{\circ} 3'$ , while the Schlagentweits give lat.  $38^{\circ} 10'$ , long.  $74^{\circ} 10'$ .

ravines, through which the affluents of the Indus force their way towards the plains; or else stretches away in those vast treeless uplands which are one of the chief characteristics of the range through its whole extent. The direction of this range is from east to west, trending to the northward; while the parallel chain which bounds Siberia to the south, and the outer crest of which is the Thian-Shan, trends somewhat to the south; so that at a short distance to the west of Yarkend and Kashgar, the great interior depression of Chinese Tartary terminates, and the bounding ranges coalesce in the elevated table-land of Pamír. According to Humboldt's system, which is still adopted generally as the ground-work of our maps of Asia, the northern and southern ranges were united to the west of Kashgar by a transverse ridge, which he names the Belút-Tágh, or "Cloud Mountains;" but recent observation assures us that there is no such separate connecting chain. The ascent from Yarkend and Kashgar westward to the table-land of Pamír is gradual and almost imperceptible; and when that lofty position is gained, where the average elevation is probably as much as 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, a vast open plain is seen, which stretches from the valley of the Jaxartes in one direction, across the head-streams of the Oxus to the top of the Cashcár or Chitral valley in another.

From this great plateau, which may be 700 or 800 miles in extent, and which is throughout studded with lakes, descend four great river systems. Firstly, through a long valley between the culminating ridge and outer range of the Thian-Shan comes down the Naryn, which is the main stream of the Jaxartes. This outer range being the connecting link between the Thian-Shan and Pamír, the river which flows in a luxuriant valley at its foot drains all the northern edge of the plateau. The Oxus again taking its rise in a Pamír lake, which is at least 300 miles to the south of the Jaxartes, and of which the true name is the Sari-kul, or "Yellow Lake," is fed on its right bank by a multitude of smaller streams, which run due south from the Pamír uplands, breaking up the south-western face of that region into a series of rugged valleys, such as Hissar, Ramíd, Derwaz, Kolab, and many others, which, although amply described in the Arab geographies and in the 'Memoirs of Baber,' are hardly known in modern times, except from the confused accounts of Mr. Gardiner and the occasional notices of native agents. The western face of the Pamír, as it may be called, between the Jaxartes and the Oxus, is far more precipitous than the eastern. Numerous ridges run out in this direction as far as Samarcand and Karshi, and the streams which drain off from the uplands



between these ridges, and which form the Zar-afshan and Karshi rivers, belong of course to the water-system of the Oxus, though the streams are at present entirely consumed in irrigation before they reach the great river, and, in fact, constitute that perennial supply of water which has given its world-wide reputation for fertility to the plains about Bokhara and Samarcand. The third water-system is that of the Indus. From the south-eastern extremity of Pamír, where the table-land is lost in the rocky summits of the Muz-tagh, a number of streams drain off to the southward, forming two subsidiary Indus systems. A culminating ridge which runs out from the south-east corners of Pamír, and which the geographers usually call Pusht-i-khar (or the Asses-back), is the true watershed between Thibet and Cabul, the streams flowing to the south-west being separated by the shoulder which joins the Hindú-kush, from the streams descending through Vakhan and Badakhshan to the Oxus, and forming the Cabul river, which falls into the Indus at Attock; while those which flow to the south-east, and which are divided by the Muz-tagh range from Tartary, descend through a series of rocky valleys and precipitous gorges into the Upper Indus in Little Thibet. The eastern face of Pamír, again, which, as we have before observed, slopes off very gradually into the plains of Tartary, supplies a fourth water-system, being drained by a series of small streams, which, passing by Yarkend and Kashgar, are ultimately lost in the sandy desert, or in some cases reach the central lake of Lob-núr. If there is any geographical foundation, then, for the fanciful scheme of Buddhist cosmogony which describes the four great rivers of the world—the Ganges, the Indus, the Oxus, and the Jaxartes—as issuing from a single, central lake, the allusion must necessarily be to this lake country of Pamír; but in that case Lob-núr must have been supposed to communicate with Gangotri, or the Pamír must have been considered to include within its limits all the Thibetan uplands.\*

Although

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\* See Remusat's 'Foë-kouë-ki,' p. 36. In the Brahminical Cosmogony, which is given in the 6th canto of the 'Mahabharata,' Mount Meru—explained by Wilson as 'the Highland of Tartary'—takes the place of the Central Lake of the Buddhists; and the Bhadrāsoma, which Humboldt, strangely enough, identifies with the Irish, is substituted for the Sintou or Indus. See Humboldt's 'Asie Centrale,' tom. i. p. 4. The name of Meru, however, is connected by Bournouf with *Mir*, 'a lake,' so as to signify 'the lake country;' and the same scholar suggests that Pamír may be a contraction of *Upa-Meru*, 'above Meru,' or in fact 'the Lake Uplands.' It is impossible to avoid comparing the myth above noticed with the Mosaical account of the rivers of Paradise; and it is further curious to observe how the same tradition repeated itself in modern geography, the maps of Jeyhani, for instance, representing the four rivers of Afghanistan, the Murghab,

Although the water systems of Central Asia may be thus satisfactorily traced, it is hardly possible to lay down a corresponding scheme of orography, since the concentration of the two great parallel chains in the Plateau of Pamír renders it most difficult to discriminate their respective prolongations. Perhaps, however, the most natural system is that which regards the chains to the north of the Jaxartes, the Ala-Táú, the Borul-dái, and the Kara-táú, not as mere spurs of the Western Altai, but as the prolongation of the culminating ridge of the Thian-Shan itself. The outer range, again, of this great chain, which forms the southern boundary of the upper Naryn valley, and which is broken by the Terek pass, through which lies the high road from Kashgar to Kokand, may be recognised, it is thought, in the outer crest of the Pamír (or Aláí Plateau, as it is locally called), along its northern border, and may thus be traced as the left-hand barrier of the Jaxartes valley as far westward as Khojend, where it begins to lessen in height until it is lost in the desert north of Bokhara. Further south, Afghanistan must be looked upon as a continuation of Thibet, the southern or Himalayan crest running between Cashmere and the head waters of the Swát, Penjkorah, Bajour, and Chitral valleys, till it just touches the Pamír nucleus at Pusht-i-khar, at its extreme southern corner, and then turning south-west by the Sufid-Koh of Jellalabad to the great Soleiman range; and so on by the Bolan and Gandáva passes to the chain which borders the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf; while the northern crest, which under the names of Kuen-luen, Kara-koram, and Muz-tagh, runs into Pamír, is prolonged to the west above Badakhshan, and forms the watershed between the Oxus and the Cabul river, continues under the names of Koh-i-Baba, Hindú-kush, &c., to the north of Cabul, and finally traversing Khorassan at a much diminished altitude, re-appears in the Elburz, to the south of the Caspian.

The elevated space between these ranges, which gradually opens out from the apex at Pusht-i-khar till it meets and dies away in the Persian desert, exhibits many of the characteristics of Thibet. The great Hazareh plateau between Bamian and Herat is thus very like the uplands around the Pangong lake, and the Cabul valley may be compared, not unworthily, with that of Cashmere. As the ground, however, gradually sinks to the level of the Seistan lake and the sandy waste of Belúchistan, the resemblance is no longer perceptible.

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ghab, the Heri-rúd, the Helمند, and the river of Balkh, as issuing from a Central Lake in the Hazareh mountains, though in reality the sources of these rivers are many hundreds of miles asunder.

If we look at the character of the physical geography of Central Asia, we observe everywhere a conflict, as it were, of the forces of nature, which may well remind us of the struggle between the principles of good and evil that was the dominant creed of the old inhabitants of the country. The desolation of the desert is brought face to face with the beneficent influence of the mountain ranges. Where the streams bring down the mountain detritus and deposit a thin coating of soil, the sandy waste withdraws for a space before advancing cultivation; but it reasserts its supremacy immediately the influence of irrigation is no longer felt. This contrast is especially remarkable in Chinese Turkestan, where the general character of the country is one of complete sterility, the river courses in the interior being merely fringed with a narrow strip of verdure, and the agricultural population being thus almost confined to the slopes of the mountain sides, where alone is water to be found for the purposes of husbandry. The upper valleys, it is true, of the Oxus and Jaxartes are so enclosed on both sides by mountains, and so entirely filled up with a rich alluvium, that in these favoured localities the usual characteristics of the country disappear; but no sooner have the rivers fairly debouched from the spurs of the Pamír plateau than they enter upon arid and saline steppes, and thus continue for hundreds of miles, unblest and unfruitful, until on approaching the Aral the sluggish streams scatter themselves over the Delta in a network of canals, both natural and artificial, and again furnish the means of subsistence to a teeming population.

On the western face of the Afghan uplands there are precisely the same physical features. The Mur-ghab, the Tejen, and the Heri-rúd are all lost in sandy deserts. The Farreh-rúd, the Khásh-rúd and the Helمند passing from the mountains through a sterile waste to the lake of Seistan, are the counterpart of the river system of Chinese Tartary struggling on from the surrounding ranges to the central reservoir of the Lob-núr. The Arghendab and the Ternek are consumed in irrigation before they reach the Helمند, precisely as are the rivers of Balkh and Sir-púl on the left bank of the Oxus, and the Karshi and Zer-afshan on its right or northern bank. Throughout the whole region, indeed, of Central Asia there is a triple division of territory, which naturally produces a triple division of population. Firstly, there is the mountain region with its invigorating climate, its vast upland downs well suited for summer pasturage, and its rocky ravines carrying foaming torrents to the plains. Here dwell a hardy peasantry, descendants in some cases of the primitive inhabitants, but more often intermingled with offshoots

of the many migratory races who have since swept through the country. At the foot of the mountains again are tracts of surpassing fertility, rich well-watered plains, where the great mass of the population congregate in towns and villages and pursue the peaceful arts of life, the miscellaneous character of the inhabitants of these marts of commerce and industry being unequalled perhaps in any other part of the East.\* And thirdly, beyond the cultivated plains stretches out in every direction the pathless desert, which has been tenanted by pastoral nomades ever since the earth was peopled. Here rapine and disorder seem to have their natural home, and here, at the present day, to the ordinary excesses of brigandage is superadded the detested occupation of man-stealing.

Those who have been accustomed to regard Central Asia solely under its present condition of political and social degradation, may find it difficult to realize the idea that it was ever the seat of arts and industry, or had made any great advance in civilization, yet such was undoubtedly the case. We are not able, it is true, as in the case of Egypt, or Babylonia, or Assyria, to appeal to contemporary monuments in support of a Central Asiatic development at a period of any remote antiquity, but the evidence to this effect, derived from a large field of induction, is not less significant and sure. In the first place, the belief in a very early empire in Central Asia, coeval with the institution of the Assyrian monarchy, was common among the Greeks long anterior to Alexander's expedition to the East, and could only have been derived from the traditions current at the court of the Achaemenian kings. This belief again is connected through the names of Oxyartes and Zoroaster with the Iranian division of the Arian race, and receives confirmation from the earliest memorials of that people. Without seeking, indeed, to penetrate the myth

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\* The following list, which is given in the anonymous Russo-German travels, of the component parts of the population of Cashgar—though the numbers, if referring to individuals rather than to families, are far too limited, and though the pretended Armenian element is probably an invention of the author—would seem to be otherwise relatively correct, and may be taken as a fair sample of the mixture of races in a Central Asiatic town :—

Turks of Cashgar	..	..	..	..	..	7,690
Bokharians, speaking Persian	..	..	..	..	..	1,960
Kalmucks (Mongolians)	..	..	..	..	..	850
Kirghiz and Búrúts	..	..	..	..	..	1,230
Ouigours, from Tourfan	..	..	..	..	..	680
Manchus	..	..	..	..	..	640
Chinese, merchants and tradesmen	..	..	..	..	..	1,470
Armenians	..	..	..	..	..	325
Indians and foreigners	..	..	..	..	..	250

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Total .. .. . 15,095

of Iran-vîj, the legendary birthplace of the so-called Persian race, there can be no reasonable doubt that the enumeration of the other fifteen localities successively created by Ormuzd, which is given in the opening chapters of the 'Vendidad,' indicates the progress of Iranian colonization during the earliest phases of the national existence; and it is thus of much ethnological importance to find that the empire commenced with Sogdiana, Merv, and Bactria; that in its subsequent development it included the modern provinces of Khorassan, Afghanistan, and Kharism,\* and finally at its period of greatest extension stretched from Seistan on the south to the Jaxartes on the north, and from the Indus on the east, till it touched the extreme limit of the Median frontier to the west. It was formerly argued from this classification of the Iranian settlements that the antiquity of the legend must be enormous, since neither the Medes nor Persians, whose cognate nationality is unquestioned, and who are historically mentioned as early as 2000 B.C., were not included in the series; but modern criticism prefers to explain their omission from the list by supposing that there were in reality two distinct systems of civilization among the Iranian division of the Arian race, synchronous in their action, though geographically and politically divided. Of these the Eastern system described in the 'Vendidad' may have had its primæval seats upon the Oxus, and have been identified with the dualism of the Zend Avesta; while the other—or Western—system may have been more immediately connected with Magism, and have belonged to western Persia, being, perhaps, locally centralised in northern Media, but with ramifications extending into Armenia and Asia Minor. The Persians, indeed, when they are first met with in the Assyrian inscriptions of the ninth century B.C., are not settled in the south, but appear as a cognate race with the Medes in the modern province of Azerbijan; and that offshoots of this race must even at that early time have been pushed far on towards the west is proved by the names of Kustaspa, king of Comagene, and Aspadana of Armenia, who are mentioned amongst the adversaries of Tiglath Pileser and of Sargon. In this western, or Magian, division of the Iranians

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\* It is singular that neither Mons. Khanikoff himself, nor any of the modern commentators on the Vendidad whom he enumerates—Spiegel, Bréal, Haug, and Justi—should have recognised Kharism among the sixteen localities created by Ormuzd. There can be no doubt, however, but that the eighth name, which immediately precedes *Vehrcaan*, or Hyrcania (modern Gorgan), and which is read as *Uroan*, represents the well-known title of *Urganj*, the old capital of Kharism, the Zend *v* being regularly replaced by the Persian *g*, and the terminal *j* being dialectic, as in the names of the Kharismian months, which, according to Abu Rihan, are optionally written with or without a final *j*.

were included no doubt both the Medes and Persians; their language was probably that with which we are acquainted from the tri-lingual inscriptions of Persia, and it may be conjectured from many circumstances connected with the history of Darius Hystaspes that it was in his reign, and in connection with the overthrow of the Magian usurpation that the dualism of Ormazdes and Arimanes was first introduced from the far East, in supercession of the old national faith.\*

It is with the Eastern Iranians, however, that we are principally concerned, as the founders of Central Asian civilization. This people, on the authority of the Vendidad, may be supposed to have achieved their first stage of development in Sughd. Their language was probably Zend, as distinguished from the Achæmenian Persian, and somewhat more removed than that dialect from the mother-tongue of the Arians of the South. To them must be referred the old Greek traditions of the Bactrian Zoroaster, and the entire framework of Persian historical romance, culminating in the famous Epic of Firdousi. A more important evidence, however, of the very high state of power and civilization to which they attained is to be found in the information regarding them preserved by the celebrated Abu Rihan, himself a native of the country, and the only early Arab writer who investigated the antiquities of the East in a true spirit of historical criticism.† This writer supplies us with an extensive specimen of the old dialects of Sughd and Kharism. He gives us in those dialects the names of the twelve months, the names of the thirty days of the month, and of the five Epagomina, together with the names of the signs of the zodiac, of the seven planets, and, lastly, of the mansions of the moon. A portion of this nomenclature is original, and offers a most curious subject for investigation; but the majority of the names can be compared, as was to be expected, with the Zend correspondents, and, indeed, are much nearer to the primitive forms than are the better known Parsee equivalents. According to Abu Rihan, again, the solar calendar of Kharism was the most perfect scheme for measuring time with which he was acquainted; and it was maintained by the astronomers of that country, that both the solar and the lunar zodiacs had originated with them, the divisions of the signs in their system being far more regular than

\* This subject is ably and exhaustively treated in Rawlinson's 'Herodotus,' vol. i. p. 426.

† We quote from a most excellent work of Abu Rihan's on general chronology, which has not, we think, received the attention that it merits at the hands of European scholars, though there is a copy of the MS. at Paris, which was formerly much referred to by Quatremère, under the title of 'Athar-el-Bakfeh.'

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those adopted by the Greeks or Arabs; and the very name, moreover, by which an astronomer was designated in the language of Kharism being taken from the asterism of the eighth mansion of the moon.\* All this information is exceedingly curious in its bearing upon the controversy which has so long raged in the scientific world, as to the superior antiquity of the lunar zodiac used respectively by the Indians and Chinese, leading as it does to a suspicion that neither the one nor the other of these systems may have been original, but that their similarity may be explained by their derivation from a common centre in Bactria, where astronomy was first cultivated by the Eastern Iranians. An argument of some weight, indeed, in favour of this derivation is furnished by another statement of Abu Rihan's, which asserts that the Kharismians dated originally from an epoch anterior by 980 years to the era of the Seleucidæ, a date which agrees pretty accurately with the period assigned by our best scholars to the invention of the Jyotisha or Indian calendar.† Abu Rihan further speaks of the Kharismian writing and records, which were carefully investigated by Koteibah Ibn Moslem when he conquered the country, and strengthens the authority of these native documents, by showing that a single family named the Shahiyeh, and supposed to be derived from Cyrus, had reigned in Kharism—with the exception of a Turkish or Scythian interregnum of 92 years—from the Achæmenian period down to the time of the Mahomedan invasion. ‡

We have specially alluded to this evidence of early Arian

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\* This term is *Akhîr vînâk*, 'the observer of *Akhîr*,' which is the name of the 8th mansion.

† The date of 980 years before the era of the Seleucidæ is equal to B.C. 1304. Now, the date derivable from the Jyotisha observation of the Colures has been variously calculated by different Sanscrit scholars; the earliest date being that determined by Davis and Colebrooke in the last century, namely B.C. 1391, and the most recent being that lately adopted by Archdeacon Pratt and approved by Professor Max Müller, namely B.C. 1181. Professor Whitney, it is true, does not agree with either of these results, and thinks, indeed, that the data for calculation are so faulty and uncertain that a margin of several centuries should be allowed for possible error; but Sir E. Colebrooke, on the other hand, in replying to his criticism, has shown that a mean calculation of the two Equinoctial stars Revatî (or † Piscium) and Chitrâ (or Spica) will bring us to the end of the thirteenth century B.C.; which is almost identical with the Kharismian date of B.C. 1304. This date, too, is almost certainly an astronomical rather than a political era, and was connected with the institution of the lunar zodiac, which, like the original Indian zodiac, commenced with the asterism of the Pleiades.

‡ As an example of the accuracy of the chronology of the Kharismians, Abu Rihan further quotes from their annals the date of the building of the famous castle of 'Ir, near the city of Kharism, in A.S. 616 (= A.D. 292)—a date which afterwards became a national era—and adds that this place continued to be the royal residence till it was destroyed by inundations of the Oxus in A.S. 1305 (A.D. 981). We have never seen in any other Arabic author an account of this castle, which is compared by Abu Rihan with the celebrated Ghamdân of Yemen; nor, indeed, do we think that the antiquities of Kharism are elsewhere at all noticed.

civilization in Central Asia, furnished by a writer of Abu Ribhan's authority, as we believe it to be entirely new to Oriental students; but there are many other notices of a corroborative character, which have been often quoted. Justin's notice, for instance, of the thousand-citied Bactria which revolted under Theodotus, indicates a very high state of prosperity and power. Balkh and Kharism, again, furnish all the most favourite illustrations for the old Persian romance. The fire temple of Núbehar, at the former place, in which the Barmecide family, previous to their emigration to Baghdad, were servitors, was one of the most famous shrines of the Zoroastrian faith throughout the East; and the original fire of King Jem, the Eponym of the Iranian race, was supposed to have survived unextinguished on an altar in Kharism until the introduction of Islam. Of course fable was abundantly mingled with truth in these glimpses of old-world history. The pretended expedition of the Himyarite king, who founded Samarcand, from the south of Arabia, cannot, for instance, command a moment's attention; but there was certainly an ancient tablet, in an unknown tongue, over one of the gates of the city, which was supposed to commemorate this expedition; for Jeyhani, the Samanide vizier, distinctly says that he saw it in about A.D. 920, and that it was destroyed during a popular *émeute* whilst he was resident in the city. Whether this inscription was in Zend, or in Greek, or in Bactrian Pali, can be now of course a mere matter of conjecture, but the mention of such a tablet may well excite our curiosity.

The Iranian people who were thus settled between the Oxus and the Jaxartes, as early as the time of the Judges of Israel, still hold their ground in the country, notwithstanding the continuous flood of foreign races which has ever since swept over the region, surging up from those prolific slopes of the Altai that have been called the 'officina gentium.' Under the names of Tat, Tajik, Sert, Galsha, and Parsiwan, a primitive and not impure Iranian population is to be found in almost every district from the Indus to the Jaxartes, subject to the dominant Afghans to the south, and Uzbeks to the north. The same nationality prevails throughout the valleys of the upper Oxus in a quasi-independent position; and these mountaineers, who, in their modern name of Vakhani, retain the old ethnic title which originated the *Ὀξος* of the Greeks, are perhaps the best representatives extant of the primæval race.\* To the east of the Pamir

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\* This primitive title we suppose to have been *Vakh*, or *Vakhsh*, but its signification is unknown. It gave rise, however, not only to the *Ὀξος* of the Greeks, but to the title of *Vah-rúd*, by which the Oxus is known in the Bundelesh, and among the old Zoroastrians generally, and also to the modern names of *Vakhs*, *Vakhsh-ab*, *Vakh-jird*, &c.



the Iranian element is now almost, if not totally, obliterated, though Khoten itself was essentially an Arian settlement, and many of the names of places in the vicinity still retain their Arian etymology.\* M. Khanikoff has drawn particular attention to the Jemshidis of Herat, and the Seistanees, as approaching nearest to the true Iranian type, founding his argument, not merely on the physical characteristics of these people, but on their language and traditions; but in reality the Seistanees are beyond all question a mixed race; and it may even be suspected that they derive their peculiar physiognomy from their Scythian rather than from their Arian descent.

It would be a curious subject of inquiry to trace the successive stages of transformation through which the population of Central Asia has passed, in exchanging its primitive homogeneous character for the kaleidoscope variety which now distinguishes it; but to render such a sketch at all intelligible, it would be necessary to enter on ethnographical details hardly suited to the pages of a non-scientific Journal; and so many links, moreover, are still wanting in the chain that, after all, we should probably fail in making out a satisfactory tradition. It must suffice, then, to explain that for about 1000 years, from B.C. 700 to A.D. 300, a succession of Scythian tribes, belonging apparently to the same family as the Uralian tribes of Russia, and the Fins, Lapps, and Hungarians of Europe, burst in from the Jaxartes, and swept over all the western portion of the Continent of Asia, extending to India in one direction and to Syria and Asia Minor in another. No doubt this vast Scythian immigration and long continued occupancy, must at the time have left its impress, more or less strongly marked, on all the countries intermediate between the Jaxartes and the Euphrates; but that impress has been gradually effaced by the scour of a later and still larger influx of tribes of another family, so that at the present day there is no distinct trace of the old Scythian nationality to be found in Western Asia, except perhaps among the Brahûi division of the Beluches of South-Eastern Persia.

The Turkish immigration which followed the Scythian, and the evidences of which are still in full activity throughout Central and Western Asia, must be also very cursorily treated, notwithstanding that it involves questions of the utmost ethnographical interest. From the fourth century to the tenth there seems to have been a continuous stream of Turkish tribes

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\* For full details regarding the early Buddhist history of Khoten, and the evidence that the name itself is a mere corruption of the Sanscrit title *Kou-stana*, 'mamelle de la terre,' see Abel Remusat's 'Histoire de la Ville de Khoten.' Paris, 1820.

pouring in from the Altai, and not only overwhelming the contiguous countries, but in some cases, as for instance, under Attila, pushing on to the very centre of Europe; and after this systematic colonisation had ceased, the expeditions of Chenghiz Khan and Timour, leaving extensive military settlements along the various lines of march which the armies followed, gave a still deeper colouring to the Turkish complexion of Western Asia. We see the result of this great ethnic revolution at the present day in the substitution of a Turkish for the old Greco-Barbaric population of Asia Minor, in the introduction of an extensive Turkish element among the Semitic races of Syria and Mesopotamia, and in the displacement also of a very large portion of the Arian population of Persia. Further eastwards, too, as we have already stated, the Turcomans, the Uzbeks, and the Kirghiz, hold the entire country up to the frontiers of Mongolia. The origin of these tribes, which are of a very early Turkish parentage, is involved in deep obscurity, and even their recent history is not free from doubt.

The only one which, from its present important position in Central Asia, it seems incumbent on us to notice in any detail is the Kirghiz, and this notice should be of the more interest as the present condition of the Kirghiz exemplifies in a striking manner the process by which the great nomadic nationalities of the East are formed, not by the real development of their own numbers, but by the absorption into their body of the heterogeneous fragments that are floating around them. We see, indeed, examples of this irregular formation going on before our eyes in different parts of the East at the present day, and we need not wonder therefore at the difficulty we experience in identifying the lost tribes of history, or in tracing the origin of those which have taken their places. The Mongolian race, for instance, after the death of Chenghiz Khan, must have been spread in considerable numbers over the whole East from the wall of China almost to the Mediterranean, yet at the present day, with the exception of the Russian Calmucks and a petty clan in the mountains of Ghûr, south of Herat, there is not a single tribe speaking Mongolian or retaining the name of Mongol, beyond the frontier of Mongolia proper.\* The Afghans, again, in the time of Mahmoud of Ghazni were a single small clan in the mountains of the Sulieman range. They have since absorbed all the tribes from

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\* It is singular, too, that so very few Mongolian geographical names have been retained to the westward of the Oxus. The only such names, indeed, which occur to us at present are *Olân-Robât*, 'the red caravanserai,' which marks the site of the ancient city of Arachosia; and *Kizil-ussun*, 'the red river,' forming the south-eastern frontier of Azerbaijan.

the frontiers of Cashmere to Herat, and have imposed their language indiscriminately on the whole population, Indian as well as Turkish, excepting a few small and inaccessible clans, such as the Pashái, Paráncbí, Berekí, &c., and excepting also the great Turkish race of Hazarehs and Eymaks, which inhabit the Paropamisian range from Cabul to Herat, and which must have taken up the Persian, the language of the country of their adoption, before the Afghan influence became excessive. Mons. Khanikoff, as an illustration of this self-creating principle among the minor tribes of the East, has drawn attention to the case of the Shahsewans of Persia, who are at present one of the most numerous and powerful of the nomadic bodies of that country, but who are notoriously a recent agglomeration of detached parties from other clans, clinging to a common centre for support; and he might also have referred to the Arab tribe of Muntéflk, which has been formed within the last hundred years of refugees and offshoots from a multitude of neighbouring clans bordering the valley of the Euphrates, and which now numbers over forty thousand families and dominates all lower Chaldea. The Kirghiz, as a tribe, are no doubt of considerable antiquity, for the name occurs in the account of the mission of Zemarchus in the sixth century, and the Chinese annals have also preserved notices of the same people under the names of Hakasis and Khilikizi from that period to comparatively modern times;\* but they were originally limited in numbers, and settled in a remote corner of Southern Siberia upon the banks of the Yeniséi river, from whence they only emigrated; or were removed, in the seventeenth century to the shores of the Balkash and Issi-kul Lakes. In their new abodes they have thriven beyond all precedent. Having amalgamated with the Kaisaks and Buruts, and having no doubt absorbed a host of smaller tribes, the débris of the old Ghúz, Comans, and Kipchaks, they have gone on increasing until at the present day they number nearly three million souls, and constitute almost the exclusive population of the Steppe from the Ural river on the west to the Mongolian frontier on the east, and north and south from the Siberian line to the plateau of Pamír.

We propose to terminate our sketch with a brief review of the political condition of Central Asia at the present time, following the order of the four sections into which, roughly speaking, the country may be considered to be divided. The south-east

\* In Mr. Gardiner's travels, wherever Kirghiz are mentioned, they are spoken of as Akas, or Hakas; but we are unable to say whether this is to be considered a mere mispronunciation of the name, or whether the old Chinese appellation is still used as a vernacular ethnic title.

section, according to this distinction, would extend from the Himálaya to the Kuen-luen, and would include the Hill States, Cashmere and Thibet. This country is both geographically and politically a mere outwork of India. The various states of which it is composed paid tribute to the Moghul Emperors of Delhi; and must again in due course, naturally and necessarily, come under British jurisdiction. Cashmere, indeed, rescued from the Afghans by Runjeet Singh, may be considered a direct dependency of the Punjab; and little Thibet has already, on two occasions, both through Moorcroft and Dr. Henderson, proffered its allegiance to the British Crown as a means of escape from Seikh domination. Politically perhaps we should derive no strength from this extension of our frontier four hundred miles beyond the plains of the Punjab, but the possession of Cashmere and of the two natural adits to Central Asia before alluded to, one by the Bajour and Chitral Valleys to the Pamír Plateau, and the other by the Niti Pass and Rodokh to Khoten, would commercially be of vast importance; and in view, moreover, of the undoubted tendency of Russia to encroach in this direction, it would be well, we think, to preoccupy the ground against the possible exertion of a foreign influence, adverse to our interests, within the boundary of the Kara-koram and Kuen-luen.

The second or north-east section of Central Asia is Chinese Turkestan. This country has long been called *Alti-shahar* or *Alti-chakan*, 'the six cities,' from the six towns in which are concentrated by far the greater portion of its population and wealth. Until quite recently these towns of Cashgar, Yengi-shahar, Yarkend, Khoten or Ilchi, Aksú, and Ush-Turfán,\* were garrisoned by Chinese soldiers, the region having been conquered by the Chinese from the Eleuths of Zungaria in 1755, and in spite of frequent insurrections on the part of the Mahomedan inhabitants, headed by their hereditary religious

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\* The towns constituting this group of the 'six cities' do not appear to have been always the same, for the authorities followed by Prichard substitute for Yengi-sheher and Ush-Turfán, the Great and Little Kulja, on the river Ili. These two latter towns, however, do not belong to Chinese Turkestan at all, but to Zungaria, and hardly fall, therefore, within the limits of the present sketch. Still it may be noted that the great Kulja on the Ili, after a twelvemonth's fighting, has also been lately conquered from the Chinese by the Turks of Cashgar, led by the son of the famous Khoja Jehangir; and that the Russian factory which was established in the city under the provisions of the Treaty of Peking, and which was presided over by the great Chinese scholar Mons. Zakharoff, has been burnt down and entirely destroyed in the course of the contest. The Russians enjoy a similar treaty-right with respect to establishing a factory at Cashgar, but since the expulsion of the Chinese, such a right has become a dead letter.

leaders who have ever been most influential, having been since held by military force as a subjugated territory. The great mass of the inhabitants are Turks, descendants of the old Ouigours, and they have long been in active communication with the Uzbegs and Kirghiz of the towns on the Upper Jaxartes, especially with those of Andijan. With the assistance of these allies the standard of revolt was again raised against the Chinese by the people of Kashgar and Yarkend in the beginning of last year, and it is understood at the present time not a single Chinese soldier is to be found in the province. The natives appear, however, to have only exchanged one master for another; for the Kokand troops, reinforced by multitudes who are retiring eastward in dismay at the advance of the Russians up the Jaxartes, are now said to be in possession of the greater part of the towns and territory both of Kashgar and Yarkend; and quite recently the ruler of Khoten fought a pitched battle with these Uzbeg invaders from Yarkend in defence of his little principality. There can be no doubt that the people of the Six Cities are thoroughly disconcerted at the menacing attitude of the Russians both on their north and north-western frontier; and that they are most solicitous of British protection and support. Earnest applications for aid have been indeed addressed to us both from Yarkend and Khoten; and although, of course, under existing circumstances, it would be preposterous to think of direct interference in the affairs of states removed five hundred miles from our frontiers, yet the time may come when, as the inheritors of the present territorial limits of Cashmere and its dependencies, it may consist both with our interests and our convenience to extend a helping hand to the fluttered communities immediately beyond our mountain barrier.

The western half of Central Asia may be considered, like the eastern, to be divided into two sections, the Uzbeg portion to the north and the Afghan to the south, and it is with these divisions of the country that British interests are more immediately concerned. In regard, then, to the south-western section, extending from the British Indian frontier to the Oxus, the general position has not materially altered since the sketch of Afghan politics was drawn up, which was published in this Journal a twelvemonth ago.

There has been another revolution, it is true, at Cabul, and Shir Ali Khan, who was designated by Dost Mahomed as his successor, and whose claim to the 'Musnud' was promptly recognised by us, has been forcibly expelled from power. By the last accounts he still maintained a precarious footing at Candahar and

and his son conducted nominally the government of Herat. It was believed by some that they were both prepared to withdraw into Persia on the first application of any real pressure from Cabul; by others it was expected that Shir Ali would still regain his position at the capital. But although the occupancy of the throne of Cabul has thus been changed we have adhered as rigidly as ever to our policy of non-intervention, and are still content simply to watch the progress of events. A state, indeed, of vigilant though inactive observation has been Sir John Lawrence's avowed and well-considered policy throughout the Afghan troubles, and certainly up to the present time there has been no reason to question its wisdom. The Russian press at the same time has not given us much credit for our forbearance. On the contrary, it has not hesitated to ascribe this recent Afghan revolution to British encouragement and design. As Abdur-Rahman Khan had been for some time a refugee at Bokhara, where he had married the daughter of the Amir, and as it was with the aid of a considerable Uzbek contingent that in the course of last winter, he succeeded—in concert with his uncle Azim Khan—in driving Shir Ali from Cabul, and transferring power to his father, Afzul Khan, who as the senior surviving member of Dost Mahomed's family is now the acknowledged ruler of the country, it seemed only natural to the political quidnuncs of St. Petersburg to recognise in this dénouement the result of an elaborate scheme concerted by England for the purpose of uniting Cabul and Bokhara in a strong and confederate opposition to Russia. That a certain identity of interest has been established between the Afghans and Uzbeks through the family alliance contracted by Abdur-Rahman, and in consequence of the accession of that chief and his father, Afzal Khan, to the supreme power at Cabul, is not to be denied; and that the attitude of sustained hostility and intimidation which Russia preserves against Bokhara will have the natural effect of drawing closer those bonds of amity and leading the Afghans and Uzbeks to rely on each other for support, is also highly probable; but we are quite certain that any such result will be entirely independent of the counsel or instigation—or we might almost say of the approval—of the British Indian Government. Afzal Khan and Abdur-Rahman are understood, indeed, to have manifested unfriendly feelings to the English throughout the recent troubles at Cabul, owing to our previous cordial relations with their rival Shir Ali, and the Bokhara tragedy of 1841 is still too strong in the recollection of Englishmen to admit of a finger being raised by us in favour of the present Amir, who is the son  
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of our old enemy, Nasr-Ollah Khan, even though our political interests were seriously imperilled by the overthrow of Uzbek independence.

It remains that we should glance at the course of recent events in the north-western section of Central Asia, the country which contains the three Uzbek Principalities and their dependencies; and for this purpose we have only to condense the information given in the Russian Official Reports. It appears, then, that a contingent of Bokhara troops had already joined the garrison of Tashkend, when the Russians assaulted the place on June 25, 1865, and that the Amir's flag taken on the occasion was suspended among the other Uzbek trophies in the Cathedral of Orenburg. War may be therefore considered to have broken out between Russia and Bokhara from the above date, though for some time later no further overt acts of hostility were had recourse to. The Amir, who had obtained possession of the person of the boy-chief Mir-Said, and had thus transferred to himself all supposed rights of sovereignty over the province, occupied Khojend and Kokand in the course of the summer, and summoned the Russians even to evacuate Tashkend, but did not venture on any advance into the country beyond the Jaxartes.

An angry correspondence ensued, at the conclusion of which General Tcherniaeff took the strange resolve to send a party of four Russian officers to the city of Bokhara, for the purpose, it is said, of coming to an amicable arrangement with the Amir, and with 'a view of counteracting the intrigues of certain European emissaries who had visited Bokhara to submit proposals to the Amir most prejudicial to the interests of Russia.\*' These officers were, of course, 'more Usbeco,' placed in confinement soon after their arrival. Thereupon Tcherniaeff protested, and ultimately on the 30th of January of the present year crossed the Jaxartes from Tashkend with fourteen companies of infantry, six squadrons of Cossacks, and sixteen pieces of artillery, with the avowed purpose of marching on Bokhara and compelling the Amir to release his officers. Such a force, however, was manifestly inadequate to any serious attack on the power of the Amir, and the march therefore must be supposed to have been merely intended as a demonstration, though the Russian press certainly

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\* For this serious charge, which is copied textually from the official Report in the '*Invalide Russe*,' of June 27, 1866, and which can of course only be understood as applying to England, we believe there is not the slightest foundation. No communication, either by agent or by letter, has passed as yet between the Governor-General of India and the Amir of Bokhara; and we are at a loss to understand whether General Tcherniaeff was deceived in the matter, or whether the charge was put forward as an excuse for the mission of Colonel Struvé and his colleagues, in case inquiries should be made as to its aim and object.

endeavoured at this period to prepare the public for the possible news of the capture of Bokhara, and the Russian Government, whilst disclaiming any views of permanent conquest, did not disavow the advance. Be this as it may the expedition turned out a complete failure. Tcherniaieff, after crossing the desert to Jezak within twenty-five miles of Samarcand, found himself unable to proceed further. Whilst on this expedition he also heard of the arrival at Tashkend of General Romanovsky, who had been sent from St. Petersburg to supersede him, and he accordingly beat a retreat to the river, which he reached without incurring any serious loss. The effect of this abortive demonstration was naturally to embolden the Bokharians to assume the offensive, and we find, accordingly, that from this time collisions were frequent on the right bank of the river between the Russian and Uzbeg outposts. A considerable skirmish occurred at Mirza Robat, near Chinaz, on the Syr-Daria, upon April 5, and a more serious affair took place a month later in the immediate vicinity of Tashkend, which is dignified by the title of 'the Battle of Irjar.' As the Amir commanded in person upon this occasion, and his force is stated at 21 pieces of artillery, 5000 regular infantry, and 35,000 auxiliary Kirghiz, against 14 companies of infantry, 5 squadrons of Cossacks, and 20 guns on the side of the Russians, there would really seem to have been the elements of a serious engagement; but that the actual fighting must have been of the most meagre description is proved by the Russian return of *twelve wounded* as their total loss. If these figures are to be relied on, and if the estimate be also true of 1000 dead left by the Uzbegs on the field of battle, it must have been a massacre rather than a fight. Indeed, there would seem to have been a panic flight in consequence of the destructiveness of the Russian artillery fire; the whole of the camp equipage and baggage of the Uzbegs was left on the ground, and the Amir carried back with him to Samarcand but 2000 horsemen and two guns.

After this signal success General Romanovsky seems to have hesitated whether he would at once follow up the flying Uzbegs, and profiting by the panic, occupy the great capitals of Samarcand and Bokhara, thus committing the Russian Government, perhaps prematurely to the conquest and permanent annexation of the whole Khanat of Bokhara; or whether in accordance with the more cautious plan of operations, which had regulated all the previous Russian proceedings in Turkestan, he would be content to secure that single step in advance which was the natural and legitimate fruit of the recent victory. He preferred the latter course, and proceeded accordingly with due deliberation



to take possession of the strong fortress of Náú at the extreme angle of the river where it bends from a westernly to a northerly course, and where the road also from Kokand and Khojend strikes off to Bokhara. This fortress, considered of great strategic importance, was surrendered without striking a blow, and the Russians then pursued their march upon Khojend, which they reached on the 17th of May. Khojend, after Kokand and Tashkend, is the most considerable place in Turkestan. It was found to be surrounded by a double line of very high and thick walls, of which the circuit was about seven miles; but the garrison and artillery defences were not in any proportion to this extent; there were indeed but thirteen guns of small calibre mounted on the walls, and as the Bokharian garrison had been withdrawn after the Amir's defeat and had not yet been replaced by troops from Kokand, the townspeople prepared to man the defences as they best might. A week was consumed in reconnaissance and skirmishing, and in discussing proposals of capitulation, which however fell through, and at the expiration of that time, on May 21st, the Russians took the place by escalade. The resistance seems to have been considerable, for 2500 dead bodies are said to have been counted about the point where the assault took place, and the Russians confess on their own side to a loss of 133 in killed and wounded. What may be the effect of this very brilliant success in Central Asia generally we are not prepared to say, but it is rumoured that the Amir is now really humbled, and will be glad to submit to any conditions that may be imposed on him, as the price of preserving his independence.\* There is no doubt much truth in the following remark, which we extract from the official report in the '*Invalide Russe*':—'*Quant à la conquête de la Boukharie, séparée de nos possessions par la steppe, dépourvue d'eau de Kizil-kum, quelque facile qu'elle put être dans l'état actuel des affaires dans l'Asie Centrale, non seulement elle ne saurait être le but de nos opérations mais encore elle serait positivement inutile;*' but the situation will be essentially altered, as far as communications are concerned, when Khiva has been already annexed, and when Russian

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\* The last intelligence received from the seat of war reports that the Russian officers had been released from confinement immediately after the capture of Khojend, and had returned to head-quarters unscathed. Peace is also said to have been concluded between Russia and Bokhara; the most important concession which has been wrung from the Uzbeks being a free right of navigating the Oxus, and of establishing posts upon the banks of the river. The reported occupation of Samarcand and evacuation of Tashkend are so entirely at variance with each other that they are probably both untrue. Russian garrisons will, we are satisfied, continue to be maintained both at Tashkend and at Khojend; but any further active measures are alone to be looked for at present upon the Oxus colonies.

colonies and garrisons are scattered along the entire line of the Jaxartes. Then and not till then do we expect a serious attack upon Bokhara. In the mean time the capital city of Kokand will assuredly soon follow the fate of Khojend, being either peaceably surrendered by Bokhara as the price of her own immunity from attack, or being captured by another brilliant passage of arms, in retaliation for alleged encroachments on the recently acquired Russian territory of Khojend.\*

Our view of the Russo-Indian question, as presented to the public in the 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1865, is in no way altered by the occurrences of the last year. Although a war with Bokhara has occurred sooner than we expected, its consequences have not been of any great political moment. Many a long year must yet elapse before the Russian Empire by a gradual accretion of territory can become conterminous with British India; and in the mean time it should be our earnest endeavour so to set our house in order as to meet the crisis when it does come, without flinching or misgiving. We must expect before long to see a Russian embassy permanently established in Bokhara. We must expect to hear of Russian agents at Cabul, at Candahar, and at Herat. We must expect to find amongst our northern feudatories an augmented restlessness and impatience of control, the natural effect of the intrusion of a rival European power into the circle of our Indian relations. We must expect to find our commerce with Central Asia impeded by the restrictions and protective duties of our Russian competitors; but we certainly need not apprehend any actual, or immediate danger, from the military or political pressure of our rival. If we could, indeed, make the people of India feel that their interests were identical with our own, and that an invader from the north would be a scourge rather than a deliverance to the country, then we might safely hold out the hand to Russia and welcome her to the Indus; but under present circumstances, and pending the establishment of such a state of mutual confidence between the Government of India and its subjects, let us not sacrifice substantial interests to a mere sentimental feeling of philanthropy. Let Russia pursue her policy of aggrandisement—or, as her admirers term it, of civilization and commercial activity—in Central Asia. She will meet with

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\* When the Amir of Bokhara occupied Kokand in the autumn of last year, he restored his father-in-law, Khodayar Khan, the champion of the Kirghiz faction, as opposed to the Kipchaks, to power; and it is understood to be a part of the recent arrangement between the Amir and the Russian Government, that this chief, who belongs to the royal family, and has on previous occasions occupied the 'musnud,' should continue to administer the capital and its adjoining territory, 'pending good behaviour,' and almost as a Russian feudatory.

some successes and some reverses. Let us have neither part nor parcel in her proceedings, but reserve an entire liberty of action in reference to our future conduct.\* England has already gone through the first or aggressive phase in her Eastern policy. She is now strictly conservative, and intent on the improvement of what she already possesses; but we think we may say that she is also fully alive to the gravity of the Eastern question in all its bearings, and that she would not hesitate again to take up arms, if her rights or interests were seriously menaced, either in Turkey, or in Egypt, or in Central Asia.

ART. VII.—1. *A Treatise on Drill and Manœuvres of Cavalry, combined with Horse-Artillery.* By Major-General Michael Smith, C.B., commanding the Poonah Division of the Bombay Army, late of the 15th Hussars and 3rd Dragoon Guards. London, 1865.

2. *Modern Warfare, as influenced by Modern Artillery.* By Colonel MacDougall, author of 'The Theory of War' and 'The Campaigns of Hannibal.' London, 1864.

3. *On Modern Armies.* By Marshal Marmont, Duc de Raguse. Translated by Captain Tendy, F.G.I., F.L.S., &c., Director of the Practical Military College. London, 1865.

4. *A Military View of the recent Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland.* By Captain C. E. Chesney, R.E., Professor of Military History, Sandhurst College. With Maps. London.

5. *A Practical Course of Military Surveying, including the Principles of Topographical Drawing.* By Captain Tendy, F.G.I., F.L.S., &c., Director of the Practical Military College at Sunbury. London, 1864.

6. *The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated.* By Edward Bruce Hamley, Colonel in the Army, Lieutenant-Colonel of

\* We cannot close this article without raising our protest against the alarmist writers of the Indian press, and the sustained virulence with which they have attacked the non-intervention policy of Sir John Lawrence. This tone is not only unfair to the strong-minded statesman who now administers our Indian empire, and whose foreign policy, the result of much deliberation and of a wide experience, has been hitherto eminently successful, but it is also injudicious in itself, since it stimulates agitation in the Native press, and thus helps to unsettle the Native mind, and moreover encourages Russia to advance, by magnifying the danger of that advance to India, and overstating the indifference to it of the British Government. We entirely approve of Sir John Lawrence's observance of a strict neutrality in the late Cabul revolution; and we are moreover satisfied that if, under altered circumstances, and in the possible event of the Eastern question being reopened in Europe, it should be found necessary to adopt more active measures in Asia, our present Governor-General will be found to be fully equal to the emergency.

Artillery, Knight of the Legion of Honour and of the Medjidie, formerly Professor of Military History, Strategy, and Tactics at the Staff College, Member of the Council of Military Education. Edinburgh and London, 1866.

WE are not among the number of those who profess to believe that by studying the theory of his profession every subaltern officer may render himself fit, if he be so disposed, to command an army in the field and conduct a campaign to a successful issue. To command an army in the field and conduct a campaign to a successful issue, something more than average ability, even if it be improved by study, is required. A true genius for war, like a true genius for painting, is one of Nature's rarest and richest gifts. It comes to few, as is shown by the comparatively narrow space which the list of really great commanders fills on the page of history. But it does not therefore follow that gentlemen who adopt arms as a profession are justified in assuming that, so far as their intellectual faculties are concerned, they may lead a life of absolute idleness, yet fulfil the conditions of their calling. The greatest general that ever lived could have done nothing with his army, however numerous and effective, unless he had been aided in its management by subordinates who knew what they were about; and men who know what they are about in subordinate situations are those and only those who, by some process or another, have studied the art to the practice of which they are called. For war is a great art, as well in detail as in the concrete. It is just as much the subject of fixed laws as any other art, and cannot be mastered, either wholly or partially, except by such as give themselves the trouble to ascertain what these laws require. The recruit who submits to the rudiments of his drill is, indeed, learning something, though he know it not, of the rules of applied mechanics; and the corporal who trains him teaches these rules, himself being ignorant of the fact; but it is not exactly so as we look higher. The manœuvring of a company, of a battalion, of a brigade, of a division, the movements of a great army and its disposition in order of battle,—all the operations connected with these things depend just as much upon mathematical calculation as the building of a 'Great Eastern' and her management in a gale of wind. The art of war, like every other art, has thus its principles, which can neither be violated nor ignored, under any circumstances, with impunity; and its laws, which because they are based upon principle may, when an emergency arises, be set at nought, just as in other arts

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genius from time to time overrides all rule, and thereby better establishes the principles on which the rules are founded.

It has long been thrown in our teeth by foreign writers on military subjects that, as a people, we are either ignorant of these truths or indifferent to their importance. 'An army of lions commanded by asses' was the not very flattering description given, both by friends and foes, of the British army which took part in the Crimean campaign. And M. Brialmont himself, the least prejudiced, perhaps, of all our critics, passes judgment upon us with equal severity, only in terms more urbane and assigning a reason for it. 'A cette époque,' he remarks, speaking of the Duke's first entrance into the army, 'on avait l'habitude d'engager au service les jeunes gens dont l'esprit était lent ou tarde, parce qu'on s'imaginait que le carrière des armes exigeait moins d'activité intellectuelle que la magistrature, la politique, le bureau, les finances, l'administration, et l'église.' Now, to a certain extent, we admit that M. Brialmont is right, and the admission naturally leads to an acknowledgment that our friends in Paris and St. Petersburg, in speaking of the Crimean War as they did, told a disagreeable truth in the most disagreeable way possible. But neither M. Brialmont nor other Continental writers quite do us justice. We never profess—for four hundred years and more we have not professed—to be in their sense of the term a military nation. We were the last people in Europe to tolerate the existence among us of standing armies. These came in with Oliver Cromwell so late as the close of the great Civil War, and the part which they played in the general administration of affairs was scarcely such as to make our forefathers fall in love with the institution. But when a whole people set their faces against an institution which they regard as dangerous to civil liberty, it would be ridiculous to expect from them any special zeal in fostering the qualities which contribute to make it effective. At the same time our critics should not altogether forget that though trusting more to our navy than our army for defence against aggression, and absolutely and entirely recovered from the ambition of foreign conquest, we have seldom taken part in a Continental war without giving both friends and foes sound reason to remember us. We played no mean part in Europe when Queen Anne filled the throne, as the best of Louis XIV.'s commanders could testify. The battle of Fontenoy was no discreditable affair, at all events, to the English troops engaged in it; and if we lost America through the blundering of one set of generals, we gained a great Indian empire by the valour and ability of others. Nor is this all. Experience has shown that, in whatever military virtues besides we may be deficient, our bitterest detractors cannot with truth accuse us of being cowed

cowed by reverses. When the great French revolution began, England still lay in a state of exhaustion from the efforts which she had made in the war with her American colonies. The feelings of the English people, likewise, were, for more reasons than one, decidedly against interference in that movement, and the Government itself as little desired as the people to draw the sword for abuses in a neighbouring country which could neither be denied nor defended. Yet when the French revolutionary chiefs declared war against kingly power, and in a spirit of propagandism invaded the Netherlands, England, bound by treaty to defend an ally, laid aside her scruples and accepted the challenge. Probably not even the most querulous of our neighbours will deny that out of the gigantic struggle which followed she came triumphantly. The early failures in Holland were more than redeemed by the victories in the Peninsula and the south of France; and the crowning success at Waterloo secured for Europe a peace which suffered no serious interruption throughout the interval of full forty years.

To another point, well worth their consideration, we beg to draw the attention of our foreign critics. Though forty years of peace do little to impair the efficiency of armies recruited by conscription and interwoven with the fundamental institutions of a State, they necessarily produce a somewhat deadening effect upon such as are raised, like our own, by voluntary enlistment. Where every man knows that he is liable to serve, service is regarded neither as a hardship nor a degradation; and the constant circulation through society of recruits going to join the ranks and trained soldiers returning home again, keeps up a military spirit in the entire population. The Governments of States so circumstanced are likewise deeply interested in fostering this spirit, and giving every encouragement to military science and military invention. They know that the nation's existence depends upon the power of the army to defend it, and they spare neither labour nor expense in perfecting the armament and improving the discipline and organisation of their soldiers. Hence, whenever the occasion arises, they are able to enter upon a new war, having lost nothing of what the old war may have taught them, and adding thereto not a little of what the soldiers of a by-gone generation were ignorant. With us the very reverse of this is too much the case. Our first thought on the return of peace is to reduce as many men as possible, and to break up and disperse the military establishments which war had created. Consider how it fared with Woolwich, with Chatham, with Sandhurst, within a few years after the pacification of 1815. Consider how we rested on the glories of the war of the French Revolution; keeping to our old drill, our old musket, our old system of bribing into the ranks

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ranks the offscourings of society, whom not even the bounty could prevail upon to enlist, as soon as the price of labour rose and emigration became fashionable. And all this, because we are too jealous of our personal liberty to tolerate a conscription, even if it take the very innocent shape of a ballot for the militia, and too penurious to purchase an exemption from that necessity by paying more than we do for our soldiers when we get them and retaining more of them in our service.

It was a natural consequence of what we may call this fanaticism about personal liberty, and the result of a Parliamentary Government which wastes thousands upon thousands of pounds on timber, iron, and brick, yet grudges tens in providing men enough to make use of them,—that waking one morning after forty years of peace to the astounding intelligence that we had drifted into a war with Russia, we found ourselves unprepared to take the place which former achievements had won for us among the great powers of Europe. Almost all the superior officers who had studied in the school of Wellington were dead. The few that survived were old men, grown rusty in their profession. The generation which came next had either seen no war at all, or had gathered their experience from campaigns in India, or in bush fighting at the Cape. Our men, on the other hand, were excellent, far better both in their physique and morale than those followers of whom the great Duke had said, 'That with them he could do anything and go anywhere.' But they were few in number, some 25,000 or less, and there were no reserves behind, from which to reinforce them. How could we expect, with such a disposable force—even if it had been managed by the best instructed staff in the world—to come out of a trial of strength with the great Russian Empire otherwise than humiliated? And when we remember what the staff was, the marvel really is that worse did not befall us.\* Still there is comfort in the reflection, that both the enemy and our ally bear testimony to the unflinching courage and endurance of the British troops. For an army of brave and enduring men is sure, if hostilities are protracted, to bring up to the surface, sooner or later, individuals worthy to command it. And the army of the Crimea, however unfortunate it may have been in the chiefs and heads of departments originally set over it, had among its regimental officers not a few well able to supply their places, when the casualties of war, or their own

\* It is only fair to add, that the staff of the Crimean army greatly improved in efficiency as hostilities went on. At the end of the war, Colonel Mackenzie, Colonel Herbert, Colonel Wetherall, and, though last not least, Colonel Lord Longford, had become first-rate heads and administrators of departments. They studied in the school of experience, and learned, late, what a sounder professional education would have taught them before they took the field.

failing strength, or incapacity, had compelled these elderly gentlemen to retire from active service.

Again it is said of us on the Continent that our literature is barren of works on military subjects, and that if by chance an English officer desire to instruct himself in the principles of his profession, he must seek among French or German authors for that which he cannot find nearer home. Up to a date comparatively recent this charge was perfectly just. Forty years ago we had nothing which could in any sense of the term be called a military literature,—nothing, that is to say, which could stand a moment's comparison with the literature which produced the French account of the wars of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, with Frederic's memoirs of his own campaigns, or even with the Reveries of Marshal Saxe. Indeed the only English work of which we entertain any recollection as setting up the slightest claim to consideration at the date of which we are speaking, is Sir Robert Wilson's account of the Expedition to Egypt. And the great success which attended that ill-written and most confused story proves how very little the English mind was then disciplined to understand what military works ought to be. But great changes have occurred since 1803, and greater still seem, in this respect, to be in progress. Among Wellington's pupils there were many on whom the experience of war, as they had taken part in it, made a lasting impression. These began to describe in writing, after the return of peace, some of the scenes through which they had passed; thus creating and ministering to a taste for military reading which has never since died out. The first impulse in that direction was given, if we mistake not, by two works to which we referred in a recent article, 'The Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans,' and 'The Subaltern.' These were soon followed by the late Major Moyle Sherer's pleasant accounts of service in Spain, in India, and elsewhere; by Captain Hamilton's excellent novel, 'Cyril Thornton,' the chief interest of which lies in a vivid description of scenes in the Peninsula; and by a flight of similar stories, some good, some bad, some indifferent, yet all bearing upon the same point, and all greeted with more or less of public favour. At last a professional monthly periodical was established, of which a gallant Major on half-pay, and shorn of a limb, was long the conductor. Thus the public mind of England may be said to have been educated by degrees up to the appreciation of a literature higher in its pretensions, of which some portion, we may add, already existed, though in a state of comparative neglect. To this class belonged Captain, afterwards General Pasley's able treatise 'On the Military Policy of England,'—a work concerning which a general belief prevailed that

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it told the truth too plainly and was stopped through the interference of the Government. What ground there might be for the rumour, which was circulated so early as 1808, is more than we can say; but this at least is certain, that the treatise never advanced beyond a single volume, which, though valuable for what it told and suggestive of much more, professed to be the mere introduction of what never saw the light. And so also we may express ourselves concerning the earliest of Sir Howard Douglas's *Essays*, which, little read when they first appeared, were accepted in the end, not in England only but all over the world, as works of authority on the subjects of which they severally treat; especially that on Naval Gunnery, which forms the standard manual in England and America, and which has been translated into most of the languages of Europe. By and by appeared Lord Londonderry's *Narratives of his own Campaigns in Portugal and in the North of Europe with the allied armies*; and, though last not least, taking a place far above them all, the late Sir William Napier's masterly *History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France*. When we add to these Lord Burghersh's pleasant *Sketches*, Captain Siborne's *History and the Story of the Battle of Waterloo*, as it is told in the '*Home and Colonial Library*,' we have surely said enough to vindicate the army of England from the charge of being for the last half century without a literature of its own. But have we even now exhausted the subject? Far from it. The '*Wellington Despatches*,' the grandest monument to his own fame which a soldier and statesman ever raised, would of themselves place us, even if they stood alone, in the foremost rank as writers on military subjects; and there is more to be proud of in connection with this subject than even these. The late General Mitchel might entertain singular views of the character of Napoleon as a commander, but his *History of the fall of that extraordinary man* is no common book. Neither may we speak, except with respect and admiration, of '*The Military Opinions of Sir John Burgoyne*,' himself one of the last links which bind the new army to the old; a soldier, too, full of honour as of years, and still directing with all the vigour of early manhood the Engineer department of the service. Lastly, the late General Cathcart's '*Commentary on the Leipsic Campaign*' is a very valuable work; and in the '*Aides Mémoires*,' filled entirely by contributions from officers, chiefly of the Royal Engineers, we have a series of *Essays on professional subjects of the very highest order of merit*. The little work of General Cust, '*Annals of the Wars*,' is a praiseworthy attempt to provide the common soldier with an entertaining narrative of events bearing on his profession.

It appears, then, to us that so far as professional literature is concerned, England by no means deserves to take her place behind

any of her Continental neighbours. We wish that we could say as much in regard to other matters which, looking to the present state of the world, and to the prospects which it seems to open, are infinitely more important. Not that we have been wholly idle in regard to them. The Crimean war, if it gave us nothing else, gave us our camps at Aldershot and the Curragh of Kildare. These are not, perhaps, what they ought to be, nor even what they might be made without any great addition to the public expenditure—and parliamentary parsimony is an idol which demands very costly sacrifices—but at least they bring regiments together; and it is something, when an army takes the field, that the battalions and squadrons composing it have been accustomed to work, at a common field-day, not only singly, but in brigades and divisions. Beyond this we are afraid that little is or can ever be taught in places where the officers high in command are no longer young—where there is no rapid circulation of corps through the school of mimic warfare, and the same manœuvres are in consequence practised day after day with the same men and on the same ground. Let us be grateful, however, for what we have got, while we beseech the heads of the army to look a little more closely than they appear to do into the drill of the troops, and especially into the pace at which they march. There was a time when a British column outmarched both a Prussian and a French. We are afraid that, while we adhere to the good old step which went successfully from the Douro to the Garonne—a little accelerated, we believe, but not much—both Prussians and French will have so changed theirs, that if ever we come again to operate either with or against them, we shall find ourselves behind time, and suffer accordingly. But the Crimean war has done more for us than set up our camps at Aldershot and the Curragh. We owe to that campaign, at least in part, the impulse which has been given towards an improved system of educational instruction at our various military colleges; and, above all, the restoration, to a state of greatly increased efficiency, of the old Staff School, or Senior Department at Sandhurst. We say that we owe these latter improvements only in part to the Crimean campaign, because, long before the breach with Russia, our War Office had been put in possession of the outlines of a plan similar to that on which the Government at last consented to act, only more comprehensive, and therefore, in our opinion, better. Again, however, let us be thankful for what we have got. If the Staff School had existed, as it might have done, in 1848, with its offshoots similar to those with which the Prussian army is familiar, it is possible that the army which sailed in 1854 for Gallipoli might have been better officered than it was in the Quartermaster-General's department,

and that the seven miles of impassable road might either have had no existence, or been remedied without the despatch of navvies from England to construct a railway. It did not exist in 1848; but we have it now, and with it a degree of encouragement to professional and technical literature which is very satisfactory. Without doubt the seed thus sown will in due time bear fruit. The gallant Prince at the head of the army is alive to its value, and we, in our humble way, will do our best to foster it to maturity.

The works, of which the titles stand at the head of this article, constitute only a portion—and not a very extensive one—of the literary efforts which have received their stimulus from the causes just referred to. Some of them, as, for example, Colonel MacDougall's 'Theory of War,' and his 'Campaigns of Hannibal,' saw the light too soon. They came out while the public appetite was as yet untrained to distinguish between really nutritious food and food which only tickles the palate. The first would have been different from what it is had the accomplished author held his hand, and waited till he saw more clearly what was wanted. The last might have appeared as a general contribution to history, but no thought would have been entertained of making it a class-book anywhere.\* General Smith's treatise on the Drill and Manœuvring of Cavalry compared with Horse Artillery is, on the contrary, a purely technical essay, showing that the gallant writer has paid great attention to his subject, and is able to drop hints and make suggestions which are well worth attending to. In like manner, we may say of Captain Tandy's Military Surveying, that though not always very lucid, it possesses much solid merit, and may be advantageously read by officers already well versed in mathematics, and therefore prepared to apply to practical purposes the rules which he lays down for them. We take a far higher flight when we follow Captain Chesney through his interesting and instructive history of the late campaigns in Virginia and Maryland. Here narrative and commentary run side by side, so that, while the civilian is carried away by the interest which the story possesses, the military student stops from time to time to consider what the real causes were of each success or failure as it occurred. The late campaigns in Virginia and Maryland were, however, beset with peculiarities which distinguish them from all other campaigns. They were waged by troops only very partially disciplined, and

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\* 'Modern Warfare as influenced by Modern Artillery,' by the same author, is however a work far in advance of its predecessors. In its own line it is excellent, but it does not handle the larger questions with which a treatise on the art of war is concerned, nor does it aim at doing so. It ought, however, to be in every military library and in the hands of all practical soldiers. It is worthy of observation that this work strongly advocated the adoption of breech-loaders by our army.

upon a theatre geographically different from any upon which, in Europe at least, armies are ever likely to manoeuvre. We cannot therefore accept them as offering, in their details, a fair ground of general instruction. They are valuable as bringing prominently into light exceptional incidents in war; but it is impossible to learn from them anything more. Hence, while acknowledging our obligations to the accomplished author for the ability with which he has told his tale, we are constrained to turn elsewhere in search of some work which, complete in itself, shall deal systematically with a subject second in point of importance to none, and to which the signs of the times and the progress of events demand that we should turn our serious attention. And, happily, we need not search long or look far before finding it.

We ventured a short time ago to insinuate that, whatever shortcomings might be discernible among the chiefs of the Crimean army, the corps and regiments composing it could boast of more than one field officer of whom the highest professional expectations might be justly formed. To Colonel Edward Bruce Hamley, the author of the work which we are now about to notice, we do not hesitate to assign a foremost place in that gallant band. His career, now extending over two-and-twenty years, has from first to last been one of rare distinction.

As a student in the Military Academy he carried everything before him; winning his commission, at a time when the ordinary course extended over three years, in fifteen months, or thereabouts. The technicalities of his own branch of the profession he mastered with ease; and, finding ample leisure for private study, he used it wisely. A keen sportsman and a bold rider, he soon began to show that he could handle the pen as well as the gun and the sword; and while yet a very young man, a subaltern, we believe, or a Second Captain, he made a literary reputation for himself; first, by two capital novels—‘*Ensign Faunce*’ and ‘*Lady Lee’s Widowhood*,’—and next, by a succession of brilliant critiques and other papers in ‘*Blackwood’s Magazine*.’ When the Russian war broke out he was selected by the Commandant of Artillery to serve upon his own staff, and he obtained thereby peculiar opportunities of observing all that was done and intended, and made excellent use of them. His narrative of the campaign, which, on its first appearance, commanded a large share of public attention, is still read with interest, and will continue to be read after Mr. Kinglake’s more elaborate ‘*History*’ shall have been completed. Meanwhile his personal services in the field attracted, as they deserved, the notice of the military authorities, and his promotion was rapid. He landed at Gallipoli a Captain of Artillery, he returned to England at the close

of the war a Lieutenant-Colonel; and no sooner was it determined to reform the educational department of the army, than his fitness to take part in that important work was recognised. In looking about for officers qualified to instruct their comrades, the eye of the Duke of Cambridge fell at once upon him, and he became the First Professor of Military History and Tactics in the New Staff School or College at Sandhurst. It was the position which, above all others, in time of peace, recommended itself to his tastes and habits. Master already of his subject as a whole, he applied himself forthwith to consider it in detail, and preparing a course of lectures for the pupils whom it became his duty to educate, he got together at the same time materials for the volume now on our table. These details respecting the author we have been induced to give for two reasons. First, facts such as are here stated fully justify Colonel Hamley, if any justification be needed, in standing out as the teacher of an art, which circumstances enabled him to study both in the closet and in the field. And next, the fact that his treatise has arisen out of a series of lectures delivered at different times and to different audiences, will account for the tendency here and there exhibited to run into repetition; which, however necessary it may be—and we know that it is necessary—to impress important truths on the attention of listeners, is felt by the general reader to detract from, rather than to add to, the merits of a work of this nature. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that when he comes to prepare a new edition—and we anticipate that the necessity of so doing is not very remote—the gallant author will himself perceive that its value will be enhanced, rather than diminished, by a little judicious curtailment.

Nobody with the works of Jomini, the Archduke Charles, and Marshal Marmont before him can pretend to say anything that is absolutely new in explanation of the great principles on which the art of war is founded. Jomini in particular may be said to have exhausted the subject; yet Jomini, for obvious reasons, neglects not a few of the points which both the soldier studying his profession, and the civilian who reads for general instruction and amusement, desire to have specially brought before them. His matter is all excellent, his arrangement of it is generally defective. He is a voluminous and a diffuse writer, who, trying to combine the two characters of a military teacher and a military historian, not unfrequently fails in both. What he says as a historian is not enough for a historian to have said, what he demonstrates as a teacher he demonstrates imperfectly. Besides, his rule and his example are rarely if ever enunciated connectedly. He first presents us with a narrative of events, and

by and by supplements it with a set of rules, which, like Euclid's Axioms, we must accept as facts to be admitted, not as problems to be proved. The Archduke Charles, on the other hand, is the historian of certain wars, which he describes with accuracy and criticizes freely. He does not pretend to draw, from either his own story or his own conclusions, conclusions applicable to other cases. And as to Marmont, he dogmatizes, and that is all. It is not so with Colonel Hamley, who, with great skill, steers clear of the defects into which his predecessors ran. His object is—and he attains it—to mix example with precept; and so by reasoning based on fact to carry us on with him, step by step as he advances, till we come to understand not only whence it befel that in the Salamanca campaign Marmont failed and Wellington succeeded, but the reasons why the same incidents occurring again, the same results will surely follow. And this, in point of fact, is the great charm and merit of his work. It is composed upon a plan which has all the novelty about it to which any work dealing with a subject not new can attain. And hence it is that we venture to predict concerning it that it will not only find many readers in other than military circles here, but that it will become a text-book in every school where the art of war is studied, both in England and elsewhere.

Colonel Hamley distributes his Treatise into six parts, each of which is sub-divided into chapters, the latter, we presume, coinciding in matter and length with the Lectures in which they severally originated. The first part treats of 'The Conditions of Modern War,' a term which the author adopts, because he purposely declines to waste his own and his reader's time with discussing campaigns, or the incidents connected with them, from which nothing is now to be learned. After stating in a few introductory pages the objects of his treatise, and the manner in which it is proposed to effect them, he points out certain conditions which are indispensable in his opinion to any measure of success, however moderate, in war as it is now conducted. The first of these is, that a General shall have at his disposal a force disciplined and organized up to the highest attainable point of perfection. No doubt, under particular circumstances,—in rugged mountains and pathless forests, untrained warriors may meet disciplined troops on favourable terms. But in all countries which admit of the movements of great bodies, a regular army is immeasurably superior to an armed population. For discipline by no means incapacitates individual men from any enterprise or any incident in a campaign. On the contrary, it is but the union in the same persons of very different qualities, each an important element in war. 'It means cohesion of the units and suppleness

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of the mass—it means increased firmness and increased flexibility—it means the most efficient combination of many and various parts for a common end.’

Accepting this point as settled, we are next led to consider ‘the necessity of a good starting point;’ in other words, it is shown that to rush into war without first of all establishing a base and making adequate provision for the supply of the many wants to which all armies are liable, is to ensure discomfiture. It was the neglect of these precautions which in feudal times rendered hostilities at once so profitless to the troops engaged and so disastrous to the countries over which they spread. The first expedition of Edward III. against the Scots, as Froissart describes it, offers an apt illustration of the truth which we are discussing. From his rendezvous at Durham the King crossed the Tyne to seek the enemy. He was then between Newcastle and Carlisle, and only a few hours’ journey from either town, yet his army fell at once into distress:—

‘Messengers were sent to Newcastle to make proclamation in the King’s name that whoever wished to get money he had only to bring provisions, wine, &c., for which he should be instantly paid, and a safe conduct granted him. . . . Next day the messengers which the Lords had sent for provisions returned about noon with what they had been able to procure for them and their households; but it was not much: and with them came people of the country to take advantage of the situation of the army, and brought with them on mules and small horses bread badly baked in baskets, and poor thin wine in large barrels, and other kinds of provisions to sell, with which the army was tolerably refreshed and their discontent appeased. . . . Thus they had remained for three days and three nights without bread, wine, candles, oats, or any other forage; and they were afterwards for four days obliged to buy badly-baked bread at the price of sixpence the loaf, which was not worth more than a penny, and a gallon of wine for six groats scarcely worth sixpence. Hunger, however, was still felt in the camp notwithstanding this supply; and frequent quarrels happened from their tearing the meat out of each other’s hands.’

The English, be it observed, were all the while in their own country. It fared still worse with them as soon as they entered that of the enemy. An advance of twenty miles brought them in presence of the Scots, who occupied a commanding position. ‘The intention of the English lords,’ says the ‘Chronicle,’ ‘was to keep the Scots besieged there; for as they could not well fight with them they hoped to starve them. They knew from the prisoners that they had neither bread, wine, salt, nor other provisions except cattle, which they had seized in the country.’ The result was that ‘the Scots decamped, by which time the English were

were in such a plight, that instead of pursuing they turned homeward the same day. They halted in a beautiful meadow where there was plenty of forage for their horses, and much need was there of it, for they were so weakened by famine that they could scarce move.'

Equally disastrous to victors as well as to vanquished were the campaigns of the Black Prince in Auvergne and Navarre, the troops eating up everything as they advanced, and leaving only a desert through which to return. Indeed feudal wars could not well be conducted on any other principle; for an army was then but an assemblage of barons, knights, and squires, with their retainers, who brought with them to the rendezvous only supplies enough to serve them on the road, and looked to the country which they were about to invade not only for subsistence, but for plunder. Compare this state of things with the demands of modern war, and make your estimate of what these latter are after reading some only of the details which are given in the French official account of the campaigns of 1859 in Italy:—

'On the 1st of February, 1859, France could produce in arms, without any effort more than usual, 640,000 men, a numerical establishment which, besides providing troops for home service, maintained the army of Italy, from the time of the battle of Magenta to the time of the battle of Solferino, at the force of about 180,000 men. Of these about 10,000 were cavalry, and the force of field artillery was, at various epochs, from 312 to 400 guns. These guns, nearly all rifled, carried with them ammunition for a great battle. Every corps of the army was accompanied by 110 carriages, containing a second supply of ammunition for artillery and infantry. Finally, a grand park of 439 carriages, organised at Lyons, carried fresh supplies to St. Jean de Maurienne, from whence artillery horses drew them over Mount Cenis to Susa.

'The arsenals of France were in full operation, converting the old Napoleon gun into a rifled weapon. The whole army was supplied with rifled muskets. Besides the field artillery, 200 guns and 70 mortars were provided for the siege of the Italian fortresses, each supplied, on the average, with 900 rounds of ammunition.

'Tents were provided to contain nearly a million of men—almost enough to house the population of Paris, and covering an area much greater than the city.

'For the necessary supplies of forage and grain the French markets were exhausted, and the vast total was completed by purchases in other countries. The civil bakeries of France were charged with the supply of the troops in the interior, and the Government establishments were thus free to devote all their resources to providing bread for the army of Italy, and to amassing reserves for its future subsistence. But these conversions could not take place in a moment; and to give time for the organisation of supplies, provisions for

100,000



100,000 men and 10,000 horses for twenty days were collected at various towns in Piedmont.

‘Thus far, then, the French soldiery might survey with great satisfaction the enormous provision made for its comfort and efficiency. But there is another set of items in the account, very interesting and significant, though by no means equally cheering to contemplate. For instance, 363,000 kilogrammes of lint were provided, being 10,000 dressings a day for more than three months. About 1000 cases of surgical instruments also figured gravely in the list. Every battalion was followed by a mule bearing surgical instruments and dressings for 200 wounded. Every division, besides instruments, was provided with 2000 dressings. In view of ulterior wants, we are told, there was a reserve of lint and bandages representing 2,800,000 dressings. The medical arrangements comprehended everything necessary for 15,000 sick for three months. Besides the field hospitals which first received the wounded and diseased, military and civil establishments were organised in the interior of France to relieve the army of such incumbrances. Such are some of the colours used in painting some of the gloomier pictures that hang in the temple of Fame, where the bright eye of glory is covered with a patch, and where the exulting tread of conquest is exchanged for a painful hobble upon wooden legs.’

These are very striking details, illustrating as they do facts to which the readers of military operations seldom pay attention, and showing on what a scale one great nation must prepare for the contest on which it proposes to enter or expects to be engaged with another. They bring before us at the same time, vividly and painfully, the source of those errors and perplexities by which all Governments and Generals, and especially English, are liable at the commencement of a war to be beset. For to send forth an army into the field is like sending forth a city equal to the capital of a great state—to transport it, with all its means of food and shelter, from place to place, at uncertain times and in unforeseen directions, and to have it all the time entirely dependent on the country from which it set forth for the maintenance of its numbers and the supply of its daily wants.

Having explained all this, and shown by extracts from his correspondence, how often and how severely the Duke of Wellington suffered from the neglect of the Governments which he served, Colonel Hamley proceeds to point out that as its line of magazines forms the base from which an army must operate, so it is indispensable to a sustained and dubious enterprise that the roads should be good roads—not mere byways, soft and unsound—by which an army as it moves away from its base is to communicate with its supplies. This dictum in the art of war he illustrates by reference to numerous examples of the difficulties under which

armies begin to labour as soon as they are thrown on bad roads for their supplies. The seven miles of soft road which intervened between the British camp and Balaclava, cost England more lives than all the fighting throughout the war; and M'Clellan's failure to occupy Richmond, when he advanced against it from the York River, is mainly attributable to a like cause. These are facts which men little accustomed to reflect on what war and its requirements really amount to are prone to forget. They form pictures in their own mind of columns moving from point to point, without strictly inquiring how men, horses, and waggons are to travel. And because here and there, for the accomplishment of a special purpose, one of the first laws in the art of war is broken with impunity, they come to the conclusion—if, indeed, they reason about the matter at all—that care in the selection of a base, and planting it where good roads diverge from it, is mere pedantry. But practical soldiers know the reverse, and they are the better satisfied of the soundness of the law because exceptions to it are on record, such as Napoleon's march over St. Bernard into Italy, the Duke's pursuit of the French from the frontiers of Portugal to the Pyrenees, and Sherman's great march from Atlanta to Richmond.

On each of these occasions, however, the object to be attained was not an enterprise of dubious issue, but the establishment of a new base—success in which justified the abandonment of the old one, and proved that in running what was a great risk, the French, English, and American generals, equally obeyed the dictates of a far-seeing military genius.

At the opening of hostilities, one or other of the powers committed, finds it necessary, for the most part, to stand on the defensive. This was the case with the allies in 1815, when Europe declared war against Napoleon, because, though infinitely superior in numbers to the French, they were separated from each other by vast distances. And it was the case, also, with the armies of Wellington and Blucher, which, however well in hand, would have been injudiciously managed had they taken the initiative before the Russians and Austrians had come within easy distance of the enemy. Their business, therefore, was to hold Belgium as long as possible, which could be approached by many avenues, and especially by the three great roads communicating between Brussels, and the fortresses which cover France upon its northern frontier. Such a position necessarily required that both the English and the Prussian armies should be a good deal extended, because only by extending could they watch all the avenues, the neglect of any one of which must have opened a door for the enemy into Brussels.

Napoleon,

Napoleon, on the other hand, collecting his columns behind the screen of the fortresses, was free to choose his own line of attack, and to act upon it with his entire force: and to what conclusions these adverse arrangements led, we shall take occasion to explain more fully when our author conducts us into a more advanced section of his able and interesting treatise.

Another rule applicable to the state of affairs here described is this: that armies should never be placed, especially when they act upon the defensive, on ground which is not crossed in the rear by practicable lines of intercommunication. It was along such lines that both Wellington and Blucher moved, as soon as the designs of the enemy had fairly developed themselves, and that they were able to fight in succession at Ligny, at Quatre Bras, and at Waterloo. For the same reason, namely, with a view to engaging in force, a general ought to advance upon his enemy in as many separate columns as possible; taking care, however, that between no two of these shall any insuperable obstacles be interposed. Thus in the Solferino campaign, the French and Austrian armies moved to meet one another; the former in five columns, the latter in seven; all, however, marching upon the same point, and communicating while they moved. The battle that ensued was lost to the Austrians because, though well brought up, they were wretchedly handled in action. Their strategy was good, their tactics miserable; whereas in 1796 it was in strategy that they failed, when advancing in two columns, with the lake of Garda between, they suffered themselves to be attacked and defeated in detail. And here, by the way, it is worthy of observation, that in the late brief but bloody war in Germany, the Prussians committed the same mistake which the Austrians had committed in 1796. They penetrated the defiles of the mountains which cover Bohemia in columns, which, though communicating with each other, and with the rear by means of the telegraphic wire, were incapable of rendering mutual support had any one of them been attacked, as it ought to have been. Happily for them there was neither a Napoleon nor a Wellington at the head of that magnificent army against which they were moving, and which, had it been wielded by the hand of a master, must have made them pay dear for the gross blunder which they had committed.

Armies, however, must subsist as well as manœuvre and fight, and to provide for their subsistence it is not enough to have established adequate magazines on the bases from which they start. Other and lesser depôts must be set up, at convenient intervals on the line along which they operate. No doubt the system which Frederic the Great originated was, like his

formations, too pedantic. Adhered to rigidly, it limited an advance into an enemy's country to one hundred miles or thereabouts; on attaining which a new base must be assumed, and new depôts established. Frederic's armies conveyed with them bread, flour, and forage; the bread being baked on the spot, in field ovens, and the flour conveyed in waggons, which travelled to and fro between the troops and the magazines on which they depended. It was not any inspiration of genius, but sheer necessity, which led the generals of the French Republic to break through this system of method, and to succeed. They had no means of forming depôts, and therefore in order that their men might find subsistence for themselves, they told them off into divisions and corps, each of which acted independently of all the rest, except when brought together to fight a great battle. This did extremely well at first. It gave to the most accomplished of marauders and the most individually intelligent of soldiers an immense advantage for a while over troops drilled and caned into the rigidity of machines. But had not the genius of Napoleon stepped in to mould it into form, it must have broken down. For neither Napoleon nor the marshals whom he trained, however prompt to avail themselves of the resources of the country through which they moved, neglected to establish magazines. Massena himself had his magazines at Ciudad Rodrigo, though his troops died by hundreds before the lines of Torres Vedras. Napoleon's first thought after the battle of Jena was to open a fresh and shorter line of communication with France, and to station on it great hospitals and depôts of stores. So also the Duke of Wellington, as long as he looked to Lisbon as his base, had advanced magazines, approachable by the Tagus and the Douro, at Palencia and Frenada. No sooner, however, did he feel himself strong enough to strike for a new base than he broke off his communications even with Frenada, and carrying his own supplies, and causing herds of cattle to be driven after him, he marched by Burgos upon Santander and Bilboa. Through these harbours, and subsequently by way of Passages and St. Jean de Luz, he communicated thenceforth with England, till the war came to an end. We need scarcely add, first, that to interpose between an army and its base of communication is one of the most substantial advantages which the enemy can achieve, and next that a prudent general takes every possible precaution to avert that calamity, unless, indeed, the prospective advantages of the sacrifice be of such a nature as to justify the risk,—an incident of rare, yet of occasional occurrence, and in what is, from first to last, a game of risks.

Having devoted five chapters, constituting one distinct part of his work, to the discussion of these matters, Colonel Hamley proceeds to examine 'the considerations which must precede the opening of a campaign,' and to a great extent, at least, regulate its conditions. War being of necessity either offensive or defensive, Governments choose between them on grounds which are political, or geographical, or dependent upon the relative strength of the two belligerents. Political considerations induced the Federals, at the opening of the great civil war in America, to act entirely on the defensive. Geographical considerations—the possession of the two fortresses of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo—justified the Duke of Wellington in holding his position on the frontiers of Portugal, when his proper base was Lisbon. And the Danes, for every reason—political, geographical, and military—when attacked by Germany, had nothing for it except to hold their own, if they could. Generally speaking, the Power which assumes the initiative has the best chance of success. It chooses its own field of operation, and brings superior forces to bear upon the necessarily extended line of the enemy. This is especially the case at the opening of a campaign, unless the defensive line be protected by fortified places; but, in proportion as the attacking force advances and the defenders retire, the difficulty of keeping open their communications grow greater to the former, while opportunities multiply for the latter, if they be active and enterprising, to strike in upon the enemy's line and cut off his supplies. Napoleon was often successful, because of the rapidity of his movements and the determined way in which he followed up a first success. He broke down, at last, from carrying the system too far; his communications having been cut off by the two Russian corps which moved,—one from Finland, the other from the south on the Beresina, while he himself was pushing for Moscow. And this shows that defensive warfare must be something more than mere attempts to stop the heads of advancing columns; for, unless he strike often and vigorously at the enemy's communications, no amount of courage and endurance will give to the defender, especially if he be weak in point of numbers, the slightest chance of coming successful out of the contest.

In most cases the capital of the country invaded is the objective point of an aggressive campaign. It by no means follows, however, as a matter of course, that the occupation of his capital induces the invaded power to submit. Joseph held Madrid for four years; yet the resistance of the Spaniards continued. In like manner Napoleon, after seizing Vienna both in 1805 and 1809, was compelled, on each occasion,

to fight a great battle before the Emperor of Austria succumbed. Still it is of vital importance to fix upon an objective point, ~~as~~ to ruin and disorganise the enemy's force in the field, with a view to reach and retain that point. The annexation of Silesia was the object of Frederic's first campaign: he grasped it, out of hand, but it cost him twenty years of doubtful war to retain it. The fall of Sebastopol opened no road to St. Petersburg or Moscow; yet the capture of that place constituted the object of the Anglo-French campaign in the Crimea. The place was taken, and the war ended. Prussia, in her recent struggle with Austria, seems to have been enticed by the blunders of her enemy into an enterprise more gigantic than she originally contemplated. Had she been constrained to fight for Saxony and Hanover, the march through the defiles of the Bohemian frontier might never have taken place. Had the Austrian General availed himself of that false move, and restraining two of the enemy's columns, fallen with all his force upon the third, as soon as it debouched into the plain, the war would probably not have ended as it did. Under existing circumstances Prussia, whose primary object was the north of Germany, changed her plan, and pushed for Vienna—a course which ought to have been fatal to her, and probably would have been, but for the political complications in which the Austrian Empire was involved.

The invading power has usually more than one line of approach to choose from, when meditating an attack upon the enemy. The whole seaboard of the South lay open to the Federals, in the late civil war, as well as the roads by Alexandria, Centerville, Fredericksburgh, Whitehouse, &c., upon Richmond. Napoleon made war upon Spain in Catalonia and Arragon on the east of the Pyrenees, and in Castile, Leon, and Estremadura, on the west. The valley of the Danube has been approached by the French along the northern border of the Black Forest, from Kehl, by Ulm and the Swiss portion of the Rhine; along the southern border of the Black Forest, from Carlsruhe, Spire, and Mannheim, upon Donawerth. Assuming England to be still, as she was once, the dominant naval power in the world, there are no limits to her aggressive capabilities, war being determined upon, so long as her enemy shall possess a seaboard. But this renders more necessary, in her case, than in the case of almost any other state, the exercise of exceeding caution before she commit herself to an enterprise on shore. Aiming at no conquests for herself, she must well consider the political effect which a demonstration in any quarter is likely to produce, both on the ally whom she comes to assist, and the enemy whom she desires to combat. In helping the Peninsular nations, for example, to free

free themselves from the invader, England had to take into account rather the course which should stimulate them to determined resistance than that which might bring her own army into speedy and hopeful collision with the French. Hence she operated from Mondego Bay, from Lisbon, from the coast of Andalusia, from the eastern coast, and from the harbours in the Bay of Biscay; by which means the insurrection was kept alive over the widest possible extent of territory, and the enemy's communications with their own country everywhere endangered.

Again, the invader will select those lines of approach to his object which are specially suited to the particular arm in which he happens to be strongest. If he be superior in infantry, he will act, if possible, in a hilly and wooded country; if in cavalry, he will choose an open and level district; if in artillery, his course will be determined by the number and condition of the roads. On the other hand the defender is, even more than the assailant, influenced in the selection of the theatre of war by considerations which are rather political than military. During the wars of the French Revolution, for example, Austrian armies were constrained sometimes to hold the line of the Rhine, when sound military reasons dictated a different course. They were reluctant to leave uncovered the German powers that bordered upon that river; knowing that these, if abandoned, must go over to the enemy or be ruined. The same reason operated in the campaign of Jena, to lead the Prussians away from the comparatively safe line of the Elbe. They were loth to leave Saxony and Hesse Cassel unguarded, and they suffered for it. And probably it was the attitude assumed by Austria, as much as the leaders and letters in the 'Times,' which induced the allies, in our recent war with Russia, to abandon their original design of operating upon the Danube, and to cross over into the Crimea. Had Austria thought more of Saxony and Hesse Cassel, the other day, and less of herself, she might have found her views of policy at least as sound as the military considerations by which she seems entirely to have been guided.

It belongs to the government of a country about to enter upon a war to select the theatre on which hostilities shall be carried on. It rests, or ought to rest, absolutely with the general to carry on hostilities as his own unbiassed judgment shall direct. No orders from home—not even an authoritative suggestion—ought to interfere with his arrangements. If these appear to the supreme authorities to be unwise, they may recall the general and send another to take his place; but to instruct, and even to advise, is to embarrass a general, who, being upon the spot, ought to be, and probably is, a better judge of what is required than

his advisers, who see things from a distance. This selection of a plan of operations, and the movements necessary to bring the army up to the point which is aimed at, constitute what is called strategy. In handling the troops on the line of march and in action, tactics consist. When two armies advance straight one upon the other, each covering its own base, there is little or no room for strategy. But when each endeavours so to manœuvre that it shall place the other at a disadvantage with regard to its communications or in the force which it can oppose to a meditated blow, the strategical abilities of the two commanders are put upon their trial. In the Crimea there was no room whatever for strategy, and scarcely the pretence of tactical skill. The French and English armies advanced from their landing-place; they fought the battle of the Alma, and placed Sebastopol in a state of very imperfect blockade. Their base was the sea, which, by dint of hard fighting, they kept open; and after a tedious siege of a year and a half, they took the place. In the Mortara campaign tactics did more for the victors than strategy. Though both sides had arranged their plans beforehand, and manœuvred to carry them into effect, each moved so as to threaten the communications of the other; Chzarnowsky with his Sardinians upon Milan, Radetsky with his Austrians upon Mortara. Chzarnowsky failed both in strategy and tactics. He overlooked the fact that the occupation of Milan would still leave open the Austrian communications with Pavia and that he himself would be still at a great distance from Lodi and Pizzighitone. On the other hand, the Austrians in occupation of Mortara would interpose between the Sardinians and Turin. Both necessarily, in making these advance movements, exposed a flank. But the Austrian right, occupying a narrow space between the Ticino and the Mortara road, could easily be defended; whereas the Sardinian right stood exposed on the open plain. Equally faulty were Chzarnowsky's tactics. Having begun his move he suspended it on hearing that the Austrians were threatening his right, and, fearful of losing his own communications, he abandoned the design of cutting in upon theirs. Other blunders occurred, such as the withdrawal of General Ramorino from the defence of the river opposite Pavia, and the unopposed passage of the Austrians upon bridges prepared and laid the night before. The results were, first, the defeat of the Sardinian right at Mortara, and, by-and-by, the decisive battle of Novara, which the Sardinians fought on a false line hastily taken up, and the loss of which cut them off entirely from Turin.

The rules here laid down may be, and sometimes are, violated with impunity; but such an isolation never occurs where a skillful leader



leader can avoid the risk, and it is only compounded for by the superior fighting qualities of the army which allows itself to be outmanœuvred. The movements which preceded the battle of Salamanca went in favour of Marshal Marmont, and against the Duke of Wellington. Both generals manœuvred to preserve their own while they threatened the communications of the enemy, and Marmont succeeded in forcing the English into a position of the greatest danger. It is true that this arose from the abandonment by the Spaniards of the fortress which commanded the ford at Alba de Tormes. But the results were as we have described, and the English, thrown back towards Salamanca, ran the risk of being themselves cut off from Ciudad Rodrigo and the Portuguese frontier. It was here that Wellington's tactics, seconded by the spirit of his troops, more than redeemed what had been lost by defective strategy. The English attacked the French at the fitting moment, and in forty minutes a great battle was won.

Another grand rule in the art of war is this :—that the general who finds himself well round the flank of his adversary, his own being unthreatened, ought to follow up the advantage, even if in so doing he neglect for a time his communications. The working of this rule was fully illustrated in the Jena campaign. The Prussians, after committing the military fault of advancing in front of the Elbe, delayed too long in assuming the bolder initiative on which they had determined. They thus enabled Napoleon to anticipate them by penetrating the defiles of Thuringia, and to concentrate his columns coming from Baireuth and Lichtenfels at Schleitz, on the great road to Dresden, while a third, moving up from Coburg, occupied Saalfeld on the Saal. Perplexed by the tidings which reached him, the Duke of Brunswick hastily recalled that portion of his army which had advanced as far as Fulda, and, with a divided force, accepted two separate battles, one at Jena, the other at Auerstedt. Both went against him, and Prussia lay at the feet of the victor.

Colonel Hamley devotes two more chapters to the further illustration of this part of his subject, which we recommend to the careful study of his professional readers. They describe, with singular clearness and precision, Moreau's operations from the Rhine against the Austrian General Kray, in 1800 ; and Napoleon's brilliant campaigns in Italy—first, that of 1800, against Melas, and next, the struggle of 1805, which ended in the capitulation of Mack at Ulm. In telling this latter portion of his tale, Colonel Hamley very properly points out that the campaign was not one, by any means, of a series of blunders on the one side and of masterly dispositions on the other. On the contrary, he

shows that the victor committed mistakes almost as grave as those into which the vanquished fell, which, had they been taken advantage of, must have destroyed him, and draws from the whole certain inferences which cannot be more distinctly given than in his own words:—

‘The operations which have been described supply certain grounds for judging of the merits of any enterprise against an enemy’s communications. First we learn that it is not sufficient to seize *any* point in the enemy’s rear; the choice of this point is very important. When armies are manœuvring near one another, and the operations are restricted to a narrow space, as in Radetzky’s campaign, the assailant can determine with certainty the small area within which he will come in contact with the enemy; and he can so direct his march as at the same time to intercept and to close with him. When the Sardinians retreated from Vigevano the Austrian General might feel assured that he would find them between Novara and Vercelli. But when the turning movement is begun at a distance of several marches from the enemy, no such calculation can be made; and if the movements were directed straight on the position of the hostile army, the latter might, by a single march to the rear, evade the blow.

‘On the other hand, if the movement be directed against a point in the communications far to the rear, the assailant, on making it, must not only spread his forces over a space great in proportion to his distance from the hostile army, in order to close his lines which radiate from that army to its base, but must, by the obliquity of his march, leave a long line of communication open to a counter-stroke. The necessity of secrecy will generally prevent the assailant from making reconnaissances until the desired point is reached; and being, therefore, almost in the dark as to the adversary’s movements, he cannot concentrate his army on any particular line with the certainty of meeting the shock there. Meanwhile the pressure on the communications will have informed the enemy of the general direction of the movement, which he may take steps to frustrate by moving in mass in a direction where there is no adequate force to oppose him.

‘As a recent example of aiming a stroke too far from the enemy’s rear, Hood’s operations against Sherman’s communications in 1864 are notable. When the Federal General began his march from Atlanta to the Georgian coast, Hood was operating against his communications on the Tennessee river, 200 miles off. Sherman’s march was thus left unmolested; whereas had the Confederates, while menacing his communications, remained near enough to be aware of his movements, they might have followed and harassed the march through Georgia on the one side, or prevented Sherman from reaching Nashville on the other.

‘To give the greatest effect to such an operation, the movement should be directed *not more than a march or two in rear of the rearmost point which it is calculated the enemy can reach by the time it is completed* :

**giving him credit for obtaining early intelligence and for retreating with promptitude when his resolution is formed, but also taking into account the motives which may induce him to delay to form that resolution.'**

This is extremely well put, as are the rules which follow, showing how wise it is, when a part only of the enemy's army is intercepted, to fall upon that, rather than attempt to close with the main body; and how perfectly satisfied a general must be of his own superiority before he endeavours with an inferior force to throw himself on the line of even a defeated enemy's retreat. But it seems to us that in working up to these points Colonel Hamley has forgotten to notice certain incidents which are of the utmost importance in war as it is now waged. An able general is careful to organise an effective intelligence department, grudging no outlay of money in order to secure his end. If he succeed, as he almost always does, the enemy can hardly begin to move upon his communications before he is made aware of the fact; and it must be his own fault if, warned of the danger in time, he fail to provide against it. The Sardinians, in Radetsky's campaign, were miserably served in regard to this matter, though the people of the country in which the operations went on were all friendly to them. Except in the Talavera campaign, the Duke's intelligence department never failed him, and even then he became aware of the forcing of the Banô's Pass by Soult in time to evade the unequal battle into which he must otherwise have been hurried. In like manner, a well managed field telegraph renders movements comparatively safe now, which no man in his senses would have ventured upon before that invention was worked out. Still the general rules which our author lays down are of immense importance; it is only in the application of them to practical purposes that the command of an efficient intelligence department and a field telegraph can introduce any modifications whatever.

Having settled these matters, Colonel Hamley proceeds to discuss operations illustrating the relations between the points of opposing armies, without special reference to the communication with the bases. Under this head five distinct contingencies are included, 1st, The manner in which part of an army may hold in check or retard a superior force of the enemy; 2nd, The effect of interposing an army between the parts of an enemy's extended front; 3rd, The case of independent against combined lines of operations; 4th, The case of combined armies operating from divergent bases; 5th, The case of dislodging an army by operating with a detachment against its rear. The first of these contingencies our author illustrates by describing the movements of

General

General Zieten, in the campaign of 1815, with a view to check the advance of Napoleon and to enable Blucher and Wellington to effect their junction at Quatre Bras. It is an apt example, though Zieten can scarcely be said to have accomplished his main purpose. With two brigades, each of 8000 men, he managed, indeed, in a country more than commonly free from obstacles, so to restrain two columns, one 45,000, the other 60,000 strong, that in a long summer's day they succeeded in accomplishing a forward march of not more than four or five miles; but he could not prevent the battle of Ligny, which Blucher was constrained to fight, while his own troops were as yet imperfectly concentrated and his communications with the English incomplete. Had Colonel Hamley taken his example from the Duke's daring exploit at Elbodon, he would have served his immediate purpose quite as well, and perhaps shown still more clearly than he does how much a small force well handled may effect in frustrating the purposes of a very superior enemy.

His second lesson receives its illustration from a masterly yet concise review of the campaign of 1796 in Italy, at the opening of which, from either side of the mountains of North Italy, the French and the Austrians and Sardinians, the two latter in alliance, threatened one another. On the western face of these mountains two armies, each about 20,000 strong, neutralised each other. On the southern side of the theatre of war Napoleon, with about 40,000, manœuvred to take at a disadvantage the combined Austrian and Sardinian armies, numbering about 50,000. We must refer our readers to the volume before us for a sufficiently clear account of the various movements which enabled Napoleon to push the divisions of Augereau, Massena, and La Harpe between the 20,000 Sardinians and the 30,000 Austrians. The results were most decisive. The Austrians, mistaking the object of the enemy's advance, moved away from their allies in order to secure their own left, while Napoleon, keeping them occupied by repeated blows from smaller bodies, concentrated the bulk of his army against the Sardinians, and overwhelmed them. Another example of the same order of things is afforded in the history of the campaign of Eckmuhl in 1809. The masses engaged were on that occasion larger, and the Austrians had the Archduke Charles to direct them, but the general issues were the same, subject only to just such variations as the nature of the country and the character of the leaders of the respective armies might be expected to produce. On both occasions Napoleon succeeded in restraining a superior with an inferior force, while he marched his

his superior force against the inferior force of his enemy. He pierced the Austrian centre, and destroyed both wings. Colonel Hamley thus sums up his able and elaborate commentary on the operations:—

‘To sum up the effects of a successful operation of this kind, it appears—

‘1. That either part of the separated army which stands to fight may find itself exposed to the blows of the full force of the antagonist, *minus* a detachment left to maintain the other part; as is seen by the examples of Millesimo, Ceva, and Eckmuhl.

‘2. That by alternating such blows, the assailant may continue both to weaken his antagonist and to interpose between the parts.

3. That as the commander of a separated part of an army will be playing the enemy’s game if he stands to fight, his best course will be to retreat for re-union; and that this will be best effected by taking advantage of every position to retard the enemy on both lines.

‘4. That a commander who perceives an opportunity for separating the enemy and overwhelming a portion of his force, need not, generally, be solicitous to cover his own communications during the operation, since the enemy will be in no condition to assail them.

‘Lastly. It is necessary to remark that the force which aims at separating the parts of an enemy should be so superior to either part singly as to preserve a superiority after detaching a force in pursuit of the portion first-defeated; and that if the attacking force does not fulfil this condition, it will have no right to expect success.’

The illustrations of the third incident,—the case of independent against combined lines of operation, are taken from the Archduke Charles’ campaign of 1796 in Germany, and the campaigns of 1861-62, both in Virginia, during the late civil war in America. We cannot pretend to analyse either; if, indeed, a narrative so terse and clear as that of Colonel Hamley would admit of analysis; but the moral to be gathered from it is this, that the army which operates on a common centre against widely separated bodies advancing upon that centre, possesses immense advantages. It can confront one or more lines of invasion with a retarding though inferior force, while it brings a preponderating force into action on the other; or if threatened from three or four quarters at once, it can treat the rest as wings, while the bulk of its own strength, held in reserve, is ready to fall upon the first of the enemy’s columns which breaks through. It was the neglect of this great principle which cost General Benedek so dear, and a wise adherence to it which enabled Johnston and Lee on two separate occasions to save Richmond, and beat back the enormously superior forces which threatened it. At the same time many points must be well considered before a general commits himself to this line of action.

action. He must take care, for example, not to keep his reserves too far in rear of his retarding corps, otherwise the enemy will have had time to extricate himself from some of them before the great blow can be struck, and the numbers employed on operations of delay must be adequate, and not more than adequate, to the purposes which they are meant to serve. But above all, the leader who adopts this order of strategy must be bold, prompt, and strong of purpose. Indecision or slowness cannot fail in such circumstances to prove fatal, for only by hard blows struck often and at the proper moment can an inferior army hope to obtain any advantages over a superior.

Colonel Hamley's fourth incident, the case of combined armies operating from divergent bases, is illustrated by a clear, impartial, and intelligible sketch of the campaign of Waterloo. The Prussians and the English had in covering Brussels to keep open their respective communications with Cologne, through Liège on the one side, and on the other through Ostend and Antwerp with the sea. Their front was necessarily much extended, and they found themselves called upon to protect, not only the great roads which lead from behind the French fortresses to Brussels, but all the lesser roads which linked them to their own bases. It was open to Napoleon to attack them by his right, in which case he would fall upon the Prussian communications through Liège; or by his left between the Lys and the Scheldt, in which case he would interpose between the English and Ostend; or finally he might take one of the three great roads leading direct upon Brussels, in which case the blow would be directed to break through between them. He actually adopted the third alternative, and wellnigh achieved his purpose; indeed, his failure must be attributed at least as much to time lost on his side, and tactics full of faults, as to the rapidity and decision with which his opponents repaired the damage which they had sustained at the battle of Ligny. How this was done we need not stop to explain; yet let the military reader bear in mind that it is not every army which will sustain, without flinching, such a combat as that to which the English were committed on the 18th of June; and that, had they been defeated before the Prussians arrived on the ground, Blücher's case would have been desperate. On the other hand, two armies operating from divergent bases, if, as in this case, they surmount the difficulty of their position, strike home upon the concentrated force fairly committed against one of them with tremendous force. It was so when, about half-past seven in the evening of the 18th of June, Blücher fell upon the flank and rear of the French, already exhausted. With them defeat was at once converted

converted into rout, from which there was no rallying. Hence our author justly draws the conclusion:—

‘If, then, allied armies operating from divergent bases *can combine*, their operation will be more effective than if they had a common base. But from the moment that their concert is destroyed by the interposition of an adequate force, the chances are against them.’

The case of dislodging an army by operating with a detachment against its rear, is exemplified in the campaign of 1864 in Georgia. The object of Sherman was to seize, and of Johnston to retain Atlanta. It is an operation which ought never to be attempted, unless, as in the instance cited by our author, the assailant be greatly superior in numbers to his adversary. Sherman’s army numbered not less than 100,000 combatants. Johnston could oppose to them only 40,000, which he latterly increased to 54,000. There was, therefore, no risk to Sherman keeping 50,000 in hand, when he detached first 25,000, and ultimately 50,000 under Macpherson, with orders to double round Johnston’s flank, and come in upon his rear at Resaca. Perhaps, indeed, had Johnston left a single division, say 10,000 men, to hold his fortified position, and fallen with the rest upon Macpherson while as yet his force numbered only 25,000, he might have baffled a movement which, when the 25,000 grew into 50,000, became irresistible. Be this, however, as it may, his great superiority of numbers, as it justified the strategy of the Federal commander, so it enabled him to command success in a campaign on the issues of which the war, as the event proved, absolutely turned. In like manner the Duke of Wellington, making his grand advance from the Douro to the Ebro, did not hesitate to detach Lord Hill, with half his army, to operate on the enemy’s flank. Neither his success, however, nor that of Sherman, will bear out any other commander in venturing on an experiment so critical, unless he know that he is strong enough to fight with either portion of his army, whatever force the enemy may be able to bring against him.

The general who is about to engage in military operations, as well as the government which sends him forth, ought to be well acquainted with every feature of the country which is about to become the theatre of war. Unless this knowledge be present with both, the one may provide at enormous cost an equipment for the army which is useless, and the other will find himself confronted from time to time by obstacles of the most serious description. A well-appointed topographical department becomes thus essential to the efficiency of every war office, and the

best maps which can be procured must form part of the equipment of general and other officers in the field. There are scarcely two countries in the world which present exactly the same military features. North Italy, for example, is a basin almost entirely surrounded by mountains, which pour down concentrically frequent streams, collecting in the Po. Spain is the very reverse, for there the ground rises from the seaboard towards the centre, sending off its waters east and west. In the theatre of war during the late American conflict, the great feature was the line of the Alleghanies intersecting the Southern States, and sending its streams right and left into the Atlantic and the Mississippi. A knowledge of facts of this sort is necessary in order to enable a general to make his arrangements, since it is obvious that a plan which might serve for North Italy would not serve for Spain; nor could a plan suitable for either be of any avail in Virginia and Maryland. Neither may any safe inference be drawn from what officers see at home to what they are certain to encounter abroad. In England the country is highly cultivated, arable and pasture continually intermingling, of which the results are frequent fences, open ditches, copses, woods, and a few bare plains. Armies can move in such a country only along the roads, and it would not be easy to find spaces at pleasure in which they could form in order of battle. Belgium and the east of France are, on the other hand, rolling plains. Hungary is a huge corn-field, with enormous prairies lying contiguous to it. Now a general must consider all this, and make his arrangements with a view to the capabilities that are presented to him. He would not carry swarms of cavalry into the Apennines or the Pyrenees. He would not overload himself with artillery and waggons in Spain, where the roads are narrow and easily choked. Belgium and Hungary, and the great plain of Germany, offer, on the contrary, immense facilities for both cavalry and artillery, and enable infantry to move in order of battle over the fields. All these points must be considered by a general in making his strategical arrangements. So must the configuration of the frontier which he is called upon to protect, or against which his movements are to be directed. To England an extensive sea-coast is everything. Had not the French possessed themselves of all the northern and eastern fortresses of Spain, an English army operating from these would have interposed at once between the enemy and their communications. As it was, Wellington was obliged to make Portugal his base till circumstances enabled him to strike for a better, after which all the passes through the Pyrenees became closed to the enemy. If the Austrians in the late war



had held, as they ought to have done, the issues, from the obstacles which are presented by the mountains of Bohemia, the Prussians would have found their advance into Moravia a harder matter than it proved to be. Colonel Hamley, writing long before the event, has placed this fact in so clear a point of view, that it would be unjust not to quote his observations in detail.

‘Supposing Prussia, allied with Saxony, at war with Austria, an Austrian army, within the angle of the Bohemian frontier, and possessing the issues of it, would equally threaten Saxony and Silesia—and it is improbable that either Saxony or Prussia would consent to leave its territories uncovered—while the line of the Elbe and the rocky country on its banks would preclude the possibility of concentrating near the angle. Hence division would be inevitable should the Austrians be in a position to assume the offensive.

‘On the other hand, were the Austrians on the defensive, they might speedily be forced to quit the angle—as was proved in 1757, when an Austrian corps at Reichenberg was forced to retreat hastily to Prague at the approach of a Prussian corps from Silesia to Turnau.’

Saxony was not in alliance with Prussia, but with Austria, in the late war, and with Hanover also. Austria, however, in spite of this advantage, acted wholly on the defensive, and that very incident occurred which Colonel Hamley foretold. It was the old war of Frederic the Great over again, only on a much larger scale, and with some of its collateral circumstances reversed.

The three great obstacles in the way of armies operating one against the other, are mountain-chains, rivers, and fortified places. Mountain-chains are rarely defensible, unless they be of limited extent, and are covered on either flank by obstacles still more formidable than themselves. The Duke of Wellington’s famous lines of Torres Vedras were of this description; for they were flanked on one side by the sea, on the other by the Tagus; and though their extent was fully fourteen miles, only along one half of that distance were they assailable, every weak point being fortified and armed with heavy guns. The Riesengeberg and Erzgeberg ranges, like the Pyrenees and Alps, are too extensive for this, and can only be turned to account by the general who uses them as a screen, and holds the principal passes, as we have elsewhere indicated, with detachments, keeping his main body in hand to be launched against the first of the enemy’s columns which may debouch into the plain. On the other hand, a skilful commander will avoid sending on a multiplicity of columns when their active communication is impossible through the passes. Threatening many points with detachments, each of which will appear to the defenders to be

the head of a heavy column, he will move in force through one pass, and thus be in a condition, when assailed by the enemy's main body, to confront it with his own. Rivers are, in one sense, more formidable than mountain-ranges; in another less so, considered as obstacles. If they be narrow, a few pontoons will bridge them anywhere, or tressel bridges are easily formed in various places. If they be wide and deep they are usually crossed by many permanent bridges along their course. In all cases, however, they wind and turn between banks which are sometimes higher on the one side and sometimes higher on the other. The defending force will retain its hold as long as it can of the side which the enemy is approaching. The attacking force will lose no time in driving the enemy across the river. Probably the bridges by which their retreat is conducted are fortified, in which case the assailants will look twice at them before they attempt to force a passage there. But spreading their outposts over as wide a space of ground as possible, they will examine the whole front of the line of operations and choose points of attack. These will of course lie where the near bank dominates the further bank, and batteries massed are able to sweep the country beyond. Meanwhile, by constant feints, the attention of the defenders will be directed elsewhere, while the necessary bridges or materials for bridges being well arranged under screen, are brought up and launched at night, so as to be ready for the troops to cross as soon as possible after dawn. With respect to fortresses, our present purpose will be sufficiently served if we say, that the art of war as now practised has materially lessened their value; and that nobody would dream in these days of stopping an invader at the frontier of a country by erecting there a chain of strong places, any more than he would trust to a river to arrest them. Besides, fortresses, unless they be placed on strategical points, do as much harm as good by locking up men and stores which had better be doing service in the field. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. The entrenched camp at Linz, commanding as it does both banks of the Danube, with the roads to Vienna and Bohemia, and the passage of the Traun, at a point where the mountains of Salzburg on the one side and the Danube on the other, narrow the practical point of operations to about twenty-five miles, is of immense advantage to Austria. So also the Quadrilateral gave to the same Power, while she held it, absolute command over Italy. But these are exceptional works, forming, like the chain of forts round Paris, rather the bases of armies than mere obstacles to an invading force. In like manner it is necessary that in this country our principal dockyards and arsenals should be protected, and that somewhere

in the interior an intrenched camp should be formed, where the bulk of our military stores would be safe, and towards which, in case of a reverse, our beaten army, with the levies which are to reinforce it, might radiate. But these are very different things from the strong places to which, in the wars of the French Revolution, all parties too much trusted. The triple line of fortresses, for example, guarding the French frontiers of Belgium and the Rhine, did not stop for one hour the march of Blucher and Schwarzenberg upon Paris; and Genoa, Como, Alessandria, and many more in Italy, the battle of Marengo handed over in a day to the victor. We must not, however, be tempted to pursue this part of our subject farther. It is enough to refer our readers to Colonel Hamley, who will explain to them clearly what the real importance of these several obstacles is, and how in every instance they prove effective only in the hands of officers who know how to use them, not alone for defensive but for offensive purposes also.

We have now gone with our intelligent guide over the whole of the ground which he has devoted to the consideration of questions of Strategy; and we wish that the limits at our disposal would permit us to follow where he leads into the region of Tactics. But this is impossible; and we regret the circumstance the more that Colonel Hamley's appreciation of the value of ground is clear and well demonstrated, and that his explanations of the incidents which led to success or failure in the various battles which he adduces in exemplification of his theory are excellent.

And now we must conclude, heartily recommending Colonel Hamley's work to the careful study, not of professional soldiers only, but of militiamen, volunteers, and civilians. The style is most attractive, the matter is deeply interesting and well handled, and the maps and plans with which the volume abounds are such as the least instructed may follow without becoming confused. With respect to the gallant author himself, our earnest hope is, that if ever the country be involved in war again—which God forbid!—and it be found necessary to employ an English army in the field, one who has shown such perfect acquaintance with the theory of his profession will not be overlooked; but that, placed in high command, the opportunity will be afforded him of proving that he is not less competent to direct troops in the presence of an enemy than to instruct his brother officers, by word of mouth and in writing, how to make themselves accomplished and scientific soldiers.

- ART. VIII. — 1. *Lettres sur l'Angleterre.* Par Louis Blanc. Paris, 1866.
2. *L'Angleterre: Études sur le Self-Government.* Par M. —. Paris, 1864.
3. *The English at Home.* Essays from the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' By Alphonse Esquiros. Translated by Sir Lascelles Wraxall, Bart. London, 1863.

TO these works we as Englishmen owe no mean obligations; they are all written with the avowed object of promoting a better understanding between ourselves and our illustrious neighbours on the other side of the Channel. As may be inferred from the nature of a collection of letters originally contributed to a daily journal, the work of M. Louis Blanc is of slighter texture than those of his countrymen which we have placed by its side; and it is no inadequate proof of his powers as a writer that a correspondence chiefly devoted to topics of fugitive interest retains a literary charm in its elegance of style, and acquires a political importance from the candour with which the writer acknowledges the practical blessings of a system of politics wholly opposed to his own theories for the advancement of mankind. Whatever our differences with M. Louis Blanc in his capacity of abstract politician, it is pleasant to acknowledge the independent spirit and the serene temper with which, in exile, he has maintained the dignity of a man of letters. He has fulfilled, as scrupulously as if it were an obligation of personal honour, the duties which a political refugee owes to the country that becomes his asylum; and in the work now before us, he has requited, by noble service, the hospitality England may well be proud to bestow on a guest of an intellect so remarkable and of a character so pure.

The volume of M. — is written in a graver style and with more definite purpose. Here the writer dives into our past history, pronounces judgment on our more conspicuous statesmen, touches on our colonial empire, examines our judicial, legislative, and financial systems, and expatiates with eloquent praise upon our Constitution, which he defines to be 'no Constitution at all in the proper sense of the term.'

'We Frenchmen,' he says, 'possess half a dozen constitutions, without counting the famous declaration of the Rights of Man. The English have nothing which resembles a formula of abstract rights. Where then does one find the three or four fundamental propositions which serve for the base of their constitutional government? In the breast of each Englishman. Swift has given the key of this mystery, where he says the Englishman is a political, the Frenchman a sociable, animal.'

There is, indeed, a deeper truth in this sententious distinction than may be immediately apparent, for the political animal is more inclined than the social to maintain and improve a condition of things special to his own birthplace and belongings, and he is rendered practical by thus limiting the sphere of his speculation and endeavour: while the sociable animal is more cosmopolitan than the political. His instincts lead him to the benevolent ambition of extending his desire for social improvements to the farthest verge of kindred socialities. Hence he is not perhaps so practically fortunate in getting a good political Constitution for his native State as the animal exclusively political, but, *en revanche*, he scatters throughout all other States ideas for changing practical forms of society in order to get good theoretical constitutions. The Englishman aspires to an influence in the affairs of his own country, the Frenchman to an influence in the affairs of the world.

The volumes for which we are indebted to M. Esquiros are of a nature less didactic and serious than the work of M. —, and, though as varied in their range as M. Louis Blanc's lively epistles, embrace subjects of more lasting interest, treated with more elaborate care. Indeed they justify, in a remarkable degree, the assertion of their author, 'that a stranger is better able to judge of a country than the inhabitants themselves, especially if he be careful to surround himself with those national lights and documents to which,' says M. Esquiros, 'I feel myself so greatly indebted.' We doubt, indeed, if any Englishman would have written a work upon so many varieties in English life without incurring at least as many trivial mistakes in detail, and a far greater number of more serious errors incidental to prejudices imbibed with his mother's milk. Heartily do we wish that some eminent writer of our own land would attempt the task of writing as good a book upon France as M. Esquiros has written upon England—a work as patient and discriminative, as generous in panegyric and as temperate in criticism. It is much that French writers should enable their countrymen to form a better comprehension of ours; but the wise and kindly object they have in view remains incomplete till we have found English writers animated by the same spirit and gifted with the same power to lead Englishmen to a better comprehension of France and the French. Alliances formed solely by community of political, or even of commercial, interests are more precarious than certain philosophers suppose; they are only rendered safe against accident and passion when they are cemented by that cordiality of sentiment which ensures the forbearance of either people should disagreement between their Governments arise.

‘The non-hostility of interests,’ says M. Louis Blanc, ‘removes to a further distance the causes of war, but it is reciprocity of sympathies which makes alliances genuine and lasting.’

Still more emphatically M. Esquiros thus expresses the same truth :—

‘It is an easy task for statesmen to form on paper treaties of alliance ; but so long as peace is not constituted in the minds, so long as two great neighbouring and rival nations have not learned to know and esteem each other, so long even as they have not come to an agreement on the spirit of certain institutions which rule civil life, and the character and genius of the people, these treaties are effaced and torn by the slightest breath of discord that springs up.’

In point of fact, so little do commercial interests in themselves serve as effective guarantees of peace, that of the three countries in the world, Russia, China, and the United States of America, with which, previously to the commercial treaty with France, Great Britain had the most extensive trade, we in our time have been at war with two ; and that the dire calamity of war with the third has been happily averted is less due to the wisdom of statesmen than to the latent sympathies which bind together kindred races, tracing their varying institutions from the same deep roots in ancestral laws. Alliances of political interests are still more subject to the disturbance of accidents ; the interests themselves vary from year to year with the quick mutations in the modern system of Europe. In Heeren’s ‘Treatise on the Foreign Policy of Great Britain’ (one of the ablest existing works on the balance of power, by a writer who united the research of an accomplished scholar with the judgment of a philosophical statesman), it is laid down as an axiom that the safety of the world consists in keeping England and France in separate scales of the balance ; that out of the generous emulation between those two great but essentially rival powers the grand results of European civilisation have been wrought ; that the natural allies of a maritime power like England are the Germanic races and the empires of Austria and Russia, while the natural allies of a military power like France are even less the Latin races than the smaller Scandinavian kingdoms, whose ships and seamen form invaluable auxiliaries to her navy.

It is needless to show how completely in our day this elaborate and well-argued scheme of international policy is scattered to the winds. We must accept the facts as we find them. England at this moment stands without one ally, except her old rival France ; and if that alliance be nothing more than political, it is as liable to sudden dissolution as those long since sundered with Russia and Austria, and even with the half-kindred populations which are comprised in the warlike races of Northern Germany.

Yet we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that in reversing the traditional policy for which Heeren so strenuously contends and placing England and France in the same scale of the balance, the prophecies by which the alliance was commended to statesmen have been notably falsified. 'Let England and France be allied,' said those not unpopular theorists who reason upon human events without reference to human nature, 'and they become the police of the world. No other nations will dare to confront the civilised opinion represented by the combined intellect and maintained by the united force of two powers so wise and so mighty. Their alliance is the peace of Europe.' Unhappy for the logic of theory is the logic of fact. Rarely in Europe have wars been so great and so important, as since the date in which the alliance between England and France left the whole notion of a balance of power a theme for the ridicule of sciolists. And the reason was clear from the first to minds trained in the science of practical statesmanship. The reason is this. The moment the continental powers saw that England abjured all jealousy of her hereditary rival, that her trident was cast in the same scale as the sword of the Gaul—they were seized by an alarm unconceived before. Appalled by the disasters of Russia, convinced that England would not stir to help them if menaced by France—Austria armed, Prussia armed, even Republican America became secretly hostile to England. The bitterness of spirit infused by the Government of the United States into the misunderstanding with England, which led to the dismissal of our diplomatic Minister, Mr. Crampton, is traceable mainly to the unquiet feeling with which the statesmen of the American Republic saw that alliance between England and France which the traditional policy of the republic deemed dangerous to the unity of its commonwealth and menacing to the growth of its power.

The primary result of the alliance between England, the first naval, France the first military, power, was the preparation for war in those European communities which anticipated the desertion of England if they should be menaced by the ambition of France. They armed at any cost. Questions between itself and the national creditor a great nation can contrive to settle; questions between its own independence and the foreigner are but to be decided by the mouth of the cannon: therefore Europe armed. But whenever a state raises great armies it resembles the wizard condemned to find employment for the spirits he invoked. And in the preparations for self-defence, nations discontented with their existing boundaries collect the means for self-aggrandisement. Piedmont armed quickly and noisily, as is the Italian temperament; Prussia armed slowly and silently, as is the Germanic. The statesmen of Piedmont said,—'The alliance between England and France

must result in our benefit. France must side with Italian freedom—France, in return for bayonets, may ask for dominions which we could well spare in return for those her bayonets will help us to acquire; England has abandoned her hereditary ally, Austria; England will send us good wishes, and follow in the wake of France.'

Prussia, the mightier Piedmont of the Teuton race, thought, through the minds of her Statesmen, 'Prussia must arm in defence of the Rhine—and, by the armies so collected, her dominion in Germany may be enlarged till she no longer need the alliance of England to cope with the forces of France.'

Hence the alliance between England and France has been the date, in Europe, of wars which have destroyed her ancient map. And hence, though the results of those wars are not uncongenial to that Civilization of which England aspires to be a leading representative, though Civilization and its companion Freedom march on the side of an united Italy and an united Germany, yet the mind of England becomes anxious and disturbed. She sees herself alone in the world, not only having lost her old allies—the powers that supplied the battalions which her institutions as well as the character of her population forbid her to raise from her own soil—but through some error in the statesmanship which has presided over her councils, while there is among those old allies no rancour against France, there is against England; and the rancour against England is the more dangerous because it is combined with a sentiment of disdain. England has been made to assert a doctrine which deprives her friendship of value and her enmity of dread—the doctrine, not of non-interference in the quarrels of her neighbours, but of non-participation in the dangers her interference creates or augments. We now see in some of the most popular of our intellectual journals the practical result of a Whig foreign policy. We are conjured not only to amend our military system, but to accommodate the whole of our political system—reversing all the hereditary habits of a free and an insular people—to the alleged necessities of self-defence. Self-defence against whom?—the sole ally we possess. And self-defence, how?—by the impossible imitation of the Prussian military system. No doubt the details of our military system can be improved; no doubt we must have some plan of defence, thoughtfully preconceived and carefully matured, less against invasion than as against that idea that we can be safely invaded, which diminishes our authority in the councils of Europe and disturbs by a vague alarm our own hereditary reliance on the immunity of our shores. But we hold it to be the vainest of chimeras to attempt the fusion into one standing army of three grand sections of our defensive corps—the militia, the



yeomanry, and the volunteers; any scheme towards that object would at once make all three as odious and ineffective as they are now popular and efficient. No less do we regard as a perilous delusion the theory which has been broached, of withdrawing from our colonies the forces dispersed throughout them, and seeking to concentrate within the three kingdoms the whole of our available military strength. This, practically speaking, would be the relinquishment of a mighty empire for the parade of a standing army at home, incompatible with the noble jealousies of parliamentary government. The result would soon be visible. The moment the panic subsided, the army so hastily collected would be as hastily reduced; these islands would not be strengthened, and the empire they wield would be abjured. That our military system imperatively needs reforms we concede; but they must be reforms suitable to a free people, indisposed to aggressive warfare, and placing its main defence in the decisive superiority of its maritime power.

We have been led into these remarks, which may seem digressive, by the necessity of withdrawing, from a clear comprehension of our present position in Europe, the false media suggested by the counsels of an irrational panic. We do not desire to graft upon England the Prussian system. England can best guard herself by remaining English.

Now, though the alliance between England and France has been attended with the primary consequences we have just named, the alliance itself must be regarded by all sound politicians as a fact accomplished. Left with but one ally, it is the obvious interest of England not to provoke quarrels with him: and, in this case, with the more practical or the less noble interest, the considerations of honour, and of that wisdom which constitutes real statesmanship, are combined. Never has sovereign or people had a more frank and loyal ally than France, under the empire of Napoleon III., has proved to the crown and people of England. And we might cite instances in which the Emperor's Government has exhibited a generosity which an English Government has returned by the affront of a suspicion couched in the mock dignity of a sarcasm. Where an alliance once established is honourably maintained by the one party, the honour of the other party is pledged to respect the maintenance. And whatever may hitherto have been the drawbacks to the French alliance, we have no doubt that its inherent advantages, under the administration of a government at once manly and sagacious, would soon become an ample compensation. But certainly the genuine advantages of the French alliance cannot be fully attained by proclaiming to the world our distrust of it. It is not without reason that M. Louis Blanc, half in lamentation,

and half in ridicule, comments on our chronic alarm of the French cannon, and pithily exclaims, 'England is less separated from her ally by the Channel than she is by suspicion.' 'The day when the English shall cease to distrust France will be a great day for the world.' Yet the best way to banish that suspicion is to maintain the strength which places us above fear. That strength we can never find in vain attempts to equal France in military armaments. It was truly said by Mr. Fox that 'our military policy has never been to raise great bodies of men from our own comparatively small and commercial population. We have not relied on our own numbers; we have relied on the civilization which gave us skilful generals and vast pecuniary resources.' When war with a state so powerful as France unhappily arose, alliances sprung out of the occasion, for the peril to England was the menace to Europe. If we had recourse to subsidies and loans, those subsidies and loans called forth in other nations the levies which neither our habits nor our laws permitted us to raise from our own population. At the battle of Blenheim, it does not appear that there were more than 10,000 English soldiers out of the forty-eight battalions and eighty-six squadrons in that glorious left wing commanded by the Duke of Marlborough. When again, under Chatham, England triumphantly put forth her warlike might, she contributed genius, intellect, and money, but she recruited her ranks upon German soil. And in the last great war with France, it was not the larger armies of England that placed her at the head of the European confederation: it was her wealth and her intelligence, the skill of her officers, the renown of her general; her contributions of mere food for the jaws of the cannon were comparatively small. If we are to attempt now to vie with nations that can put into the field 600,000 trained soldiers, it must be by the advantages we can proffer to allies by whom 600,000 soldiers can be raised. Unquestionably, in our relations with the Continent, we have in our day an advantage unknown to our fathers: that France, which was once our dreadest enemy, is now our most intimate friend. Yet if that advantage be not rightly understood, it becomes a perilous loss—a perilous loss if it is to cost us every other friend in the world. By that loss distrust against France herself is conceived; and thus we live with our friend, constantly haunted by the idea that he may one day be our enemy.

This is the real danger bequeathed to the English statesmen of our day by errors in the diplomacy of their predecessors which it has become their object to redeem. Cherishing the most cordial relations with France, abjuring with sincerity the pitiful policy of unjustified suspicion, the present state of Europe demands

our rivalry with her in the arts of wise conciliation. France has not left herself without other friendships than that of England—England should not leave herself without other friendships than that of France. It is her more immediate object to remove all differences between herself and the United States of America; to heal the sores which yet rankle in the mind of the Germanic peoples; and while quietly engaged in this task, so to mature and consolidate her own maritime power, that, while she invites friendship, she does not supplicate for assistance. Our strength, defensive or aggressive, is in our navy. No pains and no cost are too great to render that navy perfect. If England ever be conquered, it must be at sea. Misfortune enough to our commerce and our honour if conquered there. As to invasion of our soil, we do not think M. Esquiros takes too flattering a view of our security when he sums up the review of our warlike defences to this effect, ‘Any Continental nation, no matter which, that wished to come into collision with Great Britain, ought to think twice of it. . . . She will find before her the ships that have hitherto covered the coast with an impenetrable bulwark; behind the ships the soldiers; behind the soldiers a country in arms.’

It is not to be denied that the incapacity of recent administrations has left much for their successors to do. The most pressing of all reforms is that in the Board of Admiralty, with all its collateral departments. We believe that in this branch of our service a reform must be bold and complete. Nor shall we have much faith in the efficacy of any reform here, so long as extravagance and jobbing are sheltered under the multiplied responsibilities of that machine for bad government which we call a Board.

There is another requisite for the recovery and maintenance of our national power as essential to our national safety, which depends less on the wisdom of the government than the good sense of the governed, viz., the preservation of the essential idiosyncrasies in our national form of polity, in which discerning foreigners admire the mould of the national character. It is among the fundamental propositions of Aristotle that nations have in them a certain entity—an individual organization of life, and they continue to flourish only so long as they retain the political and social conditions to which such organization is congenial. That which constitutes the vitality of one State may entail the dissolution of another. When Sparta established for a time her peculiar oligarchy in democratic Athens, Athens herself ceased to exist, and only again recovered life when she expelled the oligarchy which her rival identified with the stability of freedom and the discipline of manhood.

On the other hand, when Dorian states, of which Sparta was the master type, accepted the democracy of Athens, they became rapidly enervated and corrupt.

In examining the works which furnish the thesis for our remarks, nothing has struck us more forcibly than the general concurrence of three observers—all singularly acute and each landing on our shores with differing political prepossessions—as to the main causes which conduce to the formation of our national character and the solidity of our national greatness. ‘With what care,’ exclaims M. Esquiros (after tracing the varied and gradual development of the English race), ‘with what care and what a chain of events Nature labours to form peoples destined to exercise an influence upon civilization! . . . . Simple races manifest faculties equally simple and limited; on the other hand, the more races are mingled, the more does the national character abound in shades which by their very opposition tend to ramify the resources of civilization. You have then before you the imposing spectacle of variety in unity: the English is a composite nation, and hence its strength.’ M. Esquiros does not fail to see that as is the nation so is its political constitution. That constitution, as yet, is variety in unity—it is a composite constitution; hence its harmony with the people, and hence it has hitherto united an unequalled amount of practical liberty with a scrupulous attachment to order. ‘The English constitution,’ says M. Esquiros, ‘with its limits and counterpoises, is an image of the same tendency to balance liberties by dividing the antagonism of powers.’ The great question of domestic policy that has risen to importance in the present day is, how far this composite constitution, in harmony with this composite nation, and this division of the antagonism of powers on which depends the union of order and liberty, of social progress and political stability, are to be abandoned or maintained. The question has been forced upon us in a way singularly unfavourable to our confidence in those who have most noisily raised it. That hereditary respect for law which has been so conspicuous an element of our character—that moral force invested in the person of a solitary policeman which excites the amaze and admiration of M. Louis Blanc—have been notably manifested by the counsellors of the Reform League in their violent seizure of Hyde Park! And for the first time, at least in our generation, the brute force of numbers against the authority of law, to a decision of which they were amicably invited, has been vindicated even less by the eloquence of a popular leader like Mr. Bright than by the yet more eloquent silence of a statesman aspiring to the highest office of the State, like Mr. Gladstone. There are other bribes than those of gold.

Our Demosthenes could not have been afflicted with a more unseasonable suppression of speech if he had swallowed the cup of Harpalus.

Let us look boldly and fairly at the question of fresh Parliamentary reform. This journal has never favoured any scheme for disturbing prematurely the settlement effected with so much difficulty in 1832. And all measures involving (as did the Bill of last session) the ultimate transfer of power to a single class manipulated by the chiefs of a single party shall ever receive our opposition. But in the Reform question itself—that is to say, in the consideration whether it is possible to improve the representation of the people in Parliament—there is nothing to which the party called Conservative are either by principle or by policy necessarily opposed. The Reform Bill of 1832 was not their Bill—its effect was to throw the Government into the hands of the Whigs; and it is only when, by singular maladministration, the Whigs have lost control over the bulk of their own followers, that the Conservatives have had a brief interval of power.

If then the Whigs, not contented with the results of their own Reform Bill, and entertaining the same doubts which we entertain of their own pretensions to the exclusive government of the country, insist upon a new amendment of the representative system, it does not appear to us that it is the true policy of the Conservative party to refuse all innovation in an electoral system, by which their opponents sought to make their tenure of office an article of the British constitution. And the Conservatives have sufficiently shown in recent debate the superior knowledge of their leaders in the difficult and complicated details, a mastery of which is essential to any fair redistribution of power between differing opinions and rival interests; so that it was not without evident truth that Mr. Disraeli asserted, in an address to his constituents, that in the consideration of Parliamentary Reform there was no difficulty special to the Conservatives. The difficulty that does exist is inherent in the question itself, and will be felt, almost in an equal degree, by the real political thinkers of every party; nay, it is perhaps the most strikingly exhibited in the essays of philosophers, who, going to the length of manhood suffrage, are then appalled by the logical consequences which would result from that principle of voting, recognize the obvious truth that in proportion as the Constitution approaches to what is called universal suffrage it must realize the practical disfranchisement of all classes except the most numerous, and are compelled with Mr. Hare and Mr. Mill to resort to expedients as futile as they are ingenious,

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in order to preserve some voice in the State to minorities in point of population, but majorities in point of wealth and education.

The Reform Act of 1832, with all its defects, among which may be reckoned a too unscrupulous preference to Whig interests in the selected retention of the smaller boroughs, was a very solid block of legislative masonry, and sufficiently symmetrical in its proportions to render it no easy task to improve or enlarge it without marring the whole plan of its architecture. Its object and its effect was to give to the urban populations, as against the rural, a large and indeed an overpowering representative majority in the House of Commons. But, according to relative property and relative numbers, the rural districts then (as they are even now) were entitled, by political equity, to an amount of representation larger than that so lavishly bestowed on towns; the Whig framers of the Reform Act had no insignificant stake in the interests of the soil and the preservation of that portion of our complicated aristocracy which constitutes the great landed proprietors; and so it came to pass that that fair share of representation to which by numbers and by property the agricultural populations were entitled\* in any redistribution of political power, though not directly conceded to counties, was indirectly transmitted to agricultural boroughs, in which it was presumed that local sympathies and interests would afford a certain modified counterpoise to the more purely democratic tendencies which are the immemorial attribute of urban populations. At the same time though the counties themselves were left to a very inadequate representation of their wealth and numbers, a principle essential to justice was conceded; as the constituencies of boroughs were not to be swamped by rural voters in their neighbourhood, so the constituencies of counties were not to be swamped by the electors that properly belong to towns; and as the occupiers of the soil stake in the soil all their intellect, capital, and industry, so, by the Chandos Clause, the occupiers of the soil at the rental of 50*l.* were admitted to the franchise. Thus our readers will observe that, by the Reform Act of 1832, a certain balance of power was effected between urban and rural populations, rude, imperfect, indirect, but still constructed with some notion of justice and some care for that stability which belongs to the representation of real property. The Act gave

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\* We are puzzled to conceive by what arguments any one can persuade himself that the representation of counties is a 'dead' representation. Is not the agricultural wealth of the country enormous, and is it not rapidly increasing through the progress of the science of agriculture, and the enterprise and activity of landlords and tenants, who are daily adding to the permanent value of the soil, and are quite as truly public benefactors as our manufacturers and merchants?

a preponderant power to the towns, and therefore to popular opinion; it secured to the Whigs, as the hereditary representatives of popular opinion, a marked and decisive preference in the administration of affairs. But that preference did not amount to a positive monopoly of power; it left to the party now called Conservative a disadvantageous, but still a possible rivalry; and, were such rivalry not possible, it must be clear to every political thinker that the security for good government would be gone. Maladministration in every department begins, and is confirmed, the moment the maladministrators can say, 'Blame us as you please, but you cannot supplant us. Attempt it, and, though from transient circumstances we let you in for six months or a year, we have still the brute force of numbers. We can gather around us a majority whenever we please to take the trouble.' In this way a Venetian Council of Ten, or an English majority of three hundred and sixty, equally becomes the type of an oligarchy aloof from competition.

The balance of power as between rural and urban populations, which the Reform Bill of 1832 designed to effect, was first broken to the prejudice of the rural by the creation of faggot votes. The old forty-shilling freeholder in counties was an elector whose interests and sympathies were identified with the locality to which his vote was assigned; but, during the agitation of the anti-Corn Law League, and indeed, though partially, prior to that angry time, companies professing political convictions, and aiming at pecuniary profits, sprung up, proffering a forty-shilling freehold in counties near to the metropolis and other large towns, upon easy terms, to every artisan who would vote in antagonism to the opinion espoused by the native constituency or district, in which he had not a single interest in the exercise of his industry, nor a single sympathy in hereditary associations or affections. This practice was wholly opposed to the theory of the original Whig reformers. The Reform proposed by Lord Grey (then Mr. Grey), in 1797, was (to use the words of the proposer) 'constructed upon the principle that agriculture, as a great national interest, should be represented by those who had some concern in it'—a principle with which Mr. Fox, speaking in favour of the motion, declared his cordial agreement.

Now, if in any reconstruction of the parliamentary representation the numbers and property of the rural districts are to be so wholly erased from the scheme, that—while the manifestly undue proportion of representatives as between towns and counties is to be left unredressed, and an immense parliamentary majority is to be conceded to the comparatively inferior amount of population

and fixed property in the towns—the Legislature adds to the number of spurious forty-shilling faggot freeholders, who, exercising their industry in Spitalfields, St. Giles's, and Marylebone, vote as electors in the agricultural districts of Essex, and Surrey, and Hertfordshire, all the inhabitants of towns in each county who do not rent an acre of land, and, paying a rent of 14*l.* for a town house, regard the farmer as a brainless clod and the squire as a low-minded tyrant;—if, in a word, the representation of land as an essential element in the representation of this composite England is to disappear, or be left wholly, in certain districts, to the countervailing money and influence of colossal proprietors—the Reform Bill of 1832 is not amended, it is destroyed. Under the pretence of extending the franchise, a new distribution of power is effected, in which whatever belongs to the fair share of Conservative opinion is reduced to the lowest possible fraction.

The main objection of the Conservatives to the Reform Bill proposed by Earl Russell's Government was not as against its magnitude, but as against its unfairness—not that it widened too much the scope of represented opinion, but that, in reality, it narrowed that scope by carefully abstracting from it the opinions cherished by that vast portion of the community which is known by the denomination of Conservatives. The boasted moderation of the measure consisted in hitting upon just such an apportionment and allotment of suffrage as might most eliminate the Conservative element. When the county franchise was fixed at 14*l.* instead of 10*l.*, as proposed by the Reform Bill introduced by Lord Derby's Cabinet, it was because the 14*l.* franchise was more favourable than the 10*l.* to the predominance of town voters, and less favourable to the increase of voters in rural villages. In extending the suffrage of the working class the urban working men were admitted as generally predisposed to democratic doctrines; but the rural working men were excluded as generally predisposed to Conservative sympathies. We doubt whether a representative system based even upon manhood suffrage and fair electoral districts would not return a larger number of Conservative members than a measure constructed upon the principle of augmenting the votes of working men in towns and denying votes to working men in the agricultural districts. And our objection to manhood suffrage is less that it favours democracy, than that, in old and luxurious communities, it favours the Cæsarism which ends in absolute rule. No political observer can deny that the limited suffrage which prevailed in France under Louis Philippe was more favourable to constitutional government than the manhood suffrage which abridges all the normal powers of a representative chamber

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in order to concentrate the forces of the state upon the able autocrat in whom the multitude seeks a protection against itself. And it is by a similar resort to universal suffrage that the daring genius of Count Bismarck seeks to counterbalance the liberal tendencies of the German middle class, and to establish in the North of Germany the deep foundations of a military empire.

We do not pretend to conjecture whether or not Lord Derby's Government will undertake, next session, the arduous experiment of a new Reform Bill. As we have said, a Conservative Cabinet is at least as capable as any to be formed out of rival parties to grapple with the difficulties that beset the question; provided only, but provided always, they be met by the House of Commons, and the more temperate and intelligent of the working class and their leaders out of doors, in a spirit congenial to the English reputation for good sense and love of fair play. If, as we are assured by a writer in a very able journal, which stands somewhat aloof from the mere passion of party,\* the Liberals are resolved not to accept any measure of Reform proposed by a Conservative Government—if on calm and full examination, not only of the details of the subject itself, but of their probabilities of support from members or constituencies out of their own ranks, Her Majesty's present advisers should decline the task, the decision would cause no surprise, and perhaps among thinking men no disappointment. The difficulty has been increased for every party by the disgust which the movement organised by the leaders of the Reform League has excited amongst all intelligent citizens not comprised in that noisy and arrogant association. Thanks to Mr. Beales and his thoughtless followers, it is made to appear no longer a question between the existing representation and a franchise so expanded as to comprehend a wider range of the working class, but rather a question between the mixed Constitution of England and the rude democracy of Manhood Suffrage with Vote by Ballot. 'There are times,' says Mignet, in his 'History of the French Revolution,' 'when the most unpopular of all parties is the party that calls itself popular.' It seems to have been the object of Mr. Beales to excel Mr. Bright in the art of rendering Parliamentary Reform unpopular with the great majority of those who have something to lose. No agitation equally clamorous was ever before so significantly divested of aid from men of social position and political renown. The agitators seek to borrow an importance wanting to themselves from the countenance which a Statesman

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\* 'The Economist.'

so eminent as Mr. Gladstone has erratically lent to the agitation. If at one moment he thought to make an instrument of a Democratic league, he has deceived himself and has become theirs. By that kind of intellectual self-confidence which is not uncommon with brilliant orators—which intoxicated a Mirabeau and destroyed a Vergniaud—he has imagined that it is enough to ride on the whirlwind in order to direct the storm. Aspiring, not unnaturally, considering his long official experience, his gift of eloquence, and his intellectual acquirements, to the highest post in the councils of a constitutional sovereign, Mr. Gladstone has allowed himself to be lauded as a revolutionary leader, endowed with the impossible power of reconciling the irreconcilable differences between men who agree in destroying what is established, and diverge the moment they are called upon to reconstruct. Hard enough task it might be, for a practical statesman and leader of the Liberal ranks of the House of Commons to amalgamate in one sentiment of confidence the polished patricians of Brookes's and the mutinous Gracchi of the Reform Club; hard task enough, by the subtle chemistry of Sorbonnian logic, to compound into one healing mixture the theories of the Episcopalian and the designs of the Puritan! But such a task is too light for a genius that exults in the perplexities which baffle ordinary reason. Placing himself side by side with Mr. Bright—flanked here by Mr. Beales, and there by Mr. Mill—to Mr. Beales he is the prototype of Pym, to Mr. Mill the prototype of Vane; here the British Constitution enlarged into the Democracy of flesh and blood; there the British Constitution an obsolete chimera, and Democracy saved from the instincts of flesh and blood by a web-work of metaphysical crotchets.

But, if we may judge by the recent speech of Mr. Gladstone at Salisbury, we are not without hope that he is sensible of the perilous dilemma into which he has permitted himself to be drawn; and, if only for the sake of his own fame, we should hail his reascension from the level of demagogues to his native eminence in the ranks of statesmen. In that speech he denounces with such sober good sense the chronic agitation for organic change, and intimates with such apparent sincerity his desire to judge fairly, and without reference to party animosities, any measure for Parliamentary Reform proposed by Lord Derby's Government, that we should look with hope towards a settlement of this vexed question in the only way by which it can be speedily and safely settled—viz., conciliatory agreement between the chiefs of rival parties—if we could but feel sure that the Mr. Gladstone of to-morrow will be consistent with the Mr. Gladstone

stone of to-day. Never was there a more striking example of that tendency to perpetual transformation in material bodies, by which, in the verses of Ovid, Pythagoras seeks to reconcile his startled listener to the doctrine of Metempsychosis :—

‘ requieque sine ullâ  
Corpora vertuntur ; nec quid fuimusve sumusve  
Cras erimus.’

Certainly it is our earnest desire that Lord Derby's Government may introduce no measure of Reform, if they see no fair chance of its success, either with the present Parliament or in an appeal to the country. An unsuccessful measure, propounded by Conservatives, is exposed to this perilous hazard—that every concession made, in the way of a conciliatory compromise between parties, is accepted as a surrender of principle and stripped of all the counterpoises which the scheme, as a whole, may comprehend. In the Reform Bill introduced by Lord Derby's former Government, the 50*l.* county franchise was reduced to 10*l.* ; but it was on two conditions :—1st, the ultimate extinction of a certain class of county voters, which had sprung up in boroughs ; and 2ndly, the preservation of the borough franchise itself, at the 10*l.* house-rental, which still left to the middle class that predominance over classes above or below it which is most favourable to the stability of free institutions. ‘A wise legislator,’ says Aristotle, ‘will constantly endeavour to comprehend in his scheme of polity men of the middle rank, and to render them, if not more powerful than both the extremes, at least superior to either ; because, when this takes place, the Government is likely to prove durable.’ The conditions on which Lord Derby's Government conceded the reduction of the county franchise were rejected ; but the concession, *pur et simple*, has been ever since taken for granted. There is no weapon more dangerous in the hands of an opponent than the olive-branch he accepts only to shape into his own shaft, and tip with his own iron.

Apart from the question of organic change in the Constitution, we share a very general opinion that there are other reforms much more urgently required, to the due consideration of which the present Parliament should address itself in a calmer state of mind than it is likely to possess if tormented by schemes for its future construction, and haunted by fears of its immediate dissolution. And we own our desire that, before they volunteer an undertaking so grave in itself and proffering advantages so doubtful as that of Parliamentary reform, her Majesty's present advisers may at least be allowed the time sufficient to test their capacity for the general administration

of affairs. In securing to them this reasonable trial against a repetition of the cynical alliance between place-hunters abhorring mob-leaders and mob-leaders despising place-hunters, no doubt they demand, and we trust they will receive, the cordial support of all who call themselves Conservatives. The issues at stake are, for Conservatives, so important that all the minor differences incident to every combination of educated freemen must be merged in the paramount interest of preserving the Constitution of England from experiments never to be hazarded on a political body except when its disease is desperate or its life is worthless. But we have too high an opinion of the strong sense and of the pervasive, though quiet, patriotism which have hitherto been our natural characteristics not to hope that the present Cabinet will find a far wider area of support than that occupied by its professed partisans. For the option placed before practical politicians is no longer that between two constitutional parties. It has become a question whether we are to exchange the original genius of this ancient monarchy for a miserable copy of democratic America. We respect the scruples of honour which deter public men from quitting a party when the party itself has quitted their opinions. But if history abounds in examples of such not ignoble waverers, it no less abounds in warnings against the fatal fault they commit when, as between party and conviction, they hesitate too long, and only decide when they have lost the power to save their country from the disasters they foresaw, or their own high names from the damaged reputation which posterity accords to men who cannot make up their minds in time.

In claiming for Lord Derby's present Government that fair play which was denied to his last, we make no unwarranted appeal to the common sense of our countrymen. It is admitted, on all hands, that in most of our official departments, the members of the recent Cabinet have signally failed in the exhibition of the qualities that belong to successful administrators; yet there never was a period in which the vital interests of the country more demanded capable administrators, at once prudent and vigorous. If we look at home to the department of the Poor Law Board, and the many and complicated matters which come before the Board of Trade; if we look to the amendments required in our military equipment and organization, or the necessity for change in the constitution of the Admiralty imposed on us by the duties of self-defence; if we cast our eyes abroad, and see how much is to be done in order to regain not only the position, but the safeguards, which it is the concurrent opinion of all circles in Europe and America that the blunders of Earl Russell have largely diminished and gravely endangered,—

we cannot but feel a deep anxiety to secure to the country against a monopoly of power by the same inefficient public servants, the competition of men not inferior to them in debating power, and who can scarcely fail to be superior to them in the qualities that belong to administrators. Short-lived as was the last Government of Lord Derby, and occupied as it was with the framing of a Reform Bill on which its existence was staked, Liberals the most advanced admitted the new life and energy it infused into the several departments. Then was adopted and consolidated into practical form the defensive system of the Volunteer force—then was commenced the reconstruction of our naval power—then was abolished the licence by which the Hudson Bay Company retained to the wilderness of a hunting-ground the finest provinces of British America—and then were added to the empire the only two colonies, British Columbia and Queensland, which, not only paying their own expenses, have within a half-dozen years enriched the trade of the mother-country to an amount rapidly swelling into millions. Nor did we ever meet a Radical Member of Parliament who did not contrast the ready fullness of information on any departmental subject, the courteous access, and promptitude of decision which characterised the heads of departments in that short-lived Government, with the scanty and begrudged replies, the supercilious arrogance of manner, and the slothful procrastination, which were the general characteristics of predecessors who had even less respect for their followers than they showed to their opponents.

In examining the works of which the titles are prefixed, we have been forcibly struck by a misconception that pervades them all as to the true political character and genius of the party called Conservative. More or less these three distinguished foreigners agree in the conclusions at which Conservatives arrive, and on which their policy is based; and yet they seem to have formed no acquaintance with the men by whom that policy is espoused. They understand Conservatism and ignore Conservatives. Even M——, who, in his admiration of the existing British constitution, utters sentiments which Mr. Pitt would have rebuked as savouring too much of the high Toryism which went out of date with Lord North—who, contrasting the substance of an English aristocracy with the phantom of a French noblesse, exclaims, '*Respect à l'aristocratie Anglaise, qui a fait la grandeur de l'Angleterre*'—even M—— declares that his work is inspired by the study of Lord Macaulay's writings; and dedicates to the memory of the most exclusively partial of modern Whigs a volume of which the whole purport and effect are to guard England against the errors of Whiggery, and to root her affection in the creed of Conservatism.

servatism. M. Esquiros and M. Louis Blanc, originally trained in a very different school of politics from that in which either M—— or Lord Macaulay learned to value the British constitution, both quitting their native land as ardent republicans—and M. Louis Blanc at least a sincere and eloquent advocate of a socialism to which of all theories this practical England is the most opposed—still, in their various modes of reasoning, attain to those articles of belief on which Conservatism rests its faith—viz. that in no land in Europe, however extensive its electoral suffrage, is there the same amount of liberty, personal, political, intellectual, as that which excites their admiration in the old monarchy of England; that this liberty in its largeness and its safety is founded on very complicated causes, all of which united constitute the idiosyncrasy of England, and form the secret of her prosperity, her strength, and her greatness; and even M. Louis Blanc, fervent democrat though he be, is too sagacious not to perceive that the liberty he so well appreciates in this country would incur its most dangerous risk by rash adoptions of the popular suffrage, the operation of which has banished him from his native land. No man can argue better against ‘the government of a part of the people by another part of the people which is more numerous,’ or insist with more stringent logic upon the truth, that, ‘as majorities are far from being proved infallible, it is essential that we should not neglect the means of guaranteeing minorities, and even majorities themselves, from the errors to which majorities are prone.’ Tersely says our philosopher, ‘The power of numbers should be sufficiently strong to ensure the victory of reason—never be so strong as to vanquish reason itself.’ It is true that, in order to effect this somewhat difficult equipoise of power, M. Louis Blanc casts a speculative glance towards the schemes in which Mr. Mill merges his own theories in those of Mr. Hare—schemes against which much might be said, if even their distinguished propounder thought them practicable: but, in becoming member for Westminster, Mr. Mill ceases to trouble his head about the representation of minorities, or the safeguards of intelligence and property against the brute force of numbers. The reason is clear. If he had spoken and voted in conformity with what he has written, how long would Mr. Mill remain member for Westminster?

Did we require a signal illustration of the fallacy which pervades the assertion, ‘that we need fear no debasement of the intellectual eminence and independent judgment of representatives were they all chosen by democratic constituencies, because such constituencies would return distinguished men’—did we need an illustration of this fallacy, and a proof of the tyranny

with which democratic constituencies reduce the mind of their representatives to their own level of thought, we might find that illustration and that proof in the present political position of Mr. Mill. The electors of Westminster, no doubt, returned to Parliament a very illustrious and original thinker. Once returned to Parliament, the illustrious and original thinker vanishes; and in gazing on the Member for Westminster, we are startled to see how like he has grown to Mr. Beales.

We complained that, while the distinguished foreigners, to whose works we refer in that spirit of kindly criticism eminently their due, comprehend the nature of Conservatism, they do not seem to have come in contact with the minds by which in England Conservatism is cherished and maintained, nor to recognise the philosophy which, interwoven with a strong love of country, underlies the Conservative creed, and secures to it in a state so free, and amidst so animated a collision of rival opinion, a vast proportion of minds the most highly cultivated and the most severely disciplined—a majority, indeed, among men the most eminent for scholarship, for science, for the habits of thought essential to success in the learned professions; and, in every constituency, urban or rural, amongst the middle and also the working class, a large body of enthusiastic partisans, even where they are politically disfranchised as an electoral minority. To M. Louis Blanc the Conservative party, to which he can give no other denomination but that of Tory, seems much as the Legitimist party of France seems to us—a party that, whatever its faults or merits, represents an antiquated form of opinion, and is not a vigorous competitor with Doctrinaires or Democrats for the administration of political power and the advancement of civilized progress. Here we need scarcely say that the historian of the French Revolution deserts the judicial character indispensable to the writer of history, for the journals he quotes as exponents of English opinion are the ‘Daily Telegraph’ and the ‘Star.’

We humbly think that this is a complete misconception of the views and the objects of the leading minds in the party called Conservative. And one cause of that misconception in the judgment of foreigners may perhaps be fairly traced to the fault of the recognised chiefs of Conservative society. It has not been sufficiently an object with them to gather familiarly into their social circles those who, in other careers than the political, represent the intellect or genius of the age. There is nothing to which the Whigs have more largely owed their political influence than the urbane sagacity which has led them to court social intercourse with all distinction in literature, science, and art. Thus they have not only given to their *salons* a brilliancy and a charm

charm not elsewhere found in our metropolis, but the minds so assembled become insensibly impressed by the genius of the place, and no less insensibly spread its influence through whatever other circles they may chance to frequent. Hence it cannot be denied that, in polite society, Whiggism is a sort of intellectual fashion, which can be gracefully imitated with little expenditure of reading or thought—

‘Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules  
Innixus arces attigit igneas.’

Being of all sections of our aristocracy that which is most easy of access, and most cordial in welcome to every new comer who has achieved a success, the Whigs have been permitted, even by their own followers, to be, of all political sections, the most exclusive in the appropriation of power. Receiving in their drawing-rooms as familiar equals every man who has won a name for himself, it has been only by compulsion, and then with muttered disfavour, and more than muttered distrust, that they have received into their cabinets any man whose father had not the name of a Whig. It is naturally into social circles at once so accessible to persons of mark, and so attractive to all who wish to meet persons of mark in familiar moments, that distinguished foreigners are drawn; and it is therefore no wonder to find that eminent foreigners, however honestly they desire to be impartial, regard Conservatism and Conservatives very much as Whigs would desire that foreigners and Englishmen should regard the principles and the chiefs of a rival party.

We are far from blaming the Whigs for the importance they have attached to the social intimacy between the republic of letters and the party chiefs of a polished aristocracy. On the contrary, we think that in this object their ambition was as noble as their sagacity was profound. And we have dwelt the more seriously on this brilliant attribute of the Whig aristocracy because it is well worthy the emulation of those who adorn and lead the great division of intellectual opinion which it is our pride to espouse. We are loth to concede to Mr. Mill that a party which in the last generation included the names of Coleridge, of Wordsworth, of Walter Scott, Southey, Wilson, and De Quincy, and which in our time could produce in the lists of encounter champions whose shields even Mr. Mill might hesitate to touch with his lance, constitutes the stupid portion of mankind.

And seeing that there is no Parliamentary party in which political talent is so readily acknowledged for itself, and estimated at its own value, independently of the accidents of birth



and fortune, as that which arrays under Conservative banners the largest numerical army of men favoured by birth and fortune, we cannot without a murmur of reproach against our own leaders concede to the Whig oligarchy the double privilege of monopolising political power in the State and intellectual distinction in social circles. There is nothing in the normal conditions of the two great rival parties which renders the superior pleasantness and sociability of Whig houses an advantage beyond the reach of rivalry. In the reign of Anne it was the Tory houses and the Tory clubs which attracted the proud giants of literature. And a foreigner or an Englishman who wished to find Swift in his happiest moment must have sought for him at the table of Harley or St. John. Surely at this day, when Conservatism, if it mean anything, is infinitely more identified with the cause of literature and art and science—the cause of cultivated imagination, refined taste, and severe reasoning—than could have been possible to the most graceful form of Toryism in the reign of Anne,—surely at this day the brilliant and scholarlike chiefs of the Conservative party might better contrive to gather and concentrate around them those creators or illuminators of public opinion, who have an interest far deeper than that of the wealthiest and haughtiest noble in England in the maintenance of institutions so friendly to the liberty of thought.

Another and a more obvious disadvantage to the party included under the name of Conservative, in the judgment of foreigners and in the apprehension of Englishmen, may be traced to the somewhat unfortunate appellation by which they have consented to be distinguished from the heterogeneous and conflicting elements comprehended under the denomination of Liberal;—a denomination, in the plain English sense of the word, very attractive, and only ominous to those who, tracing to France its origin and its history, know that the Liberals of that country contrived to effect the destruction of constitutional monarchy, and obtained instead the natural consequences of universal suffrage: ‘His exactis obeunt.’ But still in England the word Liberal has a more alluring sound than that of Conservative: it accommodates itself to a larger variety of opinion, and a wider scope of political action. Sir Robert Peel had too acute a sagacity not to perceive how imperfectly the meaning attached to the word Conservative could express the nature and the duties of an intelligent and active party vying for power in an age of movement, and we remember hearing him disown the barbarous designation as applied to himself and his followers. Still the word prevailed, perhaps for want of a better one. The

fault of the designation is that it appears to abjure one half the province of statesmen in too sharply defining the other half. For it is the business of statesmen to construct as well as to conserve. Improvement and reform are components in the policy of every set of men who aspire to the government of a free people. And it seems to us that the history of the party which has accepted the name of Conservative is conspicuous for the constructive faculty with which it has conceived and executed bold and valuable improvements. The reform in the currency, the reform in our penal code, the formation of our police, the permanent success with which the deficient revenue bequeathed by his Whig predecessors to Sir Robert Peel was converted into the overflowing exchequer which has led to so vast and continuous a reduction of taxation, by the development to our resources given in the reform of our tariffs, assisted by the bold expedient of the income tax,—a masterpiece of fiscal policy, to which, assisted indeed by the gold discoveries and the rapid growth of the railway system, may be mainly traced the prosperous conditions of our revenue and our commerce, but which, incurring the severest censure of Lord Russell, found its most eloquent opponent in Macaulay, and its yet more eloquent defender in the present Lord Derby;—all these suffice for brilliant proof that, in the art of improvement and the skill of safe adaptability to the requirements of the time, the party called Conservative need fear no comparison with the party which rejoices in the name of Liberal.

There is, however, one essential obligation imposed upon the division of political opinion to which we give the title of Conservative (not without hope that it may invent another, more significant of all its functions), viz. the obligation of rendering the changes it suggests or sanctions harmonious to the generic character of the people and the institutions under which that character has been formed and developed. Its policy in this respect should be regulated by the love for the practical which pervades the English mind, in contradistinction to that preference for ingenious theories in which our philosophical reformers imitate the speculative sages of the Continent. In the works before us are traced the causes of the political happiness we enjoy and the imperial greatness we have attained. Among those causes something, no doubt, is originally due to the qualities of race on which M—— and Mons. Esquiroz equally insist; but ethnology forms a small part in the learning of statesmen. Causes more adapted to their study and more entitled to their respect may be found in the depth and solidity of the foundations of a freedom which has hitherto never been entrusted to the proverbial fickleness

fickleness of mere numbers, irrespectively of property and education—a freedom that has hitherto been accompanied with some moral or social elevation of purpose; for the system of self-government pervading the whole framework of English life offers in every sphere inducements to the individual to rise in position and influence, and the instinct of an Englishman is trained to aspire by the circumstances around him. In every municipality, in every vestry, it is open to some man to obtain a station and importance beyond his fellows by capacity for business or force of character. Among the gentry the squire of comparatively small possessions can become a leading power in his county, according to the energy and talent he displays as a magistrate, an agricultural improver, a promoter, as landlord or philanthropist, of the general good. There is not a village in which the peasantry do not recognise an aristocracy among themselves—do not give an influence and respect to their own best men, though they are but ploughmen and hedgers. Thus the genius of aristocracy has become interwoven with the English character, and if it were ejected from the constitution it would be a violence to the organic life of the nation.

The highest merit of the hereditary body to which the word aristocracy is more peculiarly applied consists in this,—that they have maintained and spread throughout the whole people the perception of aristocracy as a thing wholly apart from the titles of a noblesse. They have done this, according to M——, by the absence of unpopular privileges or exemptions from the duties of citizens—by their frank and hearty participation in the affairs of the country, their zeal for its honour, and their emulation to be foremost in the ranks of its defenders. Their younger sons, descending cheerfully into the ranks of the people, with which they rapidly become fused, carry with them that sentiment of character and action which is best expressed by our English word gentleman. And that sentiment is so prevalent in all grades of our society, that one scarcely smiles to hear a tinman in a municipal council rebuke a grocer for not behaving like a gentleman, or a candidate address the mob gathered round a hustings as ‘gentlemen and electors.’

It is, then, this characteristic of Englishmen—this desire of the individual rather to raise himself to the height of others more favoured by fortune or culture than to drag them down to his level—which separates our English system of freedom from the levelling attributes of a democracy. And it seems to us that in all changes of an organic nature our freedom will become endangered in proportion as this character is ignored or renounced. Not without justice M—— advances the thesis, ‘*Sans aristocratie*

*il n'y a point de liberté durable.*' And in defending the law of primogeniture as essential in placing aristocracy upon the permanent basis of property, M—— no less truly observes how much this custom, derived from an hereditary class of proprietors, has tended to quicken in all classes the desire of the citizen to perpetuate his race by fixing its home in the land:—

'Qui ne voit de suite,' exclaims M——, 'le fondement solide que la terre fournit aux institutions politiques? Nous tous, réduits trop souvent par l'exigence de nos fortunes à vendre l'héritage paternel, que sommes-nous sur le sol Français? Des Nomades. Nos établissements ressemblant à des tentes que le vent des révolutions emporte, ou que la main du temps arrache avec les piquets mal assurés qui leur servent de supports. Le citoyen Anglais prend racine dans le sol Anglais: son *home*, pour parler cette langue rude mais expressive, constitue un asile sacré où il vit en homme libre,—en roi!'

In office or out of office, whether framing judicious reforms or resisting crude innovations, we believe it to be the aim and object of that large division of the intelligence, the property, and, fairly estimated, the numerical population of England, which acknowledges its political leaders in the men now entrusted with the administration of affairs, to preserve her freedom, enhance her prosperity, and, redeem in the eyes of foreigners the imperilled sense of her dignity and power. This can only be done by a careful respect for each political condition of vitality and health that, by the just equilibrium of forces, constitutes, in harmonious combination, the unity of the whole commonwealth.

The liberties of which the House of Commons is the most ostensible guardian depend not upon the numbers of the electors, but upon the powers of the representative Chamber; and those powers would become incompatible with the safety of the state either at home or abroad if the aggregate intellect which guided them were below the public opinion formed by educated reasoners. It has been because the mind of the nation has hitherto found in its Parliament no ignoble utterance—no permanent prevalence of the passions which stir the many, to the suppression of the wisdom that originates in the few—that, to use the eloquent words with which M. Esquiros concludes his survey of the English at home, 'Liberty has hitherto been the Cape of Tempests to the continental nations that have sought it, but to England, who has found it and been so happy as to keep it, it is a haven.'

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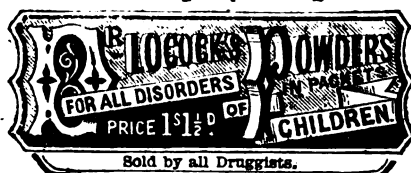
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**FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.** — Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit **WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS**. They contain such an assortment of **FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY** as cannot be approached elsewhere either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornate ornaments, 3l. 8s. to 33l. 10s.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to 5l. 12s.; steel fenders, 3l. 3s. to 11l.; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from 3l. 3s. to 18l.; chimney-pieces, from 1l. 8s. to 100l.; fire-irons, from 3s. 3d. the set to 4l. 4s. The **BURTON** and all other **PATENT STOVES**, with radiating hearth-plates.

**THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE** for **SILVER**. — The real **NICKEL SILVER** is danced more than thirty years ago by **WILLIAM BURTON**, when plated by the patent process of Messrs Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed, such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no past test can it be distinguished from real silver.

A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for its and durability, as follows: —

	Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern.	Bead Pattern.	Thread Pattern.	Key Pattern.
12 Table Forks . . .	1 13 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Table Spoons . . .	1 13 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Forks . . .	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Dessert Spoons . . .	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Tea Spoons . . .	16 0	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 5 0
6 Egg Spoons . . .	10 0	12 0	12 0	13 0
2 Sauce Ladles . . .	6 0	8 0	8 0	9 0
1 Gravy Spoon . . .	6 8	9 0	10 0	11 0
2 Salt Spoons . . .	3 4	4 0	4 0	4 0
1 Mustard Spoon . . .	1 8	2 0	2 0	2 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs . . .	2 6	3 6	3 6	4 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers . . .	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 13 0
1 Butter Knife . . .	2 6	4 0	5 6	6 0
1 Soup Ladle . . .	10 0	12 0	16 0	17 0
1 Sugar Sifter . . .	3 3	4 6	4 6	5 0

Total . . . 9 19 9 12 9 0 13 9 6 14 17

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. A oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., 2l. 15s. Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

**BATHS and TOILET WARE.** — **WILLIAM S. BURTON** has one **LARGE SHOW-ROOM** devoted exclusively to the **DISPLAY of BATHS and TOILET WARE**. The stock of each is once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate to those that have tended to make this establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; Pillar Showers, 3l. to 5l. 12s. Nursery, 15s. to 3s. 6d.; Sponging, 9s. 6d. to 32s.; Hip, 13s. 3d. to 31s. 6d. A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour, and Camp Shower Baths. Toilet Ware in great quantities from 15s. 6d. to 45s. the set of three.







